WEEK ENDING AUGUST 20, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

File Copy

In this Issue **ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, ROSITA FORBES, P. G. WODEHOUSE**

For REAL Lasting Peppermint Flavor

For Real, Lasting *Peppermint* Flavor

Get Wrigley's Double Mint!

There's a new thrill in its zippy, cool, refreshing, lasting full-strength Peppermint.

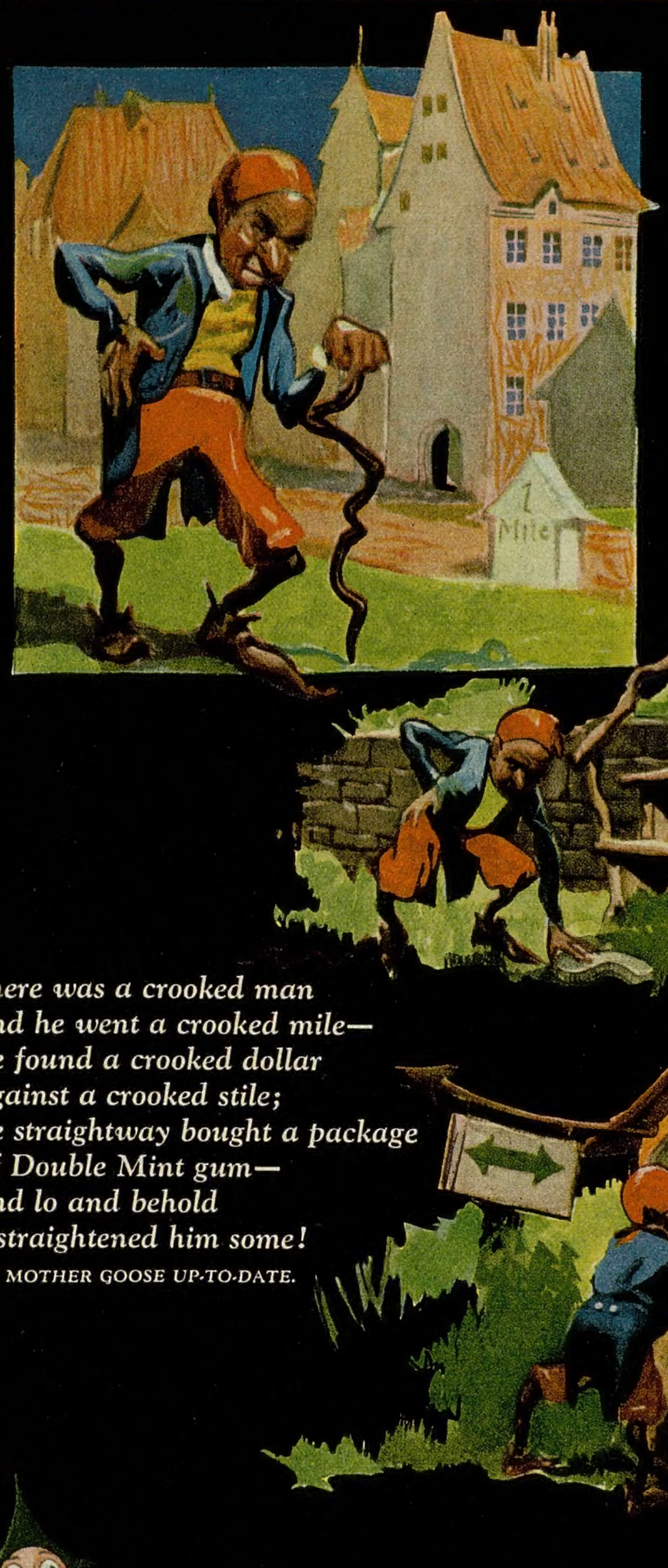
Good—and good *for you* because it is wholesome and its use benefits teeth, breath, throat, digestion.

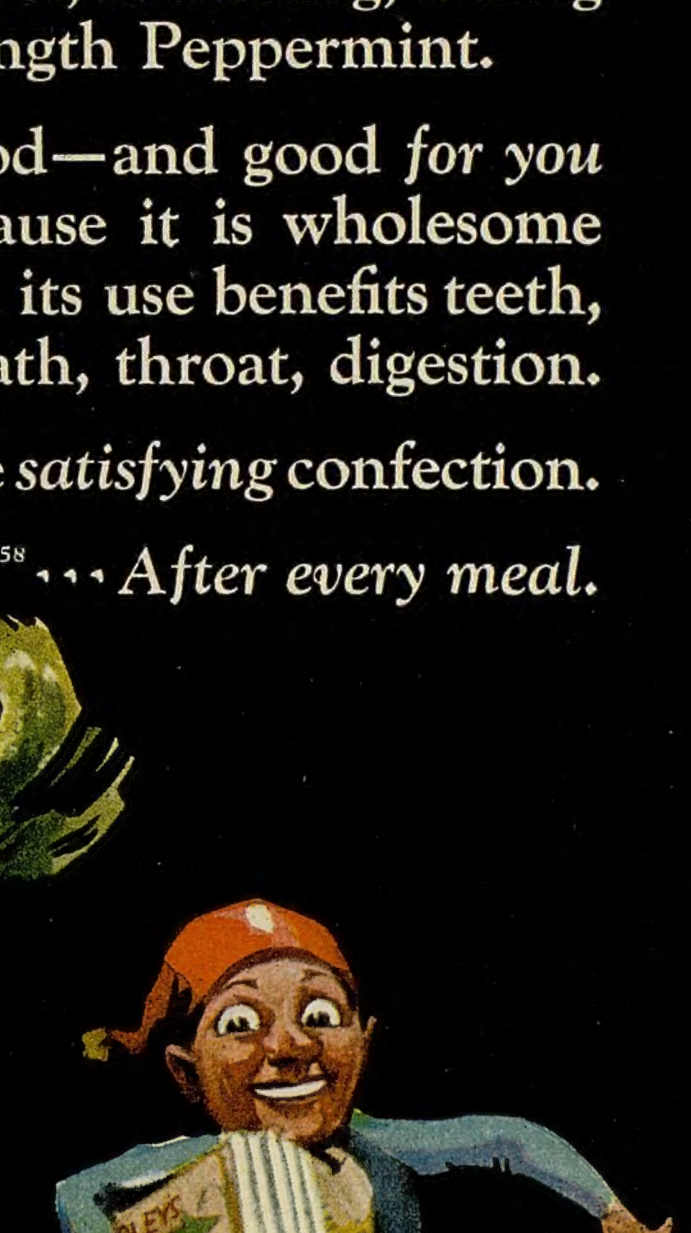
The *satisfying* confection.

H-58 . . . *After every meal.*

There was a crooked man
And he went a crooked mile—
He found a crooked dollar
Against a crooked stile;
He straightway bought a package
Of Double Mint gum—
And lo and behold
It straightened him some!

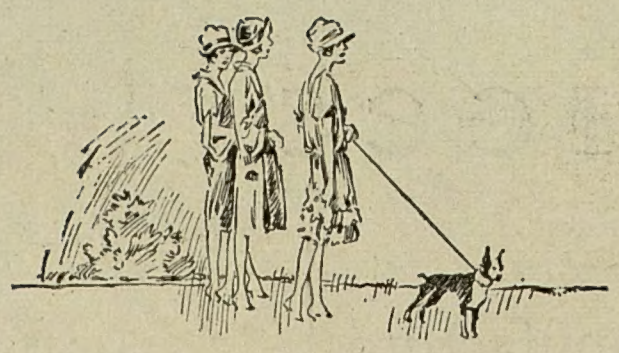
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.





Wives of the younger generation

often hold a wrong view of feminine hygiene



THE young married woman enters in many cases a new world, an entirely new circle. The old background gradually fades away. In its place come new interests, new friends and new confidences.

Between woman and woman there is a bond which no man can understand. There is a helpfulness, a community of spirit, concerning the most delicate matters. Hygiene matters which bear heavily upon the health and happiness of every woman.

The pity of it is that so much of this confidential information is inaccurate. Because *wrong or misleading information* is often more damaging than no information at all. Many a woman has suffered because some friend does not have the simple womanly frankness to tell her the truth as it is known today.

No need to continue running these risks

Women of refinement have long understood the necessity for feminine hygiene. Physicians and nurses have endorsed the practice. It is a recognized regimen of health. The thing that has caused many women to hesitate is the *danger* lying in the use of poisonous antiseptics such as bichloride of mercury and carbolic acid preparations.

To all these women it can now be said, "There is no need to continue running these risks. There is no need to use these poisonous compounds." There is now available a product which puts an end to the skull-and-crossbones in the family medicine chest. Its name is *Zonite*, that remarkable form of antiseptic discovered during the World War and now made available in bottled form in practically every drugstore in the United States, no matter how small your town may be.

Zonite is *absolutely non-poisonous*, absolutely safe to use.

Compare the strength of Zonite with carbolic acid

Here are a few facts about Zonite. It will not injure nor harden the most delicate membranes. Its use will not result in areas of scar-tissue. It carries no danger of accidental poisoning. And yet, in effectiveness and strength, Zonite is just as remarkable as it is in its safety. As a matter of fact, Zonite is *far more powerful* than any dilution of *carbolic acid* that can be safely used on the body.

This free booklet gives all the facts frankly

There is not space here to go into this subject more deeply, but our Women's Bureau has developed a compact booklet which contains full information on this important subject. It is a booklet for one woman to give to another—for a mother to hand to her daughter. It is really a duty to read it, for it brings this whole matter down to plain terms in a refined, modern, scientific way. Send for a booklet by today's mail. Zonite Products Company, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ZONITE PRODUCTS COMPANY 10-H
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below:

☐ Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

(*Please print name*)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto)

We Announce Improvements Lower Prices

The public expects motor car manufacturers to keep abreast of the times, and to make their product constantly better. We are earnestly striving to do so.

You will find improvements, applying to both bodies and chassis, in all of the latest Paige sixes and eights now on display. And you will find ten of the twenty Paige models selling at lower prices.

New color combinations, applied by an advanced process, add to the appearance of the cars, and to the durability of their finish.

We invite you to inspect these latest Paige cars, to consider their value, and to enjoy a demonstration.

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

P A I G E

(945)

AUGUST 20, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4 No. 16

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

HOW DO THEY GET THAT WAY?

While caste is crumbling in the older civilizations of Europe, and the artificial barriers raised by the nobility to protect their jobs by impressing upon the commoners the idea that they were somehow akin to divinity are being torn down, some wealthy families of the United States are busy trying to establish a class on the far less substantial foundation of wealth.

The caste idea is changing very rapidly in Europe. Royalty and its ape, the nobility, for hundreds of years held the idea that there was something disgraceful in a member of that caste marrying outside it. But there is not much royalty left to marry commoners, and the old idea that royalty was divine has been discarded. The modern princes are inclined to be better pickers of wives than their forefathers were and some of them are recruiting fresh blood to strengthen dying dynasties.

Hundreds of years of inbreeding and vitiated blood, resulting in idiocy, degeneracy, and cancer, have taught the lesson. The English aristocracy has recruited its ranks with fresh virility through alliances with Gaiety girls and innkeepers' daughters, and in the last hundred years the judges have not ridden away from the Maud Mullers to any great extent. This fresh strain of healthy blood has made the English aristocracy the most lasting one of history.

With this return to common sense in class-ridden countries a peculiar sense of caste has grown in America. Only recently there was a furor because Miss Grace Vanderbilt, defying the wishes of her parents, married Henry Gassaway Davis III. Her brother Cornelius said that their parents desired her to marry an English nobleman, and that they refused to forgive her for marrying an American youth.

Young Davis is a good-looking chap, healthy, athletic, belonging to a family prominent for generations in Virginia and West Virginia. He was graduated from Princeton after attending the Cathedral School in Washington, and Hill School. He engaged in athletics, was a ranking golfer, tried for track and football, played tennis, and was reputed to shake a wicked hoof at all proms—a real boy; and, besides that, he was honor man of the class of '24 at Princeton and won his Phi Beta Kappa key. His family is wealthy, in spite of which he studied engineering and went to work.

As to family, he is a grandson of Henry Gassaway Davis, who once was nominated for Vice-President, and his uncle was Stephen B. Elkins, West Virginia's one-time Senator and multi-millionaire. His mother's family owned the McPherson farm, on which the battle of Gettysburg was fought, and two of his ancestors—General Armistead of the Confederate Army and General McPherson of the Federals—fell on that field, Armistead leading Pickett's gallant charge. There is no record of any Vanderbilt falling on that day.

It perhaps would surprise old Jan Aersten Van der Bilt to find that the caste erected on the lines of money is considered too high for an alliance with a family such as the Davis tribe. Old Jan, crawling around in Staten Island mud on his truck-farm, bugging potatoes and drinking schnapps, would not understand. The old Commodore—Cornelius the first, who, starting as a ferryman from Staten Island to New York, amassed a great fortune by methods considered piratical in those days—would have sniffed at such an idea. But among their descendants some vague idea that there is something sacred about a Vanderbilt appears to obtain. The history of the Vanderbilt fight to get into New York society indicates that perhaps it was so hard to get in they rate it too high. Americans will rejoice that the newer generation seems to have abandoned the idea entirely, and intends to marry as it pleases.

Our congratulations are extended to Mrs. Davis for daring to marry the man she loved.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Bishop's Move.....By P. G. WODEHOUSE 9
The story of two old birds and a bottle

Love—the Disturber.....By ROSITA FORBES 14
A review of the price we pay for romance

Cross Country.....By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS 17
What an aviator must know to keep out of trouble

Funny Boners.....By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH 23
Why famous stage comedians flop on the screen

The Red Knight of Germany.....By FLOYD GIBBONS 29
The story of Richthofen, the Kaiser's deadliest ace (Part Ten)

The Woman Who Passed.....By VINA DELMAR 39
The tale of a doctor's battle between love and duty

Ten Days and Five Hundred Dollars.....By MAE WEST 53
The experiences of a Broadway star in jail

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator.....By BERT GREEN 57
If your brains are tired, park them here (Third Spasm)

They Can't Get Heavy with Me.....Says TONI, JR. 59
As dictated to Antoinette Donnelly

Bank Notes in the Ballyhoo Chorus.....By WESTBROOK PEGLER 61
Sweetening sports news with promoters' sugar

A Ride in the Country.....By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER 67
A mile-a-minute romance (Part Three)

Lillian Gish—The Incomparable.....By SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 75
The true story of a great tragedienne (Reel Seven)

News of the World (p. 24); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (51); Cross-Word Puzzle (52); Vox Pop (64); Twenty Questions (72); Fashions (73 and 74); Poems You Ought to Know (80); For the Love o' Lil (81); Bright Sayings of Children (81); Food (82).

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

In Our Next Issue

SPEAKING of big men—that is, men who measure large in their respective walks of life—LIBERTY recently questionnaired every one listed in Who's Who in America to determine just how big they really are. And from the replies CHARLES J. MCGUIRK has written a series of articles on whether a little man has as much chance of being "big" as a big man. Some amazing facts are revealed in this series, the first of which, THE TALLNESS OF THE GREAT, will appear next week.

If you like mystery stories, don't miss CABIN NUMBER NINE. A stowaway hides in the liner cabin of a beautiful actress who has just died there under mysterious circumstances, and is haunted by her lovely face. This is one of the most dramatic pieces of fiction BEATRICE GRIMSHAW ever wrote.

SPORT'S AMAZING PARADOX, by GEORGE TREVOR, proves that man is not so clumsy as woman makes him out to be.

August 20, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 16

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at Post Office, New York, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1927, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Articles, short and long fiction desired. Address Editor, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice-President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; William H. Field, Secretary; Ronald Millar, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.
(Allow four weeks for change of address.)

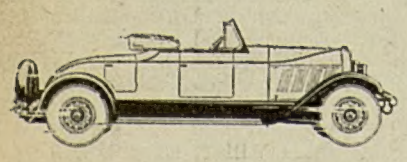
YOUR NEXT CAR

AUBURN

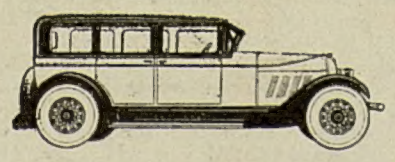
Straight

Of Proven Quality

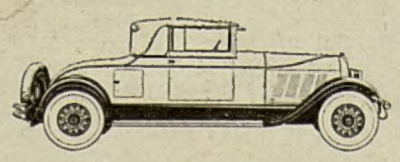
$1495



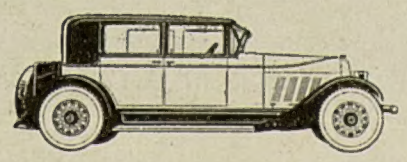
6-66 ROADSTER $1095
120-inch wheelbase



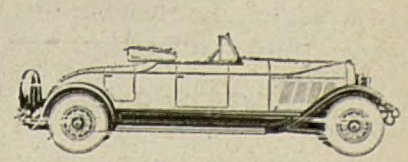
6-66 SEDAN $1295
120-inch wheelbase



6-66 CABRIOLET $1295
120-inch wheelbase



8-77 SPORT SEDAN $1495
125-inch wheelbase

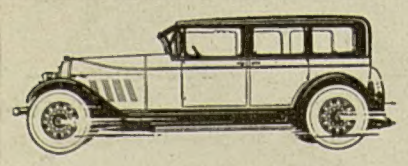


8-77 ROADSTER $1395
125-inch wheelbase

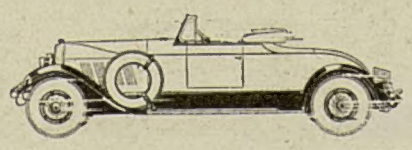
125" wheelbase 75 miles per hour

Drive it, and if the car does not sell itself, you will not be asked to buy.

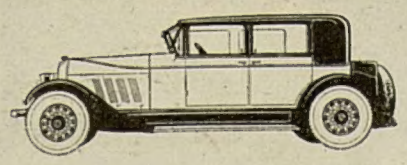
AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA



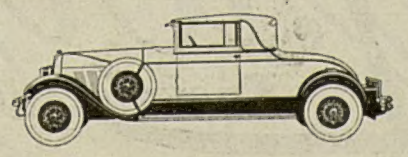
8-77 SEDAN $1695
125-inch wheelbase



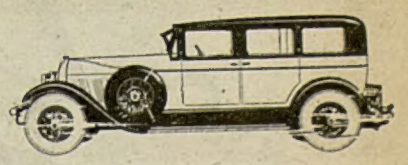
8-88 ROADSTER $1995
130-inch wheelbase



8-88 SPORT SEDAN $2095
130-inch wheelbase



8-88 CABRIOLET $2095
130-inch wheelbase



8-88 SEDAN $2195
130-inch wheelbase

To the women who never grow old

To the famous actresses; to women in professional life and to women in public service whom everyone admires:

Isn't it true that sane habits of diet, sane habits of living, sane bodily care have been largely responsible for the success and happiness you have found?

To the thousands of women who want to stay young

There are so many false theories and fads about the proper care of yourself. Some are dangerous, some are absurd. Don't be misled by them.

The makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant offer you free a little booklet called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It was written by a woman physician. It is sound *professional* advice. The facts and simple directions it contains should be in the hands of *every* woman for constant reference. Send for it now.

The fact that "Lysol" Disinfectant has for 30 years been without substitute with physicians and hospitals guarantees the reliability of this little book.

Use the coupon at the right. We will send to you promptly this free booklet which has helped thousands of others. In the meantime, in using a disinfectant for *any* purpose, be safe, be sure. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. Complete directions come with every bottle.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole distributors* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

© Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1927

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LEHN & FINK, INCORPORATED
Sole distributors, Bloomfield, N.J. Dept. 71

Please send me, free, *your booklet* "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

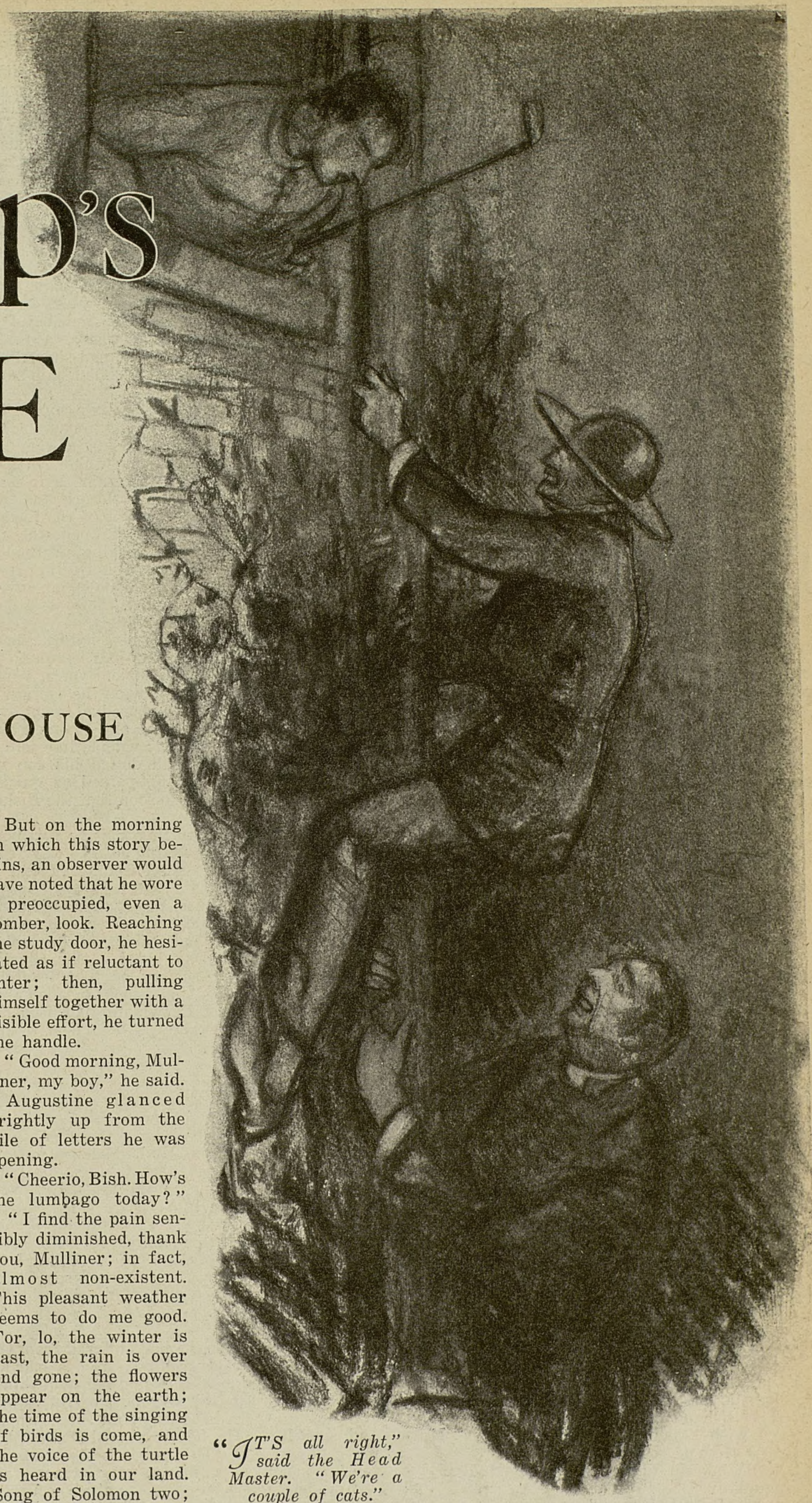
"Lysol" Disinfectant is never sold in bulk. It is sold *only* in the *brown* bottle packed in the *yellow* carton.

The Bishop's Move

The Story of Two Old Birds and a Bottle

By P. G. Wodehouse

Pictures by Wallace Morgan



"IT'S all right," said the Head Master. "We're a couple of cats."

(Reading time: 23 minutes 40 seconds.)

ANOTHER Sunday was drawing to a close, and Mr. Mulliner had come into the bar parlor of the Anglers' Rest wearing on his head, in place of the seedy old wide-awake that usually adorned it, a glistening top hat.

From this, combined with the sober black of his costume and the rather devout voice in which he ordered hot Scotch and lemon, I deduced that he had been attending evensong.

"Good sermon?" I asked.

"Quite good. The new curate preached. He seems a nice young fellow."

"Speaking of curates," I said, "I have often wondered what became of your nephew—the one you were telling me about the other day."

"Augustine?"

"The fellow who took the Buck-U-Uppo."

"That was Augustine. And I am pleased and not a little touched," said Mr. Mulliner, beaming, "that you should have remembered the trivial anecdote which I related. In this self-centered world one does not always find such a sympathetic listener to one's stories. Let me see—where did we leave Augustine?"

"He had just become the Bishop's secretary and gone to live at the palace."

"Ah, yes. We will take up his career, then, some six months after the date which you have indicated."

IT was the custom of the good Bishop of Stortford—for, like all the prelates of our church, he loved his labors—to embark upon the duties of the day [said Mr. Mulliner] in a cheerful and jocund spirit. Usually, as he entered his study to dispatch such business as might have arisen from the correspondence which had reached the palace by the first post, there was a smile upon his face and possibly upon his lips a snatch of some gay psalm.

But on the morning on which this story begins, an observer would have noted that he wore a preoccupied, even a somber, look. Reaching the study door, he hesitated as if reluctant to enter; then, pulling himself together with a visible effort, he turned the handle.

"Good morning, Mulliner, my boy," he said.

Augustine glanced brightly up from the pile of letters he was opening.

"Cheerio, Bish. How's the lumbago today?"

"I find the pain sensibly diminished, thank you, Mulliner; in fact, almost non-existent. This pleasant weather seems to do me good. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Song of Solomon two; eleven and twelve."

"Good work," said Augustine. "Well, there's nothing much of interest in these letters, so far. The vicar of St. Beowulf's in the west wants to know, How about incense?"

"Tell him he mustn't."

"Right ho."

The Bishop stroked his chin, apparently nerving himself for some unpleasant task.

"Mulliner," he said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BISHOP'S MOVE
Continued from Page Nine]

"Hullo?" came back Augustine cheerfully.

"Your mention of the word 'vicar' provides a cue for alluding to a matter which you and I had under advisement yesterday—the matter of the vacant living of Steeple Mummery."

"Yes?" said Augustine eagerly. "Do I click?"

The Bishop shook his head sadly.

"Mulliner, my boy," he said, "you know that I look upon you as a son, and that, left to my own initiative, I would bestow this vacant living on you without a moment's hesitation. But an unforeseen complication has arisen.

"Unhappy lad, my wife has instructed me to give the post to a cousin of hers. A fellow," said the Bishop bitterly, "who bleats like a sheep and doesn't know an alb from a reredos."

Augustine, as was only natural, was conscious of a momentary pang of disappointment. But he was a Mulliner and a sportsman.

"Don't give it another thought, Bish," he said cordially. "I quite understand."

"You know how it is," said the Bishop, looking cautiously round to see that the door was closed. "It is better to dwell in a corner of the housetop, than with a brawling woman in a wide house. Proverbs twenty-one; nine."

"A continual dropping on a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike. Proverbs twenty-seven; fifteen," agreed Augustine.

"Exactly. How well you understand me."

"Meanwhile," said Augustine, holding up a letter, "here's something from a bird of the name of Trevor Entwhistle."

"Indeed? An old schoolfellow of mine. He is now Head Master of Harchester, the foundation at which we both received our early education. What does he say?"

"He wants to know if you will run down for a few days and unveil a statue that they have just put up to Lord Hemel of Hempstead."

"Another old schoolfellow. We called him Fatty."

"There's a postscript over the page. He says he still has a dozen of the '87 port."

The Bishop pursed his lips.

"These earthly considerations do not weigh with me so much as old Catsmeat—as the Reverend Trevor Entwhistle seems to suppose. However, one must not neglect the call of the dear old school. We will certainly go."

"We?"

"I shall require your company. I think you will like Harchester, Mulliner."

"I know it well. A young brother of mine is there."

"Indeed? Dear me," mused the Bishop, "it must be twenty years and more since I last visited Harchester. I shall enjoy seeing the old familiar scenes once again.

"After all, Mulliner, to whatever eminence we may soar, howsoever great may be the prizes which life has bestowed upon us, we never wholly lose our sentiment for the dear old school. It is our alma mater, Mulliner, the gentle mother that has set our hesitating footsteps on the—"

"Absolutely," said Augustine.

"And, as we grow older, we see that never can we recapture the old, careless gaiety of our school days. Life was not complex then, Mulliner. We were not faced with the necessity of disappointing our friends—"

"NOW, listen, Bish," said Augustine cheerily, "if you're still worrying about that living, forget it. Look at me. I'm quite chirpy, aren't I?"

The Bishop sighed.

"I wish I had your sunny resilience, Mulliner. How do you manage it?"

"Oh, I keep smiling, and take the Buck-U-Uppo daily."

"The Buck-U-Uppo?"

"It's a tonic my Uncle Wilfred invented. Works like magic."

"I must ask you to let me try it one of these days. For, somehow, Mulliner, I am finding life a little gray. What on earth," said the Bishop, half to himself and speaking peevishly, "they wanted to put up a statue to old Fatty for, I can't imagine. A fellow who used to throw inked darts at people.

"However," he continued, "that is neither here nor there. If the Board of Governors of Harchester College has decided that Lord Hemel of Hempstead has by his services in the public weal earned a statue, it is not for us to cavil. Write to Mr. Entwhistle, Mulliner, and say that I shall be delighted."

ALTHOUGH, as he had told Augustine, fully twenty years had passed since his last visit to Harchester, the Bishop found that little or no alteration had taken place in the school. It seemed to him almost precisely the same as it had been on the day, forty-three years before, when he had first come there as a new boy.

There was the tuckshop where, a lissom stripling with bony elbows, he had shoved and pushed so often in order to snaffle a jam sandwich in the 11-o'clock recess.

There were the baths, the fives courts, the football fields, the library, the gymnasium, the gravel, the chestnut trees—all just as they had been when the only thing he knew about bishops was that they wore boot laces in their hats.

The sole change that he could see was that on the triangle of turf in front of the library there had been erected a granite pedestal surmounted by a shapeless something swathed in a large sheet: the statue of Lord Hamel of Hempstead that he had come down to unveil.

And as his visit proceeded, there stole over him an emotion that defied analysis.

At first he supposed it to be a natural sentimentality. But his feelings had begun to be far from unmixedly agreeable. Once, when, rounding a corner, he came upon the captain of football in all his majesty, there had swept over him a hideous blend of fear and shame which had made his gaitered legs wabble like jellies.

The captain of football doffed his cap respectfully, and the feeling passed as quickly as it had come; but not so soon that the Bishop had not recognized it.

It was exactly the feeling that he had been wont to have when, sneaking softly away from football practice, he had encountered one in authority.

The Bishop was puzzled. It was as if some fairy had touched him with her wand, sweeping away the years and making him an inky-faced boy again. Day by day this illusion grew, the constant society of the Reverend Trevor Entwhistle doing much to foster it. For young Catsmeat Entwhistle had been the Bishop's particular crony at Harchester, and he seemed to have changed in no way since those days.

The Bishop had had a nasty shock when, entering the Head Master's study on the third morning of his visit, he found him sitting in the Head Master's chair with the Head Master's cap and gown on. It had seemed to him that young Catsmeat was taking the most frightful risk. Suppose the Old Man were to come in and cop him!

Altogether, it was a relief to the Bishop when the day of the unveiling arrived.

The actual ceremony, however, he found both tedious and irritating. There was something extremely disagreeable to him in being obliged to roll out sonorous periods in Lord Hemel's praise.

In addition to this, he had suffered from the very start of the proceedings from a bad attack of stage-fright. He could not help thinking that he must look the most awful chump standing up there in front of all those people, and spouting. He half expected one of the prefects in the audience to clout his head and tell him not to be a funny young swine.

However, no disaster of this nature occurred. Indeed, his speech was notably successful.

"My dear Bishop," said old General Bloodenough, the Chairman of the College Board of Governors, shaking his hand at the conclusion of the unveiling, "your magnificent oration put my own feeble efforts to shame, put them to shame, to shame. You were astounding!"

"Thanks awfully," mumbled the Bishop, blushing and shuffling his feet.

The weariness that had come upon the Bishop as the result of the prolonged ceremony seemed to grow as the day wore on. After dinner he was in the grip of a severe headache. The Reverend Trevor Entwhistle also appeared jaded.

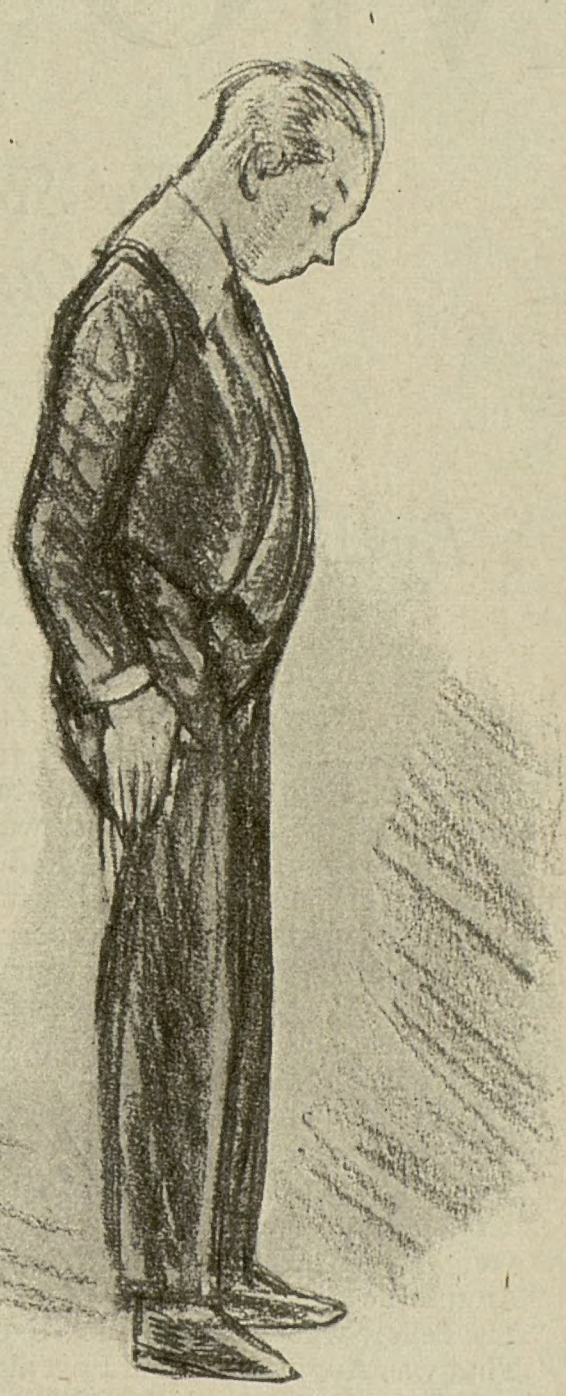
"These affairs are somewhat fatiguing, Bishop," he said, stifling a yawn.

"They are indeed, Head Master."

"Even the '87 port seems an inefficient restorative."

"Markedly inefficient. I wonder," said the Bishop, struck with an idea, "if a little Buck-U-Uppo might not alleviate our exhaustion. It is a tonic of some kind which my secretary is in the habit of taking, and a livelier, more vigorous young fellow I have never seen.

"Suppose we ask your butler to go to his room and borrow the bottle? I am sure he will be delighted to give it to us."



"Sir, please, sir, it was

"By all means," acquiesced the Head Master.

The butler, dispatched to Augustine's room, returned with a bottle half full of a thick, dark-colored liquid.

The Bishop examined it.

"I see there are no directions given as to the requisite dose," said the Bishop. "However, I do not like to keep disturbing your butler, who has now doubtless settled down to the enjoyment of a well earned rest after a day more than ordinarily fraught with toil and anxiety. Suppose we use our own judgment?"

"Certainly. Is it nasty?"

The Bishop licked the cork warily.

"No. I should not call it nasty. The taste, while individual and distinctive and even striking, is by no means disagreeable."

"Then let us take a glassful apiece."

The Bishop filled two portly wineglasses

with the fluid, and they sat sipping gravely.

"It's rather good," said the Bishop.

"Distinctly good," said the Head Master.

"It sort of sends a kind of glow over you."

"A noticeable glow."

"A little more, Head Master?"

"No, I thank you."

"Oh, come!"

"Well, just a spot, Bishop, if you insist."

They mused for a while. Then the Head Master uttered a deep chuckle.

"What are you giggling about?" asked the Bishop.

"I was only thinking what a priceless ass you looked this afternoon, talking all that rot about old Fatty."

In spite of his cheerfulness, a frown passed over the Bishop's fine forehead.

wish to make rash charges unsupported by true evidence, but whatever time of the term it was and however hard up everybody else might be, you never saw Fatty without his bun."

"Catsmeat," said the Bishop, "I'll tell you something about Fatty that isn't generally known. In a scrum in the final house match in 1888 he deliberately hoofed me on the shin."

"You don't mean that?"—in horrified tones.

me." "What! What! What! What! What!" The Bishop, the General, and the Head Master spoke simultaneously.

NOW, you who have listened to the story of Augustine's previous adventures with the Buck-U-Uppo are aware that my brother Wilfred invented it primarily with the object of providing Indian rajahs with a specific that would encourage their elephants to face the tiger of the jungle with a jaunty *sang-froid.* And he had advocated as a medium dose for an adult elephant a teaspoonful stirred up with its morning bran mash.

It is not surprising, therefore, that after they had drunk two wineglassfuls apiece of the mixture, the outlook on life of the Bishop and the Head Master underwent a marked change.

Their fatigue had left them, and with it the depression that, a few moments before, had been weighing on them so heavily. Both were conscious of an extraordinary feeling of good cheer, and the odd illusion of extreme youth that had been upon the Bishop since his arrival at Harchester was now more pronounced than ever. He felt a rather rowdy fifteen.

"Where does your butler sleep, Catsmeat?" he asked, after a thoughtful pause.

"I don't know. Why?"

"I was only thinking that it would be a lark to go and put a booby trap on his door."

The Head Master's eyes glistened.

"Yes, wouldn't it!" he said.

"It went very much against the grain to speak in terms of eulogy—yes, fulsome eulogy—of one whom we both know to have been a blighter of the worst description. Where does Fatty get off, having statues put up to him?"

"Oh, well, he's an Empire Builder, I suppose," said the Head Master, a fair-minded man.

"Just the sort of thing he would be," grumbled the Bishop. "Shoving himself forward! If ever there was a chap I barred, it was Fatty."

"Me too," agreed the Head Master. "Beastly laugh he'd got—like glue pouring out of a jug."

"Greedy little beast, if you remember. A fellow in his house told me he once ate three slices of brown boot polish spread on bread after he had finished the potted meat."

"Between you and me, I always suspected him of swiping buns at the school shop. I don't wish to make rash charges unsupported by true evidence, but whatever time of the term it was and however hard up everybody else might be, you never saw Fatty without his bun."

"Catsmeat," said the Bishop, "I'll tell you something about Fatty that isn't generally known. In a scrum in the final house match in 1888 he deliberately hoofed me on the shin."

"You don't mean that?"—in horrified tones.

"I do."

"Great Scott!"

"An ordinary hack on the shin," said the Bishop coldly, "no fellow minds. It is part of the give-and-take of normal social life. But when a bounder deliberately hauls off and lets drive at you with the sole intention of laying you out, it—well, it's a bit thick."

"And those chumps of governors have put up a statue to him!"

THE Bishop leaned forward and lowered his voice.

"Catsmeat."

"What?"

"Do you know what?"

"No, what?"

"What we ought to do is to wait till twelve

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BISHOP'S MOVE
Continued from Page Eleven]

o'clock or so, till there's no one about, and then beetle out and paint that statue blue."

"Why not pink?"

"Pink if you prefer it."

"Pink's a nice color."

"It is. Very nice."

"Besides, I know where I can lay my hands on some pink paint."

"You do?"

"Gobs of it."

"Peace be on thy walls, Catsmeat, and prosperity within thy palaces," said the Bishop. "Proverbs one-twenty-one; six."

IT seemed to the Bishop, as he closed the front door noiselessly behind him two hours later, that Providence, always on the side of the just, was extending itself in its efforts to make this little enterprise of his a success.

All the conditions were admirable for statue-painting. The rain, which had been falling during the evening, had stopped; and a moon, which might have proved an embarrassment, was conveniently hidden behind a bank of clouds.

As for human interference, they had nothing to alarm them. No place in the world is so deserted as the grounds of a school after midnight.

They climbed the pedestal and, taking turns fairly with the brush, soon accomplished the task that their sense of duty had indicated to them. It was only when, treading warily, they again reached the front door that anything marred the harmony of the proceedings.

"What are you waiting for?" whispered the Bishop, as his companion lingered on the top step.

"Half a second," said the Head Master in a muffled voice. "It may be in another pocket."

"What?"

"My key."

"Have you lost your key?"

"I believe I have."

"Catsmeat," said the Bishop, with grave censure, "this is the last time I come out painting statues with you."

"I must have dropped it somewhere."

"What shall we do?"

"There's just a chance the scullery window may be open."

But the scullery window was not open. Careful, vigilant, and faithful to his trust, the butler, on retiring to rest, had fastened it and closed the shutters. They were locked out.

But it has been well said that it is the lessons which we learn in our boyhood days at school that prepare us for the problems of life in the larger world outside. Stealing back from the mists of the past, there came to the Bishop a sudden memory.

"Catsmeat!"

"Hullo?"

"If you haven't been mucking the place up with alterations and improvements, there should be a water pipe round at the back, leading to one of the upstairs windows."

Memory had not played him false. There, nestling in the ivy, was the pipe up and down which he had climbed, a pie-faced lad in the summer of '86, when he had broken out of this house to take nocturnal swims in the river.

"Up you go," he said briefly.

The Head Master required no further urging. And presently the two were making good time up the side of the house.

It was just as they reached the window and just after the Bishop had informed his old friend that, if he kicked him on the head again, he'd hear of it, that the window was suddenly flung open.

"Who's that?" said a clear young voice.

The Head Master was frankly taken aback. Dim though the light was, he could see that the man leaning out of the window was poising in readiness a very nasty-looking golf-club; and his first impulse was to reveal his identity and so clear himself of the suspicion of being the marauder for whom, he gathered, the other had mistaken him.

Then there presented themselves to him certain objections to revealing his identity. The Bishop was a man of readier resource.

"Tell him we're a couple of cats belonging to the cook," he whispered.

It was painful for one of the Head Master's scrupulous rectitude and honesty to stoop to such a falsehood, but it seemed the only course to pursue.

"It's all right," he said, forcing a note of easy geniality into his voice. "We're a couple of cats."

"Cat burglars?"

"No. Just ordinary cats."

"Belonging to the cook," prompted the Bishop from below.

"Belonging to the cook," added the Head Master.

"I see," said the man at the window. "Well, in that case, right ho."

He stood aside to allow them to enter. The Bishop, an artist at heart, mewed gratefully as he passed and then made for his bedroom, accompanied by the Head Master. The episode was apparently closed. But the Head Master was disturbed by a certain uneasiness.

"Do you suppose he thought we really were cats?" he asked anxiously.

"I am not sure," said the Bishop. "But I think we deceived him by the nonchalance of our demeanor."

"Yes, I think we did. Who was he?"

"My secretary. The young fellow I was speaking of, who lent us that capital tonic."

"Oh, then that's all right. He wouldn't give us away."

"No. And there is nothing else that can possibly lead to our being suspected. We left no clue whatsoever."

THE Bishop found Augustine squirting whale-oil solution on the rose-bushes.

"All the same," said the Head Master thoughtfully, "I'm beginning to wonder whether it was in the best sense of the word judicious to have painted that statue."

"Somebody had to," said the Bishop stoutly.

"Yes, that's true," said the Head Master, brightening.

ON the following morning the Bishop slept late and partook of his frugal breakfast in bed. The day, which so often brings remorse, brought none to him. Something attempted, something done, had earned a night's repose.

He had no regrets—except that he did think blue paint would have been more effective. However, his old friend had pleaded so strongly for the pink that it would have been difficult for himself, as a guest, to override the wishes of his host.

There was a knock on the door, and Augustine entered.

"Morning, Bish."

"Good morning, Mulliner," said the Bishop affably. "I have lain somewhat late today."

"I say, Bish," asked Augustine, a little anxiously. "Did you take a very big dose of the Buck-U-Uppo last night?"

"Big? No. As I recollect, quite small. Barely two ordinary wineglassfuls."

"Great Scott!"

"Why do you ask, my dear fellow?"

"Oh, nothing. No particular reason. I just thought your manner on the water pipe seemed a little strange, that's all."

The Bishop was conscious of a touch of chagrin.

"Then you saw through our—er—innocent deception?"

"Yes."

"I had been taking a little stroll with the Head Master," explained the Bishop, "and he had mislaid his key. How beautiful is nature at night, Mulliner. The dark, fathomless skies; the little winds that seem to whisper secrets in one's ear; the scent of growing things—"

"Yes," said Augustine. He paused. "Rather a row on, this morning. Somebody appears to have painted Lord Hemel of Hempstead's statue last night."

"Indeed?"

"Yes."

"Ah, well," said the Bishop tolerantly. "Boys will be boys."

"It's a most mysterious business."

"No doubt, no doubt. But, after all, Mulliner, is not all life a mystery?"

"And what makes it still more mysterious is that they found your shovel hat on the statue's head."

The Bishop started up.

"What!"

"Absolutely."

"Mulliner, leave me. I have one or two matters on which I wish to meditate."

THE Bishop dressed hastily, his numbed fingers fumbling with his gaiters. He could remember putting the hat on the statue's head. It had seemed a good thing to do at the time. How little we guess at the moment how far-reaching our most trivial actions may be!

The Head Master was over at the school, instructing the sixth form in Greek composition; and the Bishop was obliged to wait, chafing, until twelve-thirty. He stood at the study window, watching with ill-controlled impatience, and presently the Head Master appeared, walking heavily.

"Well?" cried the Bishop, as he entered the study.

The Head Master doffed his cap and gown, and sank limply into a chair.

"I can not conceive," he groaned, "what madness had me in its grip last night."

The Bishop was shaken, but he could not countenance such an attitude as this.

"I do not understand you, Head Master," he said stiffly. "It was our simple duty, as a protest against the undue exaltation of one whom we both know to have been a most unpleasant schoolmate, to paint that statue."

"And I suppose it was your duty to leave your hat on its head?"

"Now, there," said the Bishop, "I may possibly have gone a little too far." He coughed. "Has that, perhaps, somewhat ill-considered action led to the harboring of suspicions by those in authority?"

"The Board of Governors insists on my finding the culprit. Should I fail to do so, they hint at the gravest consequences."

"You mean they will deprive you of your headmastership?"

"That is what they imply. I shall be asked to hand in my resignation; and if that happens, bim goes my chance of ever being a bishop."

"Well, it's not all jam, being a bishop. You wouldn't enjoy it, Catsmeat."

"All very well for you to talk, Boko. You got me into this, you silly ass."

"I like that! You were just as keen on it as I was."

"You suggested it."

"Well, you jumped at the suggestion."

The two men had faced each other heatedly, for a moment. Then the Bishop recovered himself.

"Catsmeat," he said, taking the other's hand, "this is unworthy of us. We must not quarrel. We must put our heads together. How would it be—?"

"I thought of that," said the Head Master. "It wouldn't do a bit of good. Of course, we might—"

"No, that's no use, either," said the Bishop.

They sat for a while in meditative silence. And, as they sat, the door opened.

"General Bloodenough," announced the butler.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove! Psalms fifty-five; six," muttered the Bishop.

HIS desire to be wafted from that spot with all available speed could hardly be considered unreasonable. General Sir Hector Bloodenough, V. C., K. C. I. E., M. V. O., on retiring from the army had been for many years, until his final return to England, in charge of the Secret Service in western Africa, where his unerring acumen had won for him from the natives the sobriquet of Wahnah-B'gosh-B'jingo — which, freely translated, means Big Chief Who Can See through the Hole in a Doughnut. A man impossible to deceive.

Taking fair turns with the brush, they soon accomplished the task.

The General stalked into the room. He had keen blue eyes, topped by bushy white eyebrows; and a piercing gaze.

"Bad business, this," he said. "Bad business, bad business."

"It is indeed," faltered the Bishop.

"Shocking bad business, shocking, shocking. Do you know what we found on the head of that statue, eh?—that statue, that statue? Your hat, Bishop, your hat, your hat."

The Bishop made an attempt to rally. His mind was in a whirl, for the General's habit of repeating everything three times had the effect on him of making his last night's escapade seem three times as bad. He now saw himself on the verge of standing convicted of having painted three statues with three pots of pink paint, and of having placed on the head of each one a trio of shovel hats.

"You say my hat?" he retorted with spirit. "How do you know it was my hat? There may have been hundreds of bishops dodging about the school grounds last night."

"Got your name in it, your name, your name."

The Bishop clutched at the arm of his chair. The General's eyes were piercing him through and through. He was about to protest that the writing in the hat was probably a forgery, when there was a tap on the door.

"Come in!" cried the Head Master.

There entered a small boy in an Eton suit, whose face seemed to the Bishop vaguely familiar.

"Sir, please, sir," said the boy.

"Yes, yes, yes," said General Bloodenough testily. "Run away, my boy, run away, run away. Can't you see we're busy!"

"But, sir, please, sir, it's about the statue."

"What about the statue? What about it? What about it?"

"Sir, please, sir, it was me."

"What! What! What! What! What!"

The Bishop, the General, and the Head Master had spoken simultaneously; and the "whats" had been distributed as follows:

The Bishop..... 1
The General..... 3
The Head Master..... 1

making five in all. Having uttered these ejaculations, they sat staring at the boy.

"What are you saying?" cried the Head Master. "You painted that statue?"

"Sir, yes, sir."

"You?" said the Bishop.

"Sir, yes, sir."

"You? You? You?" said the General.

"Sir, yes, sir."

There was a quivering pause. The Bishop looked at the Head Master. The Head Master looked at the Bishop. The General looked at the boy. The boy looked at the floor.

The General was the first to speak.

"Monstrous!" he exclaimed. "Monstrous! Monstrous! Never heard of such a thing. This boy must be expelled, Head Master, expelled. Ex—"

"No!" said the Head Master in a ringing voice.

"Then flogged within an inch of his life, within an inch, an inch!"

"No!" A strange new dignity seemed to have descended upon the Reverend Trevor Entwhistle. He was breathing a little quickly through his nose, and his eyes had assumed a somewhat prawnlike aspect. "In matters of school discipline, General, I must claim to be paramount. I will deal with this case as I think best. In my opinion, this is not an occasion for severity. You agree with me, Bishop?"

The Bishop came to himself with a start. He had been thinking of an article that he had just completed for a leading review on the subject of miracles, and was regretting that the tone he had taken had been tinged with something approaching skepticism.

"Oh, entirely," he said.

"Then, all I can say," fumed the General, "is that I wash my hands of the whole business, the whole business, the whole business."

The door slammed behind him. The Head Master turned to the boy, a kindly, winning smile upon his face.

"No doubt," he said, "you now regret this rash act?"

"Sir, yes, sir."

"And you would not do it again?"

"Sir, no, sir."

"Then, I think," said the Head Master cheerily, "that we may deal leniently with what, after all, was but a boyish prank. Eh, Bishop?"

"Oh, decidedly, Head Master."

"Then you shall write me twenty lines of Vergil, Mulliner, and we'll say no more about it."

The Bishop sprang from his chair.

"Mulliner! Did you say Mulliner?"

"Yes."

"I have a secretary of that name. Are you, by any chance, a relation of his, my lad?"

"Sir, yes, sir—brother."

"Oh!" said the Bishop.

THE Bishop found Augustine in the garden squirting whale-oil solution on the rosebushes, for he was an enthusiastic horticulturist. He placed an affectionate hand on his shoulder.

"Mulliner," he said, "do not think that I have not detected your hidden hand behind this astonishing occurrence."

"Eh?" said Augustine. "What astonishing occurrence?"

"As you are aware, Mulliner, last night, from motives which I can assure you were honorable and in accord with the truest spirit of sound churchmanship, the Reverend Trevor Entwhistle and I were compelled to go out and paint old Fatty Hemel's statue pink. Just now, in the Head Master's study, your brother confessed that he had done it."

"Oh, yes?"

"It was you who, in order to save me, inspired him to that confession. Do not deny it, Mulliner."

Augustine smiled an embarrassed smile.

"It was nothing, Bish—nothing at all."

"I trust the matter did not involve you in any too great expense. From what I know of brothers, the lad was scarcely likely to have carried through this benevolent ruse for nothing."

"Oh, just a couple of quid. He wanted three, but I beat him down. Preposterous, I mean to say," said Augustine warmly. "Three quid for a perfectly simple, easy job like that!"

"It shall be returned to you, Mulliner. I have not the sum on my person, but I will forward you a check to your new address, The Vicarage, Steeple Mummery, Hants."

Augustine's eyes filled with sudden tears. He grasped the other's hand.

"Bish," he said, in a choking voice, "I don't know how to thank you. But—have you considered?"

"Considered?"

"The wife of thy bosom. Deuteronomy thirteen; six. What will she say when you tell her?"

The Bishop's eyes gleamed with a resolute light.

"Mulliner," he said, "the point you raise has not escaped me. But I have the situation well in hand. A bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter. Ecclesiastes eight; twenty. I shall inform her of my decision on the long-distance telephone."

THE END

LOVE—*the* Dis

A Review of the Price We Pay for Romance

Pictures by DALTON STEVENS

By

ROSITA FORBES

(Reading time: 11 minutes 45 seconds.)

IMAGINE that, a year or a century hence, a college of scientific research should contrive to isolate the germ of that agreeable fever we call love. The next stage would be a law enforcing the inoculation of every child—at birth, for it would be impossible to begin too young—against the simple ailment. Then some supercivilized scientist might discover a eugenic method of radio marriage providing for automatic incubation of the next generation!

Imagine the orderly and stable conditions of a world without love!

If this supreme disturber were eliminated from our lives, we should have more time, energy, and thought to give to our other affairs. I would even suggest that it is because we have, to a great extent, reduced love to the importance of an incident rather than an event, that we are going ahead so fast in such practical things as science, health, culture, and trade.

Concentration is the hall-mark of modern life. Doctors, lecturers, and journalists tell us to do one thing at a time, to do it thoroughly, and to put it out of our mind when it's done. We have little time to play, less to think, and none at all to waste. Modern life is not so much a scramble as an organized charge, for the majority of the Anglo-Saxon race is made up of soldiers of fortune.

The men and women of 1927 are as much, though perhaps more wisely, on the make as our buccaneering ancestors who sailed their galleys into the golden west.

There is less romance about an office on Broadway or Wall Street than in the brocaded anterooms of Cesare Borgia, but the only difference between them is that the masters of the former are engaged in a non-stop fight, in which the rounds are marked by tonics, rest-cures, and sanatoriums, whereas there was a considerable amount of leisure about the fiercest combats of the armored gentlemen.

In those days love was an integral portion of the business of life. Historians assure us that it launched a thousand ships for Helen of Troy; and, on the lips of Cleopatra, it changed the history of Egypt at the expense of Antony.

In the passions of Catherine, Empress of Russia, it laid the foundations of a new aristocracy, and, manipulated by Lucrezia Borgia and other princesses of the Renaissance, it unsheathed every sword in Italy.

Love and religion, eternally at war, were responsible for every holocaust from the Crusades to the burnings of Mulai Ismail, the Sultan of Morocco who sacrificed 30,000 Christian slaves to the whim of a woman he wanted to win.

In fact, the whole history of the Middle Ages is a chronicle of the loves of kings and soldiers and of the awful messes they made *of* them and *because* of them!

Doubtless the centuries have wrapped the loves of all these folk in a deal of unmerited glamour. For instance, Dante was busy raising a large family while he wrote his poems to someone else's Beatrice! Still, in those days there is no doubt they had more time for love.

For this same reason I believe that women were always the greatest lovers of the world. They had unlimited leisure to study this art, in which, alone, they have proved themselves supreme. The greatest painters, writers, and musicians have been of the masculine sex; but who remembers the names of the mere men loved by Thaïs or Phryne, or Julie de Lespinasse?

In primitive ages the man went out to slay food and the woman remained in the cave, with little to cook and nothing at all to sew. It was doubtless very dull, and she ardently anticipated the return of her skin-clad husband.

Later on the man went to the wars. The wife or mother stayed at home to spin or bake or embroider. Now, love is infinitely more satisfying than any one of the domestic occupations, but I wonder if it can compete with a really good fight? I've been in several myself, and I know of no excitement to equal the thrill of the first shot or the first blow!

But, in simpler, less hurried days, man was not always fighting. When he did come home, he had time to do more for his wife than write a check and tell her to spend it on a new hat or the latest twin-six model!

Women used to get a great deal more out of love than they do today, but perhaps they put more into it.

They used to lead a more or less sedentary life in which the return of their lord was as epic an event as the visit of an Eastern pasha to his harem. Therefore they had time to develop their talents as lovers.

Exercise has given a knock-out blow to romance! By the way, this is a quotation from an Arab lady of ample charms, but I'm not certain she isn't right. As soon as woman decided she needed exercise to keep her fit, and lectures to keep her brain active, and jazz, movies, and radio to keep her amused, she ceased to need love to the same extent that her mentally idle ancestresses did.

SERIOUSLY, have we much leisure today to devote to love? When we are very young, or very successful, we flirt to make sure we're having a superlatively good time, and, later on, inevitably, the mating instinct develops; but, unless we can double our physical and spiritual energy, is it possible to contend that love is as important a factor in 1927 as it was a few hundred years ago, or even in Victorian days? Would any modern woman agree with Byron that love is her whole existence?

It seems to me that the pace and range of modern life are reducing even domestic love to the status of a quick-lunch counter. We like everything short, condensed, and easily assimilated—hence the preference for magazines and anthologies rather than books. We have to contend with so many obstacles in our various jobs, that we like our loves, our pleasures, our friendships to come easily—hence the popularity of restaurant and club entertaining, which makes no demands on our personal resources; hence the death of conversation as the salons knew it, and the birth of jazz!

turber

NONE of the men noticed the self-reliant star—they all were occupied with a super who forgot everything except her compact.

Can any man who is obliged to spend all his day in an office, his curtained night in an exhausted sleep, and his week-end in search of new red corpuscles, ask or expect from his wife the love that inspired our more leisurely ancestors?

Put it the other way round. All of us read interesting articles proving that modern woman can deal effectively and simultaneously with marriage and a career.

She does, but it is inevitably at the expense of sentiment.

A supernatural being *may*, after an unusually irritating day, when the typewriter has had a fit, or paint has behaved like treacle, or every sentence in a highbrow story insisted on ending with a diabolical preposition—she *may*, I repeat, be able to be to her husband as seductive as Cleopatra, as encouraging as his shingled secretary who wants a raise, as optimistic as a novelty salesman, as consoling as soothing syrup, and as stimulating as a pre-Volstead cocktail; in fact, be the ordinary blend of wife, mistress, and pal demanded by "Mr. 1927 get-on-or-get-out." But it is much more likely she'll be inattentive, because her spirit is struggling with a back-space key, a palet-scraper, or a dictionary of synonyms!

Every woman nowadays ought to have a career or a job, because gradually she will learn to get out of it sufficient compensation for her inevitable half-time or quarter-time wifehood; but she can't expect man, who is the least adaptable thing on earth, to be fellow worker and worshiper. The two don't go together.

Man respects a comrade in the shafts, but is not more than superficially influenced by her, because both are moved by the same impulses to the same purpose.

Anything entirely different to himself intrigues him immeasurably. I've just come out of the Riffian Mountains, where a cinema company is filming my last African story. The star was lovely, but she was also capable. She knew her own mind and her own value and expressed both in liberal terms. She rode like a trooper and never mislaid things.

None of the men took the slightest notice of her, for they all were occupied with a super who might have strayed out of those patched, powdered, and panniered days when Love was still the great Disturber.

She was incapable of staying on any part of any horse, and she forgot everything, except her compact make-up, of the latest and most alluring shades, but, as there was plenty of leisure while it rained or hailed or snowed, the appealing creature could have married anyone from the hero to the comedian, providing she'd done it quickly, before a return to civilization presented each one of them with a bill marked "Rush order."

I WAS talking to a Spaniard a few days ago about the multiplicity of divorces in non-Catholic countries, and I suggested that it was because nothing permanent could possibly appeal to a generation that is used to the spectacle of a persistent growth in everything from advertising to sky-scrapers!

"Not at all!" replied the Latin. "It is because, in your countries, you have no time to make love. You either work too hard or play too hard, and both are equally destructive to romance. In London or New York, all I want to do at the end of the day is to sleep, and what could be more commonplace!"

It is interesting to note that few divorces are asked because a husband or wife is desperately in love with a third party. It is nearly always because they can no longer stand each other!

As we go on mechanizing our lives, love is bound to find less and less place in them. We train it to provide homes and children, as we confine electricity in a cooking-stove or steam in a boiler.

We've even clipped our language till it is incapable of expressing anything more than comradeship. The proposals of today may be practical, but they are scarcely stimulating, and one has to be very attentive to discover whether the suitor is suggesting anything more permanent than a partnership in some game.

Love today is as neatly labeled as any form

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

of activity. It is no longer disturbing. On the whole, it is a friendly, convenient compromise, efficient and inarticulate, but it is no longer the crucible whose glow was reflected in the scandalized thunders of the church or the battle-cry of a nation roused to arms.

Love drives us into stores for furnishing on the instalment plan, or into *cabinets particuliers* with discreetly shaded lights and an alarm-clock above the sofa; not into convents or coats of mail, which, of course, is very convenient, for the former are drafty and the latter cramping to modern initiative!

There are still a few eruptions, chiefly of a hysterical kind, and when they occur the press is so delighted to find anything more suited to the word "romantic" than the marriage of a millionaire to an eminently appropriate débutante, that it hails them with headlines.

An American magazine, insisting on the dramatic quality of present-day love, quoted (1) a poet who had killed herself on the grave of her husband; (2) a woman married to a Negro who committed suicide when he transferred his affections; and (3) a girl engaged to a murderer who took poison on the day he was condemned.

Suicide is surely the most ineffective punctuation of a love story! Ayeshah, the favorite wife of the Prophet Mohammed, led an army across the unknown Arabian Desert to avenge the death of her husband. Berengaria, wife of the crusading Richard I., sailed a fleet of reinforcements into unknown seas.

When Love was the supreme Disturber, shaking the foundations of church and state, there was no time limit to its activities. A king withheld his signature to a treaty that would end three decades of war, because he would not leave a newly married wife.

A Borgia gave up everything for the mother of Lucrezia, and the head of a great ascetic order forswore his grand-mastership for the smiles of a Bordeaux fishergirl. It must all have been most disturbing! But it gave rise to some admirable romantic literature, whereas the generality of modern best-sellers are written about passion, not love. It is the same with the most popular films.

I ONCE asked a prominent producer to explain to me the popularity of Rudolph Valentino's *Sheik*. To me, as to anyone who knew the desert, with its stern, and generally dirty, gray-bearded sheiks, the picture portrayed a pleasant but effeminate young man masquerading in incorrect fancy dress; but the producer replied that the story represented what ninety-nine women out of one hundred secretly hoped would one day happen to them in some form or other.

If this is true, woman is still in search of Love the original Disturber, love which is lawless, dramatic, and violent.

We can't have it both ways, and independence has had a fatal effect on romance.

On the whole, it is probably a good thing, for it is an age of mechanical gods. The greatest upheaval the world has ever known produced no Alexander, no Bismarck, and no Xenophon. We are so busy *being busy* that we have lost all appreciation of relative values.

Imagination is deafened by express trains and elevators, blinded by moving pictures and wireless photography. We don't need to imagine anything any more. We can go to it, or get it, or look at it, as the case may be.

In Latin countries love is still the sole business of the women and virtually the only relaxation of the men. In Spain or Italy, the proportion of crimes of passion is extravagant, and they are judged as a separate category. There, love is as dangerous as fire-damp in a coal-mine, but time hardly exists.

A woman's career is to entertain some man, or many men, and, away down at the bottom, below his often rather sketchy attempts at sport or commerce, I'm not certain it isn't the main business of the men to make love to as many women as possible, or, at certain concentrated periods, to make as much love as possible to one woman!

YET it is the Anglo-Saxon or the Teuton countries that are going ahead. They have pulled themselves out of the wreckage of the war years and they are producing more in almost every form of energy except, perhaps, art.

Is it because we have definitely scrapped love as a career, or even, largely, as an inspiration, that we are on the highroad to success, and is success going to make up for the glamorous disturbances of the past? I wonder if we get more thrill out of our swains' appreciation of our mashie shots or the amount of work and pleasure with which we cram our days, than our grandmothers did out of some exquisite courtship?

We can make almost anything nowadays except men. I feel that needs explanation. It is agreed that women's influence *in* politics, business, or literature, in fact, in any form of public life, is enormously on the increase, but that is because of her personal intervention. She has no time to waste on influencing men when she can do their work right away. Consequently the sexes are drawing apart. Their contact is not only briefer and more practical than it used to be, but it is certainly far less disturbed.

We have our friends, our Charleston partners, and our fellow sportsmen or fellow clerks, managers, and directors, but we don't hold our lovers so long as our grandmothers did.

WOMEN used to get more out of love than they do today, but perhaps they put more into it.

In a life that is rapidly being shorn of—let us say, eroticism, to differentiate it from the careless experiments of youth and boredom, and the household fires by which we relax for measured moments between our combats—are we going to achieve more, socially and commercially, in literature, religion, and health? Are we going to evolve a better race, as mentally Spartan as were the athletes of Greece?

Undoubtedly excessive eroticism is bad for a nation. Degenerated into license it destroyed the empires of Rome and Byzantium. The illegitimate influence of women in the politics of France is responsible for much of her instability.

I remember the correspondent of one of our largest dailies reporting to his editor a rumor that a certain French minister was about to change his mistress. The journalist was anxious to know whether he should at once arrive at an understanding with the lady who was likely to be the new goddess, or if it would be better to retain the favors of the incumbent until she definitely lost her post!

The earliest church, by setting its seal on celibacy, established the precedent that, in the most difficult of careers, a man achieves better results when he is unhampered by love.

The effect of passion on most of the great historical figures has been disastrous. Some of them, like Parnell, the prominent Irish statesman, sacrificed their careers for love. But I very much doubt if any modernist would be content with such narrowing of opportunity.

We want to make use of all our qualities, and we are as egoistic as we are independent. At present we are hampered by the inherited urge for romance, but, eventually, I imagine, marriage will be much like any other partnership and any spasm of less constructive love will be treated as chickenpox.

The world of thinkers is tending toward order, reason, and responsibility. It would eliminate war, disease, premature mortality, crime, vice, and any other form of disturbance, and in more careless centuries eroticism was the basic cause of most of these.

Passion is too big for laws of church or state. It is the sirocco of civilization, "wind of madness," as the Arabs call it. It blows down all our preconceived ideas and whirls us and our affairs into chaos.

Perhaps, in our reaction against its dominion, we tend to regard life too seriously. I've been interested when lecturing at colleges or universities to hear the students talking of "responsibility." It's a big word, and they applied it generically to marriage, work, parenthood, and every other natural outlet.

The love that bears such a stamp must always be part of national life. It is as fortifying as its step-relation is destructive, but it lights hearth-fires rather than beacons. It is a reliable affection, which adapts itself to the thousand claims of labor, and makes allowances for the restrictions of health or ambition.

"The greatest gift a man can give to a woman is the gift of his sleep," wrote a cynical philosopher, who was more interested in the future of the race than in its present enjoyment.

We shall ask few gifts from our lovers of the future, but perhaps we shall have more to give to our children.

It is as difficult for any woman to be an equally efficient wife and mother as it is for her to blend successfully marriage and her career. If modern love is gradually transmuted into a less disturbing element, women will concentrate on their children.

OH, yes, if Love the Disturber could be eliminated, it would be a much easier and more placid world, and, doubtless, we should get out of it a great deal more of everything, except joy! We should be better parents, because we should no longer be torn between the often divergent claims of husband and sons. We should have more to give to our religion, because it would be the sole outlet for our deepest emotions. We should be single-hearted in art or business.

There would be nothing to distract us from our careers; no sleepless nights or lack of appetite to disturb our health. We should become a race of automatic giants, thoroughly efficient and practical; but, of course, there would be no possibility of adventure!

It would be a dull world, with very little left to which we could surreptitiously look forward. There would be no sheik films, and the luxury shops, with their frilly chiffons and cheerful, twinkling diamonds, would dwindle—or should we lay those oblations at the blue-stockinged feet of serious-minded affection? Without the lurking hope that one day adventure might seize us, we should work more calmly, live more methodically, make gods of our brains or our muscles, but we should always know exactly what was going to happen next!

Can reason exist beside the click of a roulette ball and the challenge of the croupier's rake? So, while there is one atom of gambler left in the human heart, Love will continue to disturb —at intervals—our exceedingly prosaic age.

THE END

Cross Country

Int. Photo

W. B. MacLan, Jr., photo

COLONEL CHARLES A. LINDBERGH'S Spirit of St. Louis flying over San Diego before his Paris flight. (Below) Lieutenant Moffat and the author, fastening his parachute belt, before starting on a cross-country hop.

What Every Good Aviator Must Know to Keep Out of Trouble

An Article by ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

(Reading time: 12 minutes.)

GOING to fly cross country?

Then you'll want your own plane.

As well rent a dog as rent a plane.

It is comparatively easy to get a plane as a gift. The government will give you all you want if you will pay the storage since 1918. Any inventor will give you a plane—his latest design—if you will fly it for him. Of course, if you're the sort of fellow who looks a gift horse in the mouth, you'd better buy your plane.

Let us suppose that you have secured a plane and, after looking it over, you are still determined to travel in it. You should secure the services of a good meteorologist, a practical geographer, and a skilled engineer. Also, get a parachute and a prayer-book.

First you consult your geographer. He informs you whether you must cross mountains that are too high for your motor and whether your trip is too long for your gasoline capacity.

Then your engineer will examine the plane and tell you what the chances are of its falling to pieces as soon as *terra firma* ceases to support it. He makes the necessary repairs, fills your tanks, and cranks up.

Your meteorologist then consults the oracle to learn if the weather is propitious and will remain propitious long enough for you to reach your destination.

But most of us poor, benighted cloud-hoppers have neither the money nor the time for such elaborate adjuncts, so we have to content ourselves with looking at the sky, shaking a wing or kicking the tail, putting in all the gas and oil the tanks will hold, and sailing off into space with a prayer on our lips.

No matter how reckless and optimistic you are about starting, you're still confronted with the problem of finding your way to where you're going. The best way is not to tell anybody your destination. Then, wherever you arrive, you can say that's where you were going.

No good pilot will admit to a fellow pilot that he got lost in the air.

That's where Chamberlin had the advantage of Lindbergh. Lindbergh said he was going to Paris when he left Mineola, so he had to land there or think up a good reason for getting lost.

But Chamberlin didn't tell a soul where he was headed for. He could have landed anywhere on the Eastern Hemisphere and still kept his reputation as a navigator.

He had six newspapers addressed to six different potentates, and wherever he landed he could have picked out the right paper, looked at his cuffs for the right speech, and received the keys to the city. Levine had forty-two hours to think up alibis to tell his wife. I hope he hit on a good one. He probably needed it.

ONE of the army's best pilots landed up in the mountains of Tennessee last summer. He told his passenger he was landing to get some water, although the radiator wouldn't hold another quart. He really landed so he could ask some one whether he was over the Rockies or the Andes.

Another pilot took off from a Texas field, headed north. For two hours he was completely lost. He saw an airdrome underneath him, so he landed. It turned out to be the one he had just left, but he had presence of mind enough to say he had come back for his Bible.

Last summer Bob Kelly and I were going

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CROSS COUNTRY
Continued from Page Seventeen]

from New York to Detroit and there was a light fog below us. After an hour I got restless and leaned over and asked Kelly if he knew where he was. He said "Sure," and went on. After a half hour more of watching my compass spinning like a gyroscope, I leaned over and asked him if he was sure he was on his course.

He told me that he was quite well placed. He even pointed out our position on the map. He figured that we would be in Detroit in three hours more. I congratulated myself on having such a fine, bright, intelligent traveling companion and went back to sleep.

We dined in Philadelphia that night. But Kelly still says he was never lost. I know he mistook the Capitol at Albany for the one at Harrisburg, but he still says he intended to go north of his course on account of the wind. I was not flying the ship, so I could admit I was lost without losing my union card.

SEVERAL methods may be pursued in cross-country flying, as circumstances permit.

The simplest method is to follow known landmarks. If you are going from New York to Albany, just follow the Hudson. You ought to be able to recognize Albany by the Capitol when you get there. That's just like skirting a coast in a ship. If you want to go to Washington, follow the railroad tracks.

Unfortunately, the rivers and railroads are seldom going your way. And you must have clear weather to be able to see ahead. A light fog or a dull haze may place you in the same fix as Moses when the light went out.

Another method is to use a map. Perhaps you want to go from New York to Cleveland. You get maps that show both cities, and you take off from Mineola and climb to 2,000 feet. That is the best altitude at which to fly, because your vision is best there and it is not high enough to interfere with your motor.

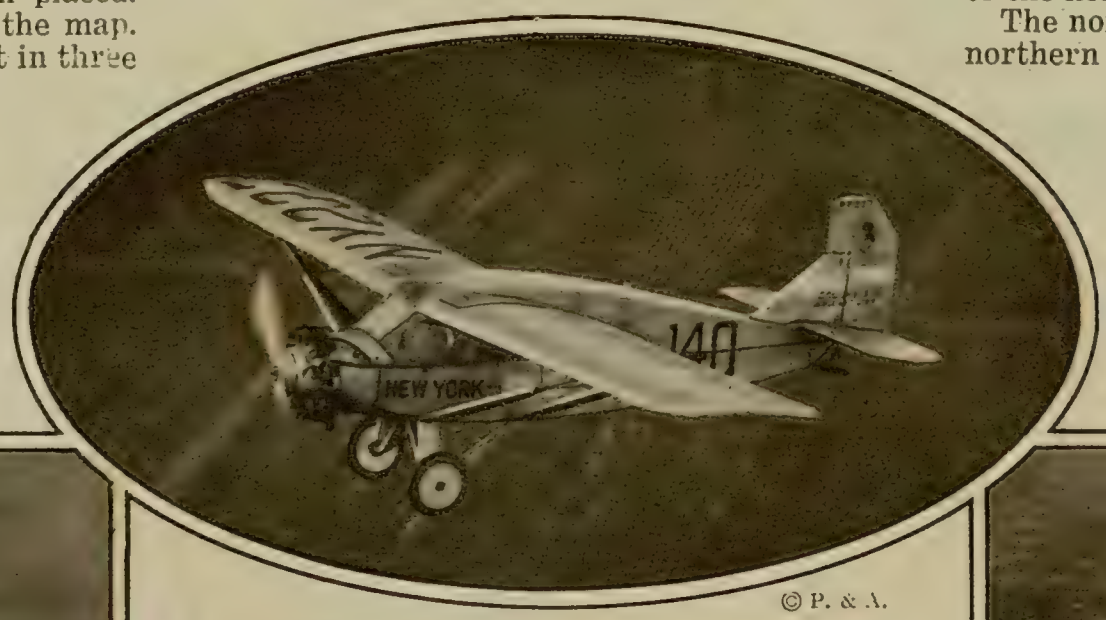
From 2,000 feet you can view the country for ten miles in any direction. You can see large bright objects for twice that distance.

It is not safe to fly at less than 2,000 feet, because, if your motor should stop, you must have room to maneuver into a cleared spot to land. If your motor misses badly or stops altogether, you come down in spite of yourself.

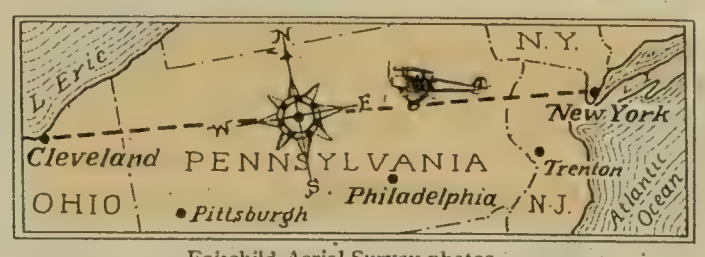
Your only problem is to do so gracefully. The higher you are when it stops, the more choice you have about what you are going to do about it, and the more opportunity you have to pick a good spot to rejoin Mother Earth.

From 2,000 feet you have a good chance of avoiding trees, telegraph poles, wires, fences, barns, haystacks, cows, ditches, or other impediments strewn over the face of the earth to keep pilots from becoming bored.

Let me say here that good maps are scarce. Look at a war map of France, and then at some of these excuses we have to fly by in this country, and you will realize why the busiest man in the squadron is the chaplain.



© P. & A.



Fairchild Aerial Survey photos

A FLIGHT from New York to Cleveland would follow the route shown by the dotted line on the map. Passing over New York, soon after starting from Mineola, Long Island, the aviator would see Central Park as shown on the right. He would recognize Cleveland as it is seen on the left. Above is shown the plane flown by Chamberlin and Levine from New York to Germany.

We are now leaving Mineola for Cleveland and you have a double handful of the best maps you could borrow from the ticket agent. When you climb to 2,000 feet you can see the tip of Flushing Bay. That's on your course, so you fly over there. From Flushing Bay you can see Central Park, so you fly over there.

From Central Park you can see Newark, so you continue from one landmark to another. As long as the visibility is good you can make progress. Occasionally you find a railroad you can follow. Of course, you may be a bit unhappy when the railroad disappears into a tunnel, but you may find the other end of the tunnel.

BUT that method takes you out of the way, and time and gasoline are precious. Also, it depends on fair weather, and you may get lost by mistaking one town for another, or by following the wrong railroad or river.

Cy Caldwell flew down to see me last year and landed ten miles away. His reason was that his map showed the county lines and rivers with the same black lines. He mistook the county line for the river and landed accordingly.

The method in common use now among skilled pilots is the combination of map and compass. A skipper at sea can steer by compass entirely, but a compass does not operate as accurately in an airplane as it does in a ship.

The metal in the motor and the fuselage affects the needle and so does the electric current in the ignition system.

Also, a skipper travels less than twenty miles an hour, while the pilot of a plane makes a hundred, and the skipper has but a few weak currents to contend with, while a gale in the upper air blows the poor aviator all over the sky.

Here is how the best pilots get about the world, and laugh at the morticians:

YOU correct the compass before you leave the ground as best you can with little magnets held above the needle; then you make a note of the error on a card and tack it on the dash beside the compass. The compass needle points to the north magnetic pole.

The north magnetic pole is on a peninsula in northern Canada and, consequently, a compass adjusted to point due north at New York would not point north at Cleveland. Also, local conditions such as a big ore deposit will affect the needle.

After you've done the best you can with your compass, you draw a straight line on your map from your starting point to your destination, marking every ten miles.

Say you are going from New York to Chicago. You draw your lines and find that the true compass course is west. You consult your error card and find that, to steer west by your compass, you should steer 280 degrees. Then you consult your chart and you find that the magnetic declination is five degrees west. So you steer 275 degrees.

Before you leave the ground you note that the wind is blowing gently from the north. You must steer a little toward the north to allow for the drift. If your relative air speed is 100 miles an hour, you fly by your compass for ten minutes and know you should have gone sixteen miles.

You know by your map that you should be right over a railroad crossing in Long Island City, so you look down to see where you are. If you are too close to Long Island Sound, you know that the wind is not so strong as you thought, and you must steer a little more west.

If you are too close to the ocean, you know the wind is stronger than you figured, and you must head into it a little more.

In ten minutes more you should be just beyond and above Newark, and you look down. If you are where you should be, all is well. If not, correct your course.

You should check as often as possible, on account of the change in deviation of your compass and a possible change in the wind. Unless you can see some smoke on the ground, you can not be conscious of any shifting or change in the strength of the wind.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

Here is the most popular hearty soup in the world!

Hearty substantial soup has a regular, steady use in most households. Not only for dinner, but often also as the main dish of luncheon or supper.

And people have discovered that Campbell's Vegetable is the most delicious soup of this kind that is made. Its flavor they find just to their liking. The generous quantity of real food it contains, satisfies their hunger.

Fifteen tempting vegetables. Beef broth. Cereals. Herbs and seasoning. Thirty-two different ingredients are in this one soup!

So convenient! You simply add an equal quantity of water and let the soup simmer a few minutes.

Now here's a sign that I call fine,
A thing we all should do.
For Campbell's fare, I now declare,
Will surely help you too!

A different soup for every day. See list of 21 kinds on label.

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Here's a menu that *is* a menu . . .

READ it and marvel at the appetite of long ago! Thirty guests sat down to this delicious little dinner one evening in 1851, and stayed with it until all of the seventeen courses had been served.

1 Oysters. Mons River Cove, on shell.

2 Soup. Green Turtle. Potage a la Reine.

3 Fish. Fresh Salmon, Lobster Sauce. Baked Rock, a la Chambord.

4 Boiled. Turkey, Celery and Oyster Sauce. Chicken and Egg Sauce. Beef Tongues.

5 Cold Dishes. Galantine de Dinde a la Gelee.
Salade a la Russe en Bordure de Gelee.
Boeuf a la Mode.
Salade a la Volaille, a la mode Anglaise.
Jambon Decore.
Aspic aux Huitres.
Mayonnaise of Lobster.
Aspic de Volaille aux Truffes.

6 Entree Number 1.
Filet de Bœuf aux Champignons.
Riz de Veau, Sauce Tomate.
Vol-au-Vent a la Financiere.
Cotelettes de Mouton.
Croquettes de Volaille.

7 Entree Number 2.
Pigeons Braise, Sauce Madere.
Arcade de Volaille.
Fricassee de Poulets a la Chevalier.
Lamb Chops Milanaise.
Turtle Steak.
Calipash.

8 Roast. Spring Chicken on Toast, Capons Barbet, Spring Lamb, Mint Sauce.

9 Pieces Montees.
Swiss Basket.
Panier en Nougat.
Vase Montee with Fruit Glaces.
Cottage Basket.
Flora's Offering.
Moorish Fountain.
Indian Temple.

Vegetables.
White Potatoes.
Corn.
Tomatoes.
Green Peas.
Cauliflower.
Asparagus.
Sweet Potatoes.
Hominy.
Celery.
Spinach.
Dressed Lettuce.

10 Coupe de Milieu,
Sorbets au Vin de Tokai.
(Note: This course was introduced as a novelty and explained by the caterer as intended to "cool the palates, whet the appetites anew, so that they might go at it again with all the zest of a fresh start.")

11 Game.
Jack Snipe.
Teal Duck.
Woodcock.
Plover.
Celery Hearts.
Rice Birds.
Saratoga Potatoes.

12 Diamond-Back Terrapin.

13 Pastry. (13 varieties — Lemon Pudding, Peach Pie, Meringues, Blanc mange, etc.)

14 Confectionery. (10 varieties — Brandy Drops, Burnt Almonds, Nougat de Provence, etc.)

15 Ice Cream and Water Ices. (10 kinds —Biscuit Glace, Ponche a la Romaine, Champagne Frappe, etc.)

16 Fruits and Nuts. (Apples, Figs, Walnuts, Raisins, Pecans, Oranges, Almonds, Filberts, etc.)

17 Cafe Noir and Liqueurs.

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

Lost *thank goodness . . .* the old-fashioned appetite

NO doubt about it—America is losing its appetite. So says Oscar, the world-famed Oscar of the Waldorf. To prove it, he produces menus of the huge meals of bygone days. He compares them with our modern light dinners—hasty luncheons—scanty breakfasts. A remarkable contrast!

This change in modern appetites is the result of changed living conditions. It is natural and healthful that we should eat a smaller quantity of food than our forefathers did. *But we still need, and will always need, every one of the essential food elements that Nature provided for the human race.* We must choose our smaller meals with particular care, to make sure that no vital elements are lacking.

Because of the varied nourishment it supplies, Grape-Nuts has found a daily place on millions of American breakfast tables. This delicious food gives to the body dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates, for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; proteins for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley, prepared by a special baking process. This brings out the tempting, nut-like flavor, makes the food easy to digest, and makes it *crisp*. You'll really chew Grape-Nuts and enjoy chewing it. You will benefit teeth and gums by this exercise. This is particularly important, because so many of our modern foods are soft.

Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts. Perhaps you will wish to accept the free offer below.

G.—L.—8-20-27

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Company, Incorporated, Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

In Canada, Address
Canadian Postum Co, Ltd., 812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

You can find plenty of landmarks until you reach the mountains, and then it's pretty hard going. There are few distinctive marks and it may be necessary to veer a little off your course to get an accurate check. For instance, there is a railroad ten miles to your right that you can follow for forty miles. It might be wise to keep it in sight.

Then there's a little river fifteen miles to your left. If you are unable to find any landmarks, it might be well to steer a little to the south until you can see the river.

You cross the Allegheny and pick up your course again. The wind probably will be different across the mountains, so you keep correcting the drift.

If a landmark shows on your map and you can't locate it on the ground, something is wrong. You can go ahead until you pick up another landmark or you can turn back to your last sure one.

I got helplessly lost once because the map showed only one hard-surfaced road coming out of a little town, headed in my direction. I followed it and got lost. Three times the same thing happened.

Finally I figured it out. The concrete road I was following had been built since the map was made. The road I wanted scarcely showed up on the ground at all. My real trouble was lack of faith in my compass.

There are a number of mechanical aids that a pilot may use, but they are of little value unless you can see something below you to check them by.

Commander Byrd, on his flight around the North Pole, steered by the sun, using a twenty-four-hour clock and a sundial to get his direction. He was north of the magnetic pole and his magnetic compass was useless, because when he was at the pole all directions were south. He navigated by taking observations of the sun.

That requires two men—one to steer and one to use the sextant. If Byrd had run into fog that hid the sun, he would have been as helpless as a submarine officer in a parachute.

That was what forced Ellsworth and Amundsen to land in the Arctic in 1925.

THERE is a new type of compass that is revolutionizing aerial navigation. It was invented by Morris Titterington and developed for the Air Corps. It is called an earth inductor compass.

It consists of an armature, located in the tail of the plane, that is rotated by a windmill placed in the slipstream of the propeller. It has no field, but uses the magnetic lines of force, which run from the north pole to the south pole, as an artificial field.

The current is taken off the armature on brushes and run to a galvanometer. If the axis of the armature is parallel to the earth's lines of force, no current is generated and the indicator shows zero. But when the axis of the armature is turned at an angle to the plane of the lines of force, current is generated and the indicator hand is moved right or left.

The whole device is mounted on a swivel and may be rotated 360 degrees.

To steer by this compass, you find your true magnetic course from a map and then turn your earth inductor compass until the indicator shows zero at that angle. Then, as long as you steer on that course, the hand points to zero.

This will keep you on your course as long as there is no drift. But if you have a cross-wind it will blow you off. To correct for this you have a drift meter.

This consists of a wire about ten inches long, which is held in place by a frame attached to a scale. You look down at a spot on the ground or the water and turn your wire until the object appears to move parallel to the wire.

Your scale is fastened to the plane parallel to the line of flight, and you can read on it the amount of your drift, indicated by the angle between it and the wire.

If you then turn your earth inductor compass the number of degrees indicated, you will stay on your course despite the drift.

The speed of your plane determines the number of degrees necessary to counteract the drift. By using a stop watch and a scale you can tell your actual ground speed by getting the time it takes an object to move so many inches along the wire from a given altitude.

From all this it would seem that a professor of mathematics would make the best navigator. Quite right. If ever I fly from New York to Paris, I want Professor Einstein as my observer.

That's what makes the feats of Lindbergh and Chamberlin so remarkable.

As soon as Lindbergh reached Paris, without even the assistance of a press agent, one hundred and twenty million people drew a deep breath and asked each other how he did it.

HOW did he do it? I have heard a number of answers to that question. Some addlepated reporter conceived the idea that it was luck. Did Babe Ruth depend on luck last season?

Various items of equipment have been touted as the salient feature of his exploit.

Of course, Charlie Lawrence and Sam Herron deserve great credit for the motor; Ben Mahoney and Donald Hall built the plane; Brice Goldsborough and Morris Titterington simplified his navigation; and the Weather Bureau told him when he could start. But—it was Lindbergh who picked them, Lindbergh who raised the money, Lindbergh who took good advice and discarded bad, Lindbergh who got the heavy plane off the ground, Lindbergh who knocked the insulation off the electric-light wires when he left Mineola, and Lindbergh who hit Paris on the nose. Luck? Be reasonable.

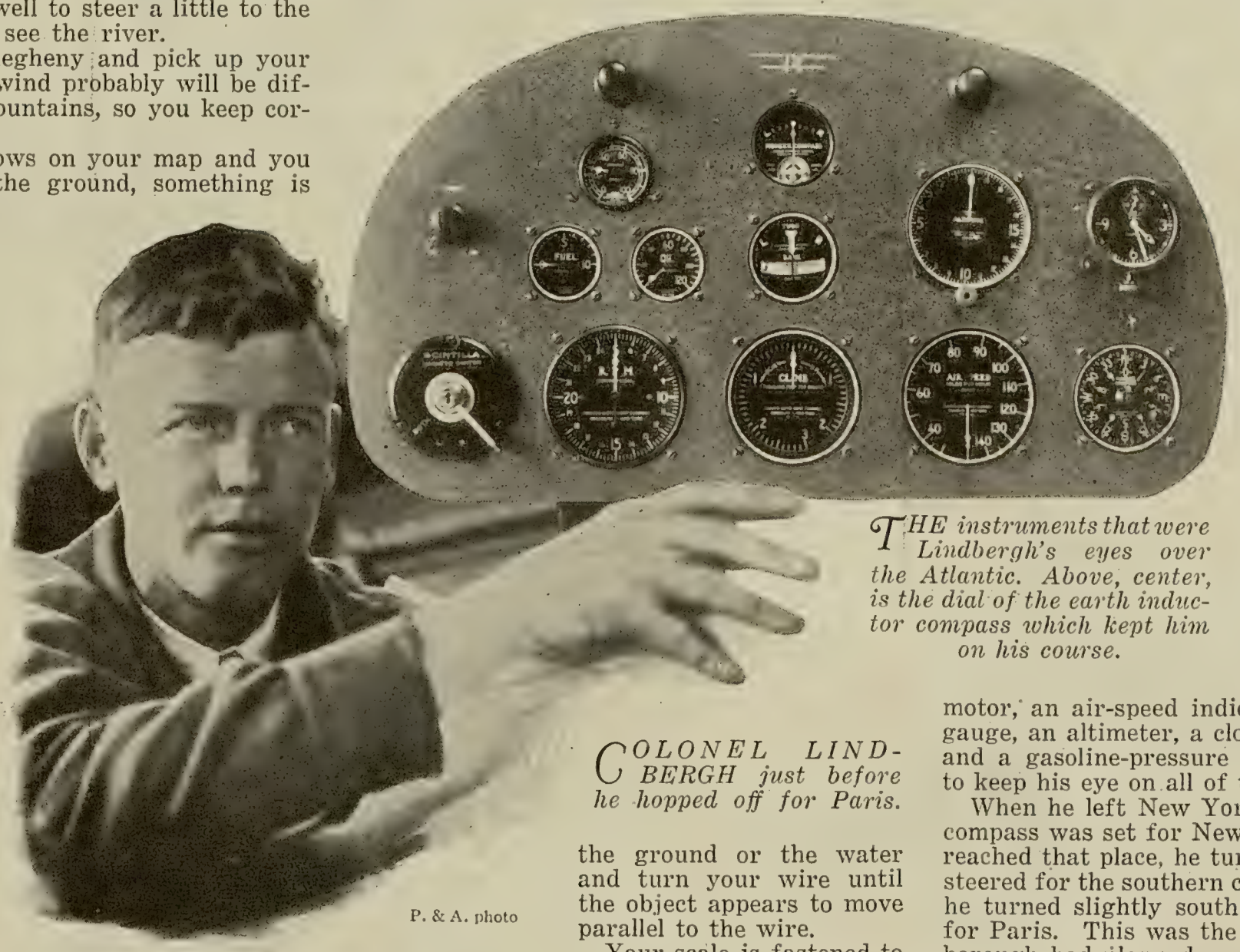
The only answer to the question of how he did it that will satisfy me is this one: Pure genius! The Kid just smelled his way to Paris.

He had plenty of gasoline, a good motor, good instruments, good charts, and an even break on the weather. But he had to sit in one position and handle the plane, check his motor and gasoline, make important decisions, and navigate his plane all at the same time. To be able to do that for thirty-three hours was not luck. I have no name for it.

To see ahead of him he had to crane his neck to the side to look out of the windows, so he rigged up a periscope.

He had an earth inductor compass, a magnetic compass, a drift set, a turn indicator to keep him from swinging off to the side in spite of the direction of his nose, a rate-of-climb indicator to help him fly at the best angle, a tachometer to tell him the number of revolutions of his motor, an air-speed indicator, an oil-pressure gauge, an altimeter, a clock, a gasoline gauge, and a gasoline-pressure gauge. And he had to keep his eye on all of them.

When he left New York, his earth inductor compass was set for Newfoundland. When he reached that place, he turned slightly east and steered for the southern coast of Ireland. Then he turned slightly south and headed straight for Paris. This was the course he and Goldsborough had planned, and he was never more than five miles off it. To have stayed within fifty miles of it would have been navigation; to have stayed within twenty-five miles of it would have been luck; to have stayed within five miles of it—that was genius!



P. & A. photo

COLONEL LINDBERGH just before he hopped off for Paris.

THE instruments that were Lindbergh's eyes over the Atlantic. Above, center, is the dial of the earth inductor compass which kept him on his course.

NEXT came Chamberlin, and, when he landed near Berlin, everybody asked: "Why did he do it?"

I know of only one answer to that: Sportsmanship.

I do not think anything that happened after Lindbergh's feat will dim his glory. Nothing can alter the triumph of his achievement.

But I do feel that Chamberlin is entitled to everything that Lindbergh has had, except the $25,000 prize.

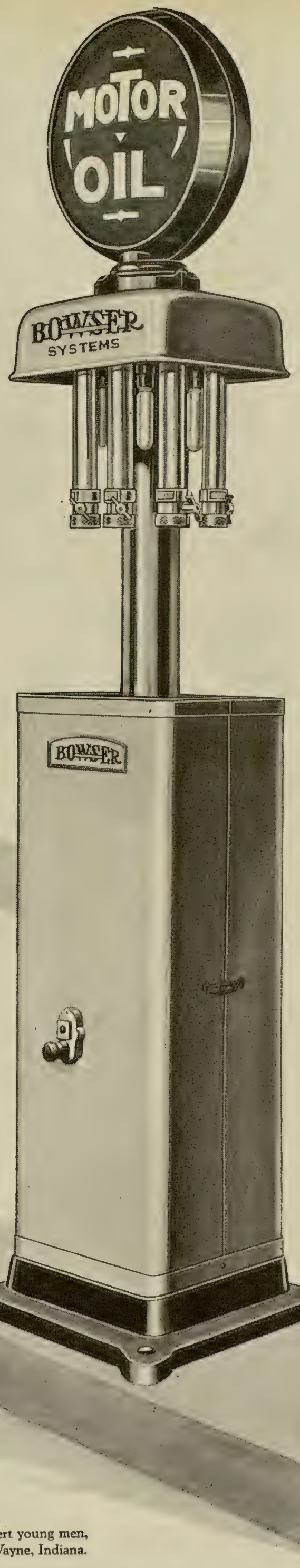
Chamberlin took off after the prize was won, after the glory had been bestowed, after the press had burst an artery and squirted ink until the reservoir was dry, after another man had blazed the trail.

He started out when success meant much less and the hazards were just as great. The hazards were even greater, because, if he had failed after another man's success, he would have appeared ridiculous. He had everything to lose and little to gain. All honor to him.

He used the same motor, the same instruments, and the same type monoplane as Lindbergh. Thanks to the genius of Bellanca, he carried five gallons more gasoline and more dead weight.

As for Levine—he holds two world's records. He is the first paying passenger to cross the Atlantic by air. And as a peripatetic husband he has made Ulysses look about as truant as George V; for, after he forgot to kiss his wife good-by, he was so scared he kept going for 3,800 miles before he dared to stop.

THE END



Seeing is believing!

MOTORISTS instinctively trust the service station where there is a Bowser Fountain of Illuminated Oil—for they can see for themselves that they're getting the oil they ask for. Besides, the service man works out front—no running into a back room, no wasted steps, no lost time.

It does sell more oil, having the Fountain to show the oil, in an illuminated tube, as it is being served.

Seeing is believing! And so the Fountain-equipped station gets more sales, both on gas and on oil; Fountain owners all over the world say so!

BOWSER
ESTABLISHED 1885

Closed and locked for the night

More Salesmen are needed to answer inquiries from Service Stations that want Bowser Fountains. Alert young men, who own cars, and want to sell where results determine compensation, should address S. F. Bowser & Co., Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Funny BONERS

Why Famous Stage Comedians Flop on the Screen

An Article by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

ED WYNN and (below) the scene where he risked going over Niagara Falls after his double backed out.

(Reading time: 3 minutes.)

ED WYNN, the musical-comedy star, recently made an excursion into motion pictures. He filmed Rubber Heels for Paramount Pictures—and then retired for a rest.

Wynn is not the first footlight comedian to dive in and out of the films. Raymond Hitchcock was one of the first to try it, back in the old Keystone days.

Before that he did a comedy for the Lubin Company, which made burlesques in Philadelphia. Hitchcock was a flop. He is still dabbling in pictures now and then. Recently he played a circus mountebank in The Monkey Talks.

Fred Stone tried three comedies with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and established a high-water mark in failures. He made two more comedies, and these also failed. Stone's buffoonery simply did not photograph.

The most recent instance of an in-again-out-again comedian is Eddie Cantor. Cantor made three comedies for Famous Players, the last of which, The Girl Friend, has not yet been released. Then he announced his definite return to the footlights. He will star for Flo Ziegfeld, Jr.

Will Rogers was more successful, although he has never had the crowds storming at the box-office windows. The ex-Oklahoma cowboy made a number of pictures for Goldwyn, Famous Players, Pathé, and other companies.

He has at least three screen classics—Jubilo, One Glorious Day, and the two-reel satire, Two Wagons, Both Covered—to his credit. Mr. Rogers is going to try the films again shortly, devoting his spare time to the job of mayor of Beverly Hills.

W. C. Fields tried the pictures several times, finally scoring a hit in D. W. Griffith's Sally of the Sawdust; and he is now co-starring for Famous with Chester Conklin. His next few comedies will buy him either a Hollywood bungalow or a return ticket to Broadway.

Leon Errol, with his fade-away leg, was still another film failure.

Why do so many Broadway comedians flop on the screen? Because too much is expected of them at the start, and because they have none of the resources of a trained film fun-maker.

Harold Lloyd and others maintain their batteries of gag men. They take months developing their comedies, timing their laughs, putting in and taking out comic episodes. The footlight comedians are rushed through their repertoire of stage tricks—and fail.

Ed Wynn did not even wait for the public reception of Rubber Heels. He returned to the New York stage voluntarily.

Rubber Heels is a comedy of a boob detective. Wynn is *Homer Thrush*, the man of many disguises. Chester Conklin, incidentally, is the master mind of the underworld. One of the comic thrills comes when Wynn is floated out to the crest of Niagara Falls on a chest.

WYNN actually did the stunt, after the double looked at the slender cable designed to hold the chest from bobbing over the cataract, and decided to make no further sacrifices for art.

Wynn tried Rubber Heels to get a rest from the rigors of touring with a musical revue.

He was born in Philadelphia in 1886. His father ran a ladies' millinery establishment. You can trace the millinery influence in the way Wynn, for years, has extracted comedy from trick hats—they also figure in Rubber Heels.

The comedian did not want to be a ladies' milliner. So he ran away and went on the stage. He was hissed off when he did his first act, a near-comic monologue.

Wynn played in vaudeville and then made his musical-comedy début in The Deacon and the Lady. Engagements in the Follies and at the New York Winter Garden followed.

He was just launching into footlight stardom when the actors' strike of 1920 occurred. Wynn, at the moment the highest salaried actor on Broadway, joined the strike and became the leader of the insurgents. He made furious speeches up and down Broadway, to the delight of large crowds.

With the strike won, Wynn found himself unpopular with the defeated producers and so became his own producer. His first revue starring himself was the Ed Wynn Carnival. The Perfect Fool and The Grab-Bag followed.

Wynn writes lyrics and music of songs; he is the author of several humorous books; and he does a newspaper syndicate feature. In private life he is the husband of Frank Keenan's daughter, and an inhabitant of that famous Long Island town of actor folk, Great Neck.

Rubber Heels? A fairly entertaining satire à la Mack Sennett, but minus the old Sennett tang. Only Sennett could laugh at life in just the right key.

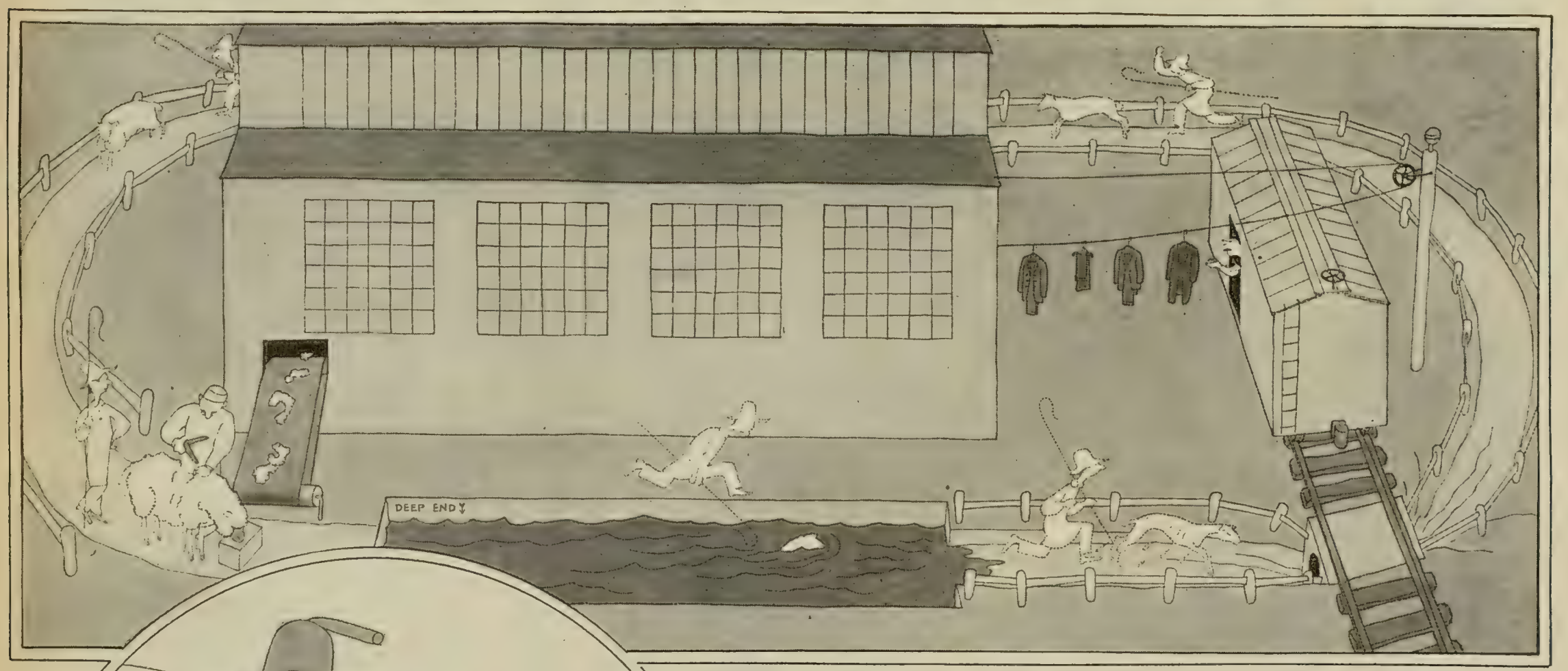
Do you know that—

Gloria Swanson insists she is going ahead with her plans to produce Somerset Maugham's Sadie Thompson, upon which the play Rain was founded? . . . Lionel Barrymore is slated for the rôle of the fanatical missionary—who won't be fanatical or a missionary when the censors get through with him?

GRAPHIC SECTION

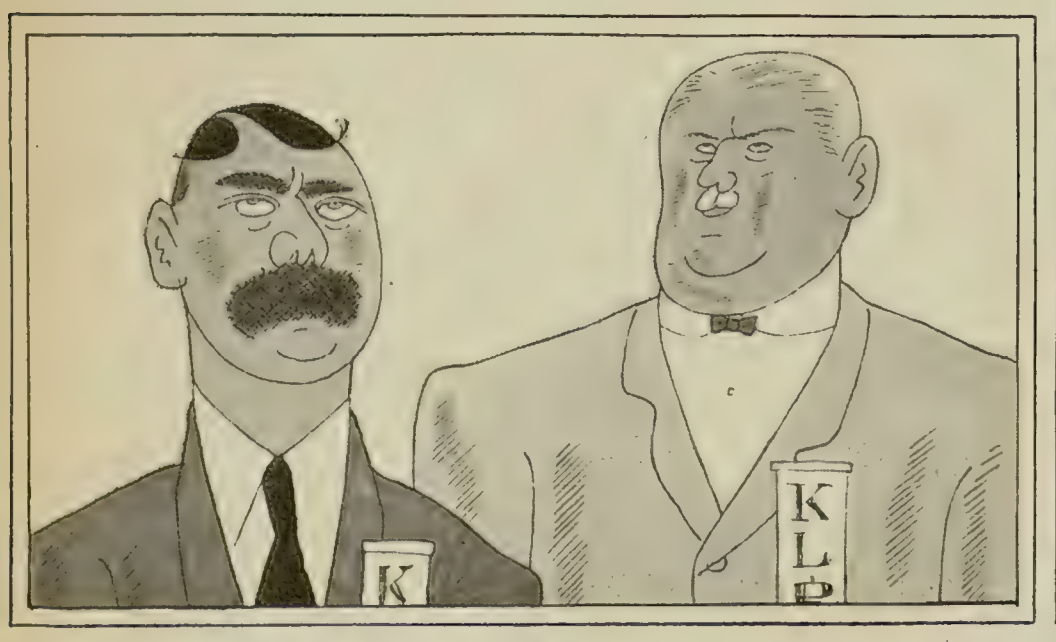
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

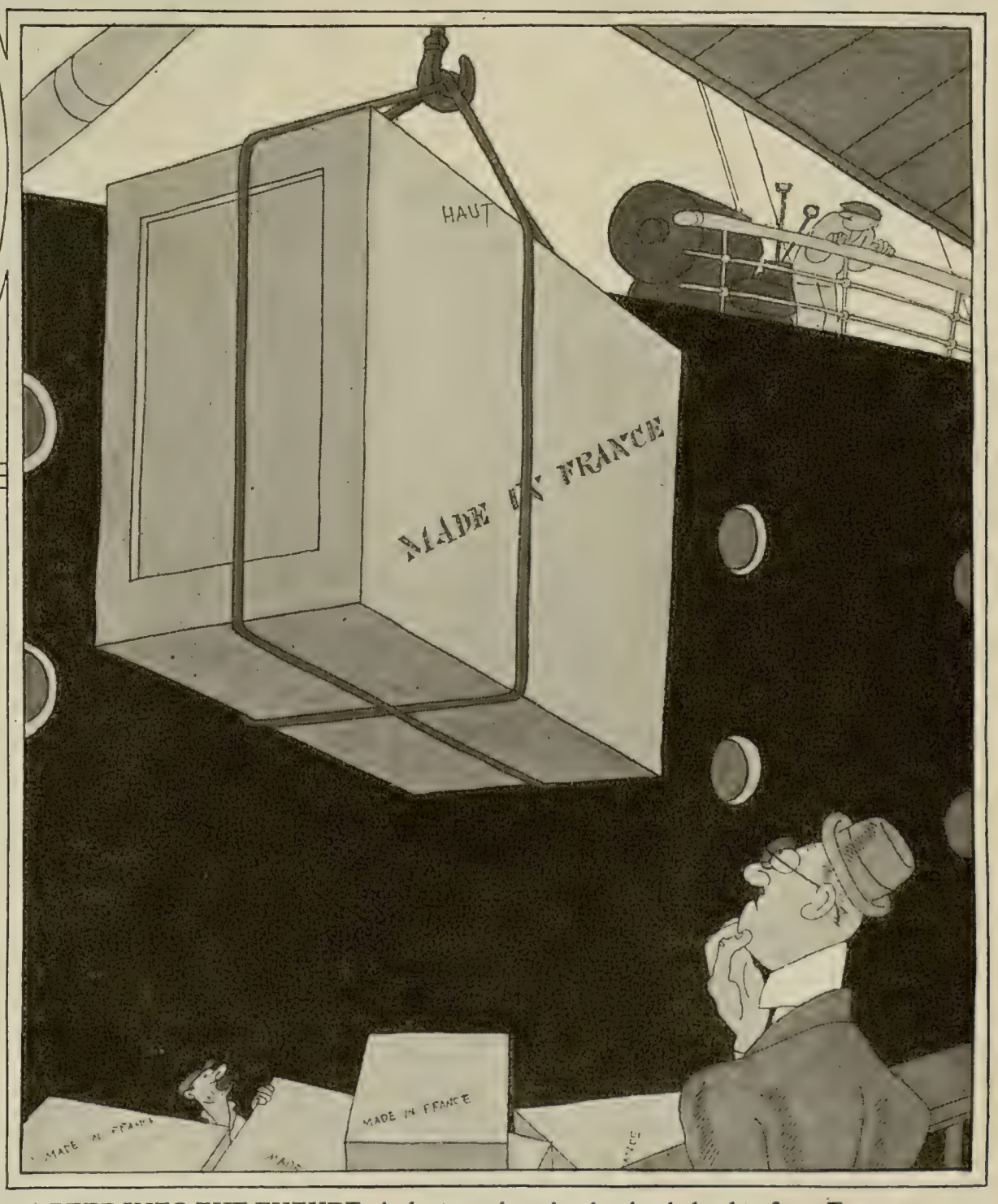


EX-BARBER MAKES FORTUNE IN CLOTHING BUSINESS: General view of the Kwatzblatz Kut-rate Klothing Kompany's factory, which turns out 950 all-wool suits and overcoats daily and employs only one sheep. The usual expensive flock is replaced by a vat of Kwatzblatz' Hair Restorer, into which the sheep is plunged immediately after being sheared. After a run around the track (as shown) the animal is again ready for the shearer.

MENACE OF THE MODERN PRESS: Momentous events broken too suddenly upon the public and governments of the world often lead to international misunderstandings. King Fuad of Egypt learns that Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque are married.



THE TWO MOST RECENT AND MOST ARDENT members of the Knights and Ladies of the Right. Al Diego and P. Vanocci, California wine-growers, who are helping us to keep Prohibition in the Constitution.



A PEEP INTO THE FUTURE: Ardent patriot who, having helped to force France to pay her war debts, discovers a little late that France, not having the money, is obliged to pay in goods which vastly undersell American goods on the market.

TRUE TO THE LINE

YOU'VE seen cars coming toward you on the road with front wheels wobbling violently from side to side.

Perhaps you've felt this same effect thru your own steering wheel when traveling at good speed on a fairly smooth road. Maybe you already know this tendency by its common trade name "front wheel shimmy."

Then, you'll be glad to know about a balloon tire which successfully counteracts this action—and how.

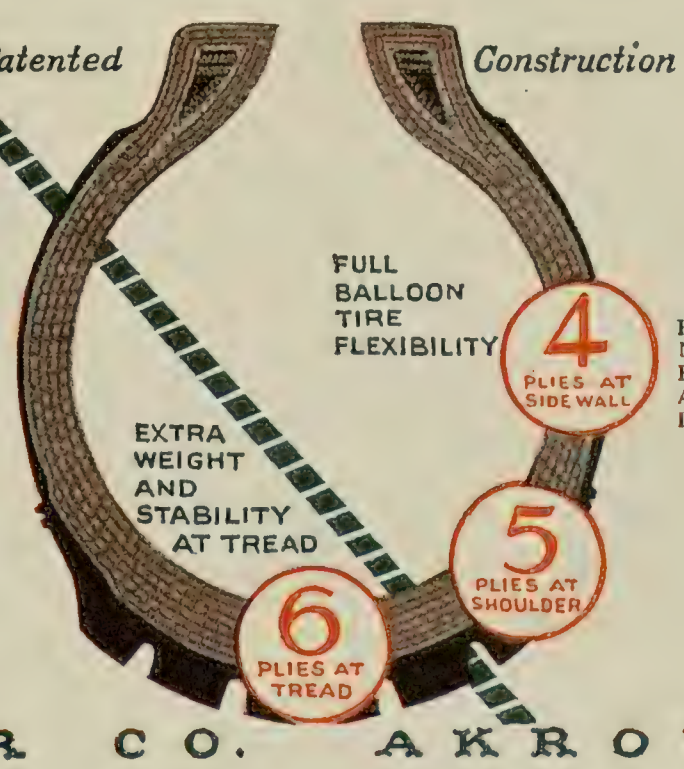
It is no accident that India balloon tires roll true to the line. The patented 6-4 ply construction has just enough extra weight and stability added at the tread to hold it straight to the direction in which you are steering—no loose bagginess to wobble around.

Many car owners have told us that India balloons have overcome entirely this "front wheel shimmy" for them. It is certain that when this "shimmying" is the fault of the tire, India balloons will go a long ways toward correcting it.

Add to this, complete flexibility at the sidewall, where flexibility is needed; also extra protection from punctures and road wear, and you will understand why Indias meet every objection there has been to balloon tires.

Go to your India dealer. Let him show you this patented construction of India balloons. Ask to see the India True-Blue [HEAT-PROOF] Inner Tube (another exclusive India feature). Together, they will give you the utmost tire satisfaction you have ever known.

Patented *Construction*



INDIA TIRES

Branches

PHILADELPHIA . . CHICAGO
NEW YORK . . MINNEAPOLIS
BOSTON . . . . KANSAS CITY
ATLANTA . . SAN FRANCISCO
DALLAS . . . . LOS ANGELES
AKRON

INDIA TIRE & RUBBER CO. AKRON, OHIO

With the New High Compression that turns waste heat

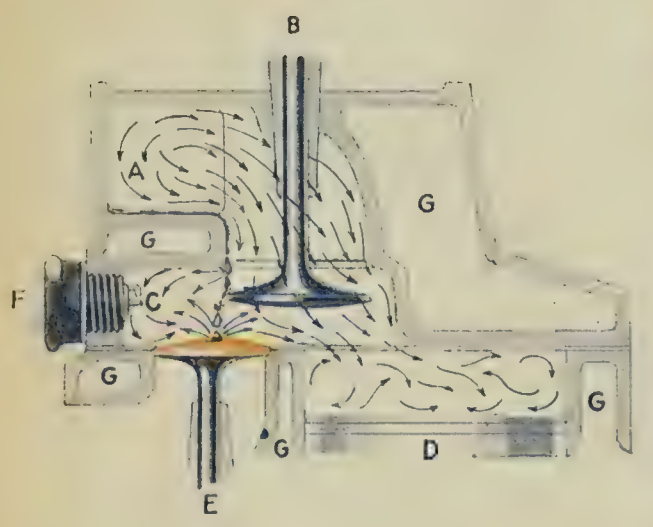


Diagram Legend

(A) Intake Manifold
(B) Intake Valve
(C) Combustion Chamber
(D) Piston
(E) Exhaust Valve
(F) Spark Plug
(G) Water Jacket

No method of carburetion completely prevents raw gasoline entering the motor combustion chamber.

In the diagram at left note how the raw gas enters through the intake valve (B) and falls directly on the exhaust valve (E). The hot exhaust valve is thus a hot spot which thoroughly vaporizes the gasoline, while the liquid tends to keep the valve cool. This makes a cold motor operate on regular gasoline with the snap which other types seek through special fuels. And there is more power, greater gasoline economy and longer motor life.

HUDSON builds 118 inch Super-Six

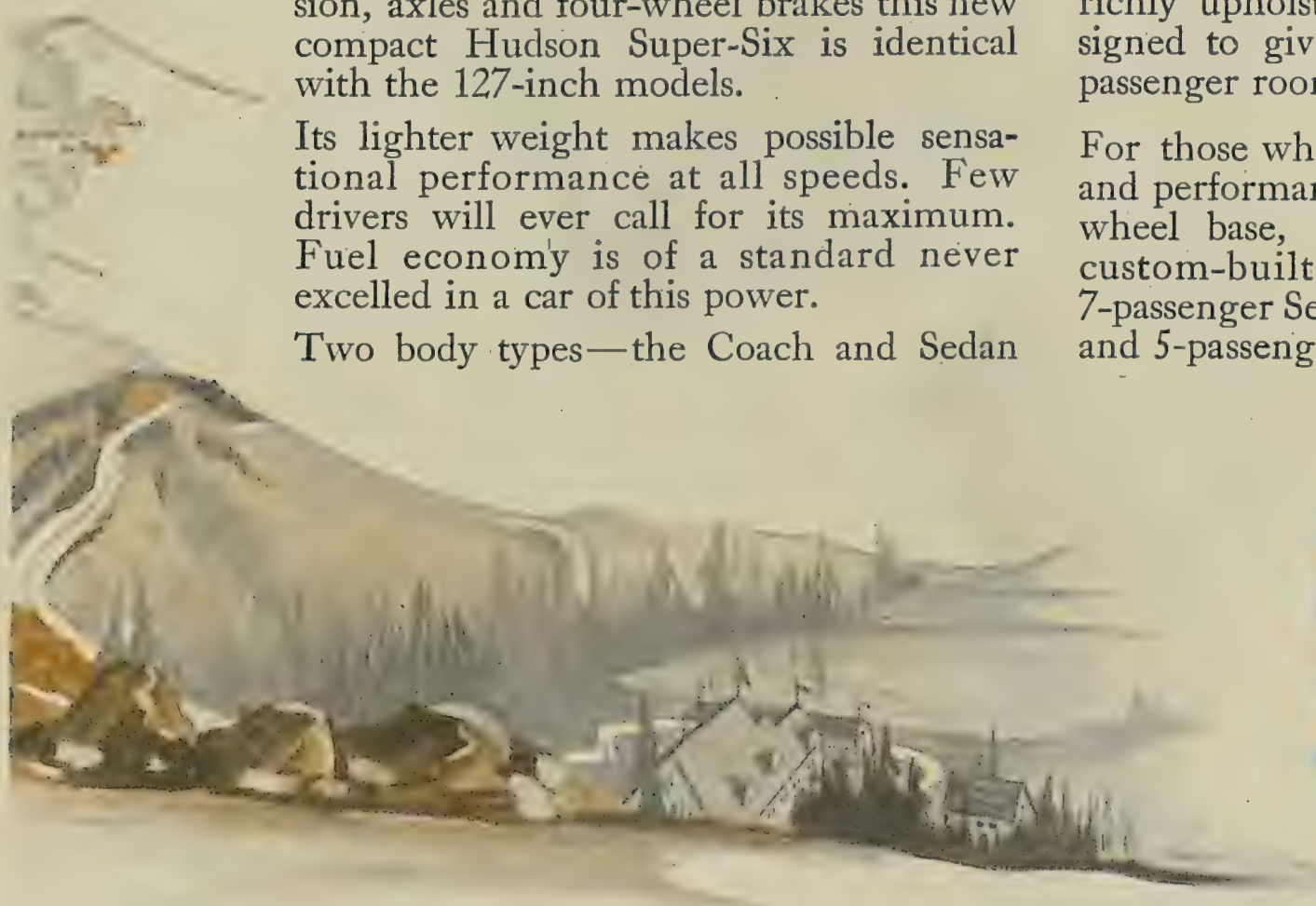
Thousands have asked us to build a shorter Hudson Super-Six. They wanted in such a type the performance, sturdiness, reliability and luxury of the famous 127-inch Super-Six. So the 118-inch Hudson is built for them; and the 127-inch Super-Six is continued for those who prefer the longer car.

In every detail of motor, clutch, transmission, axles and four-wheel brakes this new compact Hudson Super-Six is identical with the 127-inch models.

Its lighter weight makes possible sensational performance at all speeds. Few drivers will ever call for its maximum. Fuel economy is of a standard never excelled in a car of this power.

Two body types—the Coach and Sedan—are available on this chassis. They are richly upholstered and finished, and designed to give generous, even lounging passenger room.

For those who wish Hudson mechanical and performance leadership on the longer wheel base, there are five models: the custom-built Brougham, Phaeton and 7-passenger Sedan, and the standard Coach and 5-passenger Sedan.



On the 118-inch wheelbase

Coach $1175
Sedan $1285

Prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

Other Models on the 127-inch wheelbase

Coach · Standard Sedan · Brougham
7-Pass. Sedan · 7-Pass. Phaeton

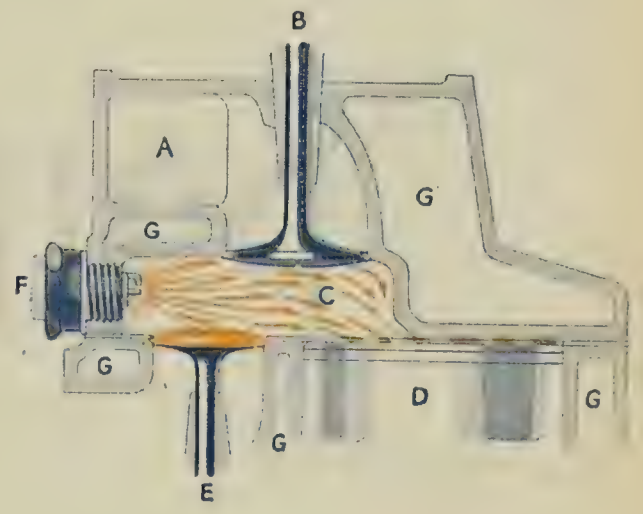
Anti-Knock Motor to power

Without special fuels the new Hudson invention gives the full and virile power of the high compression motor without spark knock or harshness. Note in the diagram at the right the special combustion chamber (C) and the location of the spark plug (F) with relation to the cylinder and piston (D).

The violent initial explosion occurs at the remotest part of the special chamber, which cushions its severity and increases its power. By the time the pressure reaches the piston, its harshness and roughness is entirely absent, and the Hudson gets away with the dash and smoothness of a steam engine.

Diagram Legend

(A) Intake Manifold
(B) Intake Valve
(C) Combustion Chamber
(D) Piston
(E) Exhaust Valve
(F) Spark Plug
(G) Water Jacket



We've been pals for years

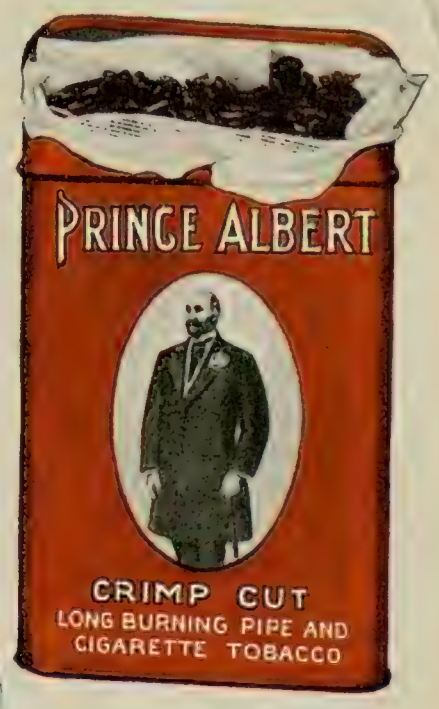
IT MUST be eighteen years or so since I smoked my first pipe-load of P. A. (When you're really *enjoying* yourself, you lose all idea of time.) But I'm sure of this—I smoked some of the first Prince Albert that hit our town. And I've never had occasion to change!

I'm not long on giving advice, but I *would* like to get over to some of you younger fellows what a really delightful smoke P. A. is. To my notion, a pipe without P. A. is like a pocketbook without money. To me, the word "pipe" *suggests* "P. A." and vice versa.

Why, the minute you open the tidy red tin and breathe that rich, natural fragrance, your mouth waters for a taste of such tobacco. Then you tamp in a load and light up. There's the big thrill, Fellows! There's the thing that has held me to this one brand all these years.

Cool as "Pull over to the curb!". Sweet as "I'll let you go *this* time." Mild as spring sunshine, with never a bit of bite or parch, yet with that full tobacco body that rounds out a wonderful smoke. Try some of this long-burning P. A. You'll make no mistake.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!

© 1927, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Red Knight of Germany

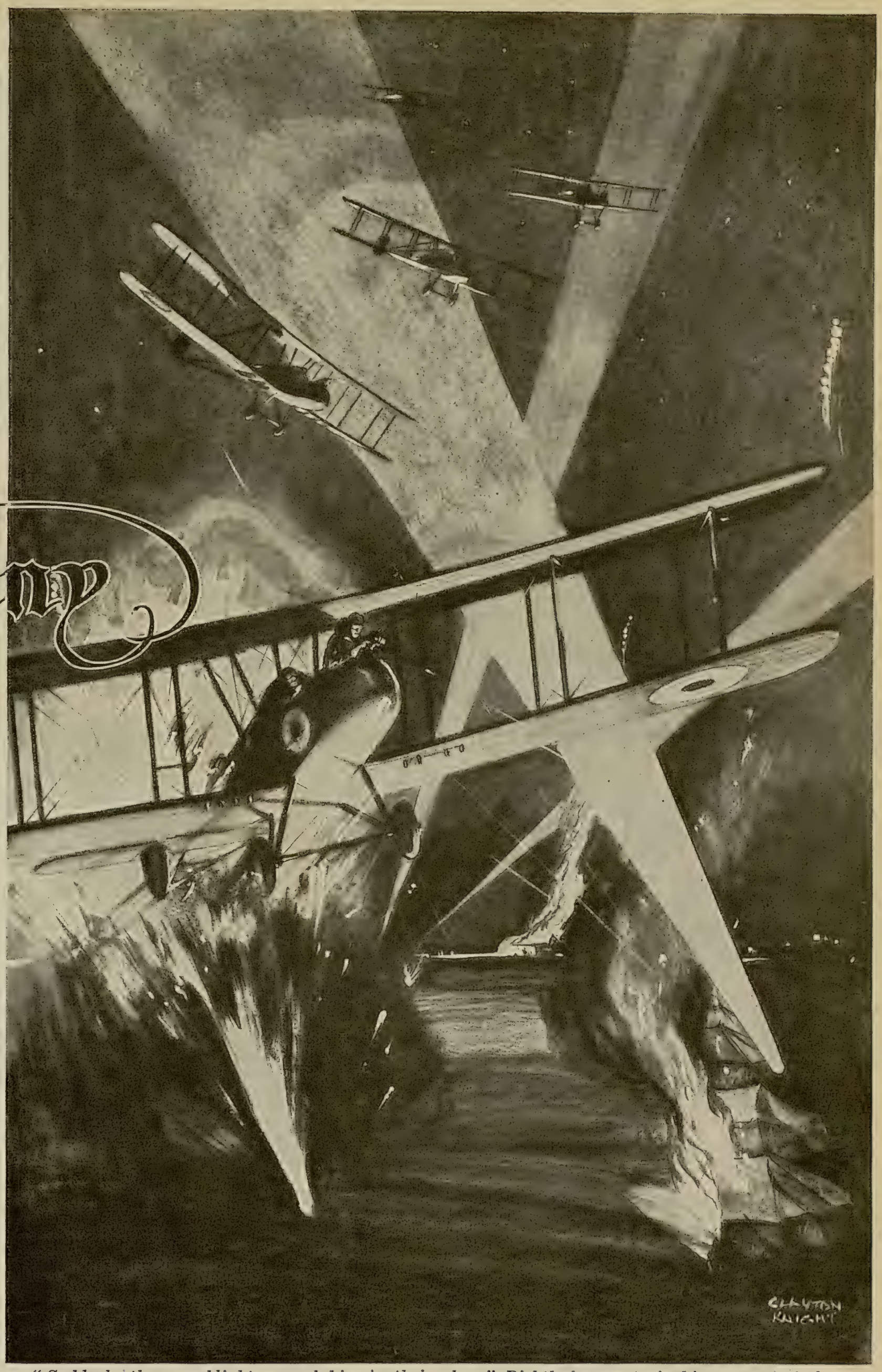
A British Squadron Stalks Richthofen, While His Fatal Score Mounts to 36

By
FLOYD GIBBONS

Picture by CLAYTON KNIGHT

(Reading time: 20 minutes 40 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Richthofen's continued victories, now numbering thirty-three, finally focused the wrath of the Allied air forces personally upon him, and the slogan became: "Get Richthofen!" While the Kaiser's great war bird went steadily on with his carnage, plans were carefully laid in the English camp. And now follows a detailed and official description of two thrilling night raids by bombing squadrons on the Richthofen headquarters.]



"Suddenly the searchlights reveal him in their glare," Richthofen wrote in his account of the first British night raid on the staffel's base. "Shots ring out from all sides."

PART TEN

BRITISH General Headquarters still demanded more accurate information and photographs of Vimy Ridge against which a massed attack was to be launched early in April, 1917. The lives of thousands of infantrymen depended upon this information and it was up to the fliers to get it.

Photographic patrols went over daily on this hazardous mission, and the next adversaries that went down under the guns of Richthofen were engaged in that work. The German ace reported the fight as follows:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Thirty-fourth Victory.

Date: April 3, 1917.
Time: 4:15 P. M.
Place: Between Lens and Liévin.
Plane: Vickers two-seater, No. A6382. Motor unrecognizable.
Occupants: Lieutenant O'Beirne, killed. Observer McDonald, prisoner.

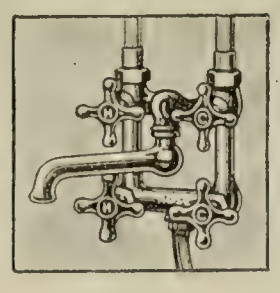
[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

The "Four-Way" Laundry Tray

There it stands, this new "Standard" Laundry Tray, right out in the middle of the basement! It has no need like other trays to lean against the wall. Every side is accessible. Its height can be adjusted when it is installed.

The inside is free from any projection, even a faucet, on which the clothes might catch and tear. The rounded corners are easy to keep clean. The faucets are just above the tray and the single swinging-spout fills both compartments.

Faucets and spout are finished in non-corroding, non-tarnishing Chromard. There is a separate connection for the hose that fills the washing machine. Once attached it need never be disconnected. Push your electric washer right up to this new "Standard" tray so that the wringer arm will swing out over both compartments.



Single swinging-spout faucet fills both compartments with water tempered "just right." There is no projection inside the tray.

Wring from tub to rinse water, from rinse water to blue water, from blue water to basket, without moving the machine. This modern tray is sturdy and white—and sturdy and white it stays, for it is made of *Acid-Resisting* Enamel. Soaps and powders, hard use should have no effect upon it. Acid-Resisting Enamel is an exclusive "Standard" development.

Write for illustrated booklet, or better still, visit a "Standard" showroom to see this tray that can simplify wash days for years to come. The trade-mark "Standard" A-R, identifying Acid-Resisting Enamel is impressed in every "Four-Way" Laundry Tray.

"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. PITTSBURGH

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

Together with Lieutenant Schaeffer and Lieutenant Lothar von Richthofen, I attacked three enemy planes. The plane I myself attacked was forced to land near Liévin.

After a short fight the motor began to smoke and the observer ceased shooting. I followed the adversary to the ground.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

Lieutenant D. P. McDonald was pilot of the machine and Second Lieutenant J. I. M. O'Beirne operated the cameras and machine gun from the forward cockpit. The captured pilot lives now with his father in Cape Province, South Africa. Major and Mrs. O'Beirne, the parents of the dead observer, live at 95 Eaton Terrace, London.

Young Jack O'Beirne left the mining school at Camborne in the early days of the war and was with the Sixth Warwickshires at the first Battle of Ypres.

He got full of poisoned water the next spring, and was invalided home, but went back to France and transferred to the flying corps in February, 1916. He had flown from May of that year until his death in April, 1917, and was one of the old-timers of the squadron.

It was not until after the war that Jack's father and mother learned exactly what had happened to their son. The news came in this letter from McDonald, the pilot:

Hook Hill, Woking.
Sunday, 12.19

DEAR MRS. O'BEIRNE:

. . . We were on a purely volunteer "show" in the evening of a fine spring day. All of us had finished our day's flying, but the commanding officer at the time (Major Cherry) asked us to go and obtain photographs of Vimy Ridge.

These photographs were particularly required by headquarters, and many were the attempts that had been made to get them by other squadron commanders and squadrons. We all naturally volunteered—there were three machines, and off we went with cameras, etc.

We were supposed to be met by an escort at the lines, but we were disappointed in not finding one when we arrived. However, we were not to be daunted by this, but chose our moment and over we went.

Every one of us, as far as I have found out, succeeded in getting the required photographs — about sixty plates each—and then our group leader gave us the order to close in as a preliminary to returning home. All this took about twenty-eight minutes and luckily enough we had so far not been spotted.

However, when we all got our height, our leader did not turn home as expected, but waited, and we saw then what he was after. There were three machines coming up from Douai! These we took on with comparative safety, as it was our squadron motto: "Take on any two machines."

I think we each downed our man.

I know Jack did very neatly when he came under our nose.

Alas! These were only a bait! There were from a dozen to sixteen almost on top of our tails then. We had, then, a very one-sided scrap, of course, keeping ourselves in a small circle and endeavoring to keep them outside; but they were too many for us.

When it got too hot for one of them, he dropped out and another couple had a go at us.

Jack was firing over my top plane (to the rear) when suddenly a close burst from behind hit him right in the head and he dropped down in his seat.

The machine tossed and dropped its height!

When again I leveled it and looked over to see how he was, I saw he was hit right through the side of the head and death must have been instantaneous.

It was but a matter of a few minutes before some of them got my engine while I was endeavoring to steer and shoot at the same time, and I was forced to the ground just outside Lens.

The Hun followed me right down to the ground, firing all the time till he shot away almost every control I had.

I made for a good-looking field, but, as luck would have it, beneath the long grass were barbed-wire entanglements, and, with all my instruments shot away, I landed at a faster pace than I should have done and caught in the wire, going head over heels.

Fortunately, the machine went right over the top of me when I was thrown out. I was picked up unconscious (for two hours) and recovered in a dugout.

It was quite dark, and I immediately inquired if any attention had been paid to my observer, and the doctor reported that he had been shot through the head and had been killed in the air.

I was marched to Lens from there. I requested to see the machine and the last of Jack before going to prison. . . . I saw him laid out on the grass beside the wreckage of my machine, and, with a farewell prayer for him, I was marched off. . . .

Later, at Douai, I asked the authorities if he might be buried near the machine in which he had done his duty to the last and so valiantly, too; and to this they consented, but of course I have never been allowed to get anywhere near there again and can not say if they ever did.

It was just the fortune of the war. . . . How I escaped, I don't know, but I am glad to have the honor of relating his last well fought hour to you, his mother.

DONALD P. MCDONALD.

WHILE Jack had been fighting the flying Baron on the Somme, his elder brother, Second Lieutenant Arthur James Louis O'Beirne, was carrying on the war in the air in East Africa.

A machine gun mounted for high-angle fire, to forestall attacks by English planes on the German flying headquarters.

Jack's father, who was a major in the reserves at Budbrooke Barracks in Warwick, received the War Office telegram about his son and went out to the little house on Eaton Terrace, where a gray-haired woman sat inconsolable before the photographs of her two soldier sons.

The Major wired to Jimmie in Africa, and Jimmie got through the quickest transfer on record.

Two months later he arrived in England, took a final course in the new model planes, and flew across the Channel to join a fighting squadron on the Somme.

Three days after his arrival on the front, July 27, 1917, he was shot down and seriously wounded. On the next day another War Office telegram reached the little house on Eaton Terrace, announcing his death.

Mrs. O'Beirne doesn't like to talk war. The Major's eyes blur a bit when the sons are mentioned, but he never forgets that he is a father, a soldier, and an Englishman. "Yes, both good boys," is all he says. It's a way the English have of making their deepest emotion eloquent.

THERE must have been rain or otherwise inclement weather on the Somme on April 4, 1917, the day after Jack O'Beirne's fatal fight, because Richthofen, whether he took the air or not, appears to have missed one day without having his customary Englishman for dinner.

But on the following day he made up for it by knocking down two planes in less than fifteen minutes. In these two combats he killed one man and captured three, two of whom he wounded.

These were not photography or artillery planes, but armed fighting machines quite worthy of his most careful attention. The fight occurred when a flight of the Fourth Squadron, Royal Flying Corps, bumped into Richthofen and four of his fighting pilots almost directly above the flying uhlan's airdrome at Douai.

Lieutenant A. M. Leckler piloted one of the Bristol two-seaters, with Lieutenant H. D. K. George manning the gun in the back seat. Lieutenant H. T. Adams flew the second plane, with Lieutenant D. J. Stewart, his observer, protecting the rear.

H. B. Griffiths, a second lieutenant of the same squadron, was also on the patrol. The Bristol fighters carried double armament of Vickers and Lewis guns.

Griffiths, who survived the fight, reported later that he had seen the two planes of his comrades engaged in a hot "dog fight" over Douai—saw them go down and noticed, later, that their machines were burning on the ground behind the enemy lines.

The next news the squadron received was in the form of a German message, dropped over the lines, stating that George had been killed, and Leckler, Stewart, and Adams taken prisoners.

The rest of the story is from the pen of the man who shot them down. It reads:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Thirty-fifth Victory.
Date: April 5, 1917.
Time: 11:15 A. M.
Place: Lewarde, southeast of Douai.
Plane: Bristol two-seater, No. 3340, Motor 10443.

Occupants: Lieutenant McLickler and Lieutenant George, both seriously wounded.

It was foggy and altogether very bad weather when I attacked an enemy squad while it was flying between Douai and Valenciennes. Up to this point it had managed to advance without being fired upon.

I attacked with four planes of my staffel.

I personally singled out the last machine, which I forced to land near Lewarde after a short fight. The occupants burned their machine.

It was a new type of plane which we had not known before, and it appears to be quick and rather handy with a powerful motor, V-shaped and twelve-cylindered. Its name could not be recognized.

The DIII Albatross was, both in speed and ability to climb, undoubtedly superior.

Of the enemy squad, which consisted of six planes, four were forced by my staffel to land on our side.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

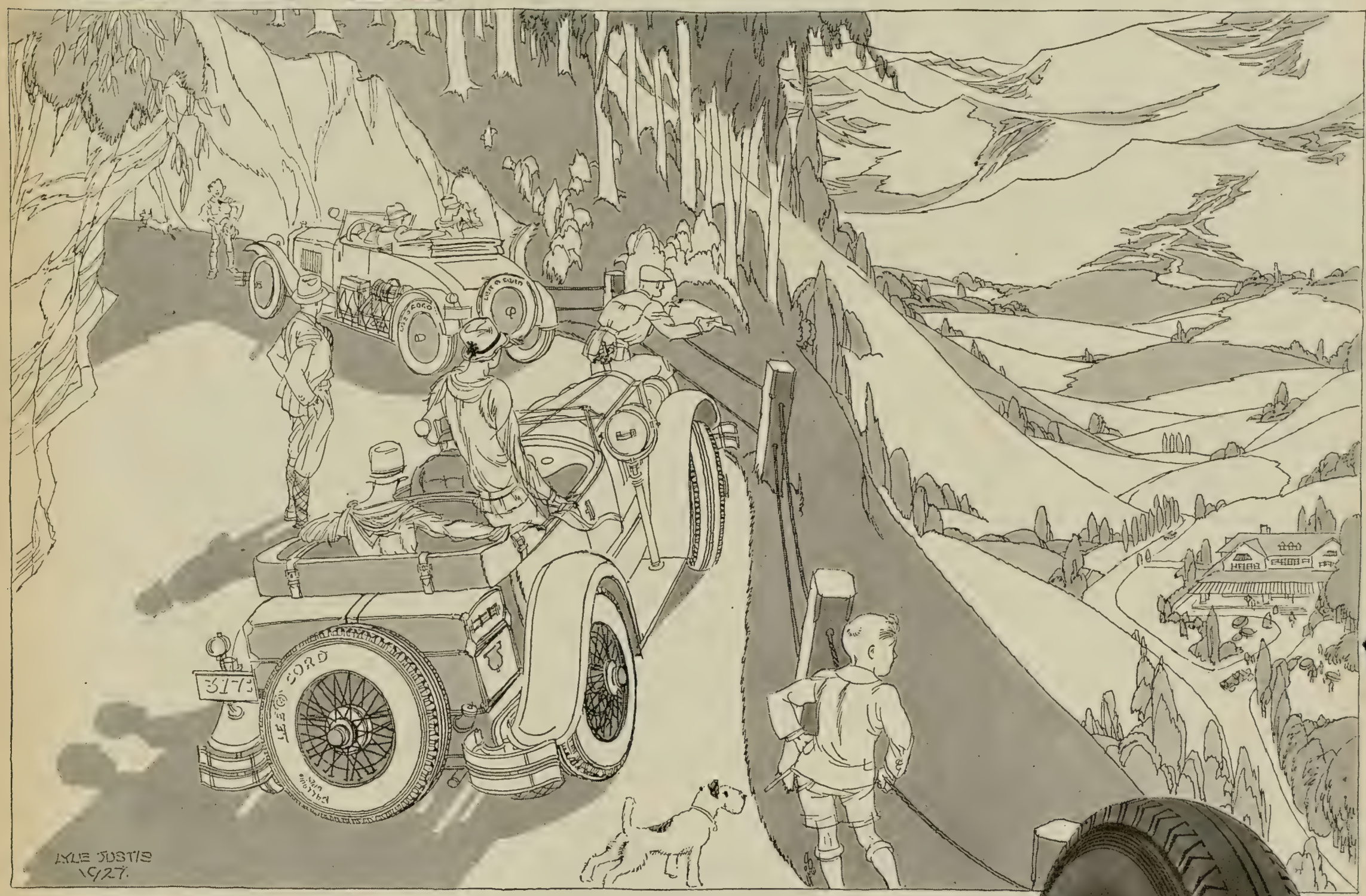
And:

Requesting acknowledgment of my Thirty-sixth Victory.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

RIDE ON TIRES BY

LEE *of Conshohocken*



OF WHAT USE TO YOU is the out-of-doors, the scent of the pines, the ozone of the mountains, the relief from crowds and confusion—if your trip is spoiled by tire-madness?

Preparedness pays—always.

The first step is to see the Lee dealer in your town; he's the preparedness expert. From the small car to the luxurious limousine, he knows the right tire. Anybody can fit a tire to a rim, but the Lee tire man will fit tires to the use you expect to give them.

For big heavy cars, hard driving and overloads, an extraordinary tire, Lee Heavy Duty.

For ordinary conditions and normal use, the new Lee Balloon, lighter, less expensive. A remarkable value.

For stony and treacherous roads or cactus studded prairie, Lee Puncture Proof; you can't drive a nail through the tread of this old masterpiece.

For smaller lighter cars, either Puncture Proof, Shoulderbilt (heavy duty), Lee Balloon or Leeland, depending on your purse and your purpose.

Every Lee tire expresses the Lee tradition of craftsmanship. The boast of modern methods and best materials is a Lee boast. But the plus value in Lee tires is the workmanship and skill which make your tire-money go the farthest.

Look up the Lee dealer; he knows; and he has the tires.

COST NO MORE TO BUY — FAR LESS TO RUN

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

Date: April 5, 1917.
Time: 11:30 A. M.
Place: Cuincy.
Plane: Bristol two-seater, details unobtained as machine burned.
Occupants: Pilot, Lieutenant Adams; observer, Lieutenant Steward; unwounded.

After having put the first adversary near Lewarde out of action, I pursued the remaining part of the enemy squadron and overtook the last plane above Douai.

After a rather long fight the adversary surrendered. I forced him to land near Cuincy. The occupants burned their machine to ashes.

BARON VON RICHTHOFEN.

War birds are hard birds to trace. Leckler was repatriated after the Armistice and was last heard of in Edinburgh. Adams used to live with his father on Sydenham Road in London, but he flies in other regions now. Stewart, in so far as the present air force is concerned, is a man without an official residence.

Richthofen revealed in the two reports the anxiety with which each air force watched the other for new types, devices, or mechanical improvements that might give one side an advantage over the other.

Whether there was anything new on the two-seaters that the Germans would care to copy is not apparent, but from the care with which the occupants of the vanquished planes immediately destroyed their machines upon landing, it would seem that the English fliers thought they embodied secret features unknown to the Germans.

The arrival of the new English air steeds was the subject of many reports and much discussion that night at Richthofen's airdrome at Douai. At the long mess table the fliers gave heated accounts of their encounters during the day, pointing out the strength or weakness of the British planes as they had found them.

DURING that dinner events were shaping themselves not many miles away that would rudely disturb the evening's discussion.

In an airdrome near the village of Izel-le-Hameau, behind the English lines, there were indications of unusual activity.

Mechanics bustled back and forth in the dark, carrying bulky metal objects in their arms. Others crawled over the machines in the hangars, making final adjustments under the furtive gleams of carefully hooded lights.

In the elephant-iron huts of the fliers and observers, cheery-faced youngsters tugged at hip-length flying boots lined with sheepskin, and bundled themselves in sweaters and muffers, surmounting the resultant bulk with leather flying coats.

Soon the planes, with loaded bomb racks and fuel tanks, were pushed out of the hangars, like giant night birds surrounded by retinues of attending gnomes.

The orders for the night were simple. They read:

> No. 100 Squadron will bomb Douai airdrome on the night of April 5 and 6, if the weather is suitable.

There was no question about the weather. It was made to order. An early moon was rising to the full. The wind was light.

Eighteen planes of the squadron were lined up, ready for the start. They had been painted a dull black from wing tip to wing tip, with the bodies of the planes a dull gray.

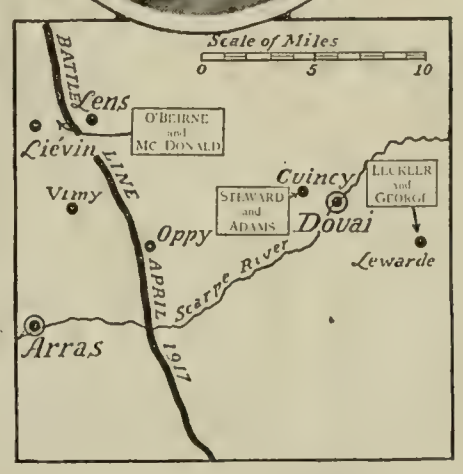
On the under side of the lower wings, plain white circles took the place of the customary markings. The tail planes and rudders were painted as black as the night itself. Their decorations were supposed to make the planes less visible in a searchlight's beam or against a moonlit sky.

The thirty-six youngsters of the squadron were off on a maiden venture. The job was to lay a few eggs in Richthofen's nest.

An officer read 10:30 o'clock on the illuminated dial of his wrist watch. The wave of his hand was answered by increased life in the idling motor of the first plane in the line. A sign from the pilot and the wheel chocks were pulled away. The plane moved across the field, gathering speed.

The watchers soon saw the glow of those red-hot exhaust pipes mounting from the ground, higher and higher, until a black-winged shadow, passing between the watchers and the moon, revealed that No. 1 was on her way. The rest of the planes pulled out at three-minute intervals.

Second Lieutenant Jack O'Beirne (left), killed, and Lieutenant Donald McDonald, captured, in Richthofen's thirty-fourth victory.



This map shows the scene of the German ace's three conquests on April 3 and 5, 1917. At Douai, that same week, English fliers bombed his airdrome.

Aloft, the night riders of the sky strung out in eighteen somber units. The tiny hooded lights of the instrument boards were reflected in the goggled faces of the young pilots.

A large fire was burning in Lens behind the German lines. It was an excellent landmark. The squadron climbed steadily in the hope of crossing the lines without the knowledge of the enemy. It was to be a surprise attack.

In the long smoke-filled room of the officers' mess at the Douai airdrome, the table was littered with coffee-cups and wine-glasses. Richthofen, with two uplifted saucers, was demonstrating a maneuver by which an Albatross or a Halberstadter could reach the blind spot of the new English planes.

The telephone rings. An officer picks up the receiver.

"The English are coming!" he shouts, after a moment's conversation. The detectors at the lines had picked up the drone of the heavily burdened English motors. Dozens of searchlight crews and anti-aircraft gunners rolled from their bunks and manned their posts.

In Richthofen's camp, officers and men dived into the bombproof shelters. Soon the hum of the motors was heard overhead and beams of white light lashed the moonlight sky.

> The enemy was still too far away to be attacked [Richthofen wrote later]. Down in our bombproof shelters we were particularly merry. The only thing we feared was that the English would not succeed in finding our airdrome. To find some fixed spot at night is by no means easy. It was particularly difficult to find us, because our airdrome was not situated on an important highway or near water or a railway, which are guides most useful to night fliers.

But the night war birds of No. 100 Squadron found Richthofen's nest that night. They had studied the terrain carefully. They knew that the Douai airdrome lay exactly 270 feet below the level of their own flying ground.

This comparatively insignificant difference was taken into careful consideration in conjunction with the orders that not a single bomb was to be released at more than 500 feet above the target. This is close work when the searchlights are full on the low-swooping plane and machine guns and anti-aircraft cannons are popping.

The squadron hovered at its highest altitude above the airdrome, but hung on to its bombs until the agreed signal. The target had to be illuminated first, so that more of the pills would hit the mark. This was the work of the squadron leader and now he is swooping to carry it out.

Off goes the motor and the plane points downward in a circling glide. Suspended from the racks under the wings are two forty-pound incendiary bombs of phosphorus and T. N. T.

Meanwhile, the suspense below was intense. Richthofen and his men made what jokes they could while sitting in the crowded darkness of the bombproof shelters.

We had begun to think that our friends had given up their job, and went outside [Richthofen wrote, in describing his sensations during those weighty minutes before the first bomb fell]. But suddenly we noticed that one low-flying plane had shut off its motor. He was coming lower.

We had two carbines and we began shooting at the Englishman. We could not see him. Still, the noise of our shooting was a sedative to our nerves.

Suddenly the searchlights reveal him in their glare. A shout rises all over the flying ground: "There he is!" Shots ring out from all sides.

Our friend was sitting in one of the prehistoric English packing-cases, and we could clearly recognize the type. He was half a mile away, but was flying straight toward us.

He came lower and lower. At last he had come down to an altitude of about 300 feet. Then he started his engine again and came straight toward the spot where we were standing. Before long the first bomb fell and it was followed by many others. We were amused by some very pretty fireworks.

THE wartime censor would not permit Richthofen to reveal further results of that night, but they are to be found in the excellent accounts written by Captain W. E. Collinson, who compiled a record of the many exploits of No. 100 Squadron.

In the swoop of the first plane, the two incendiary bombs exploded right on the airdrome. Richthofen's nest was lit up like a carnival. From above, the rest of the squadron could easily see the three sides of the triangular flying field with the hangars ranged at regular intervals on two sides.

Two of the hangars were blazing brightly when the seventeen remaining planes started downward. One after another they skimmed low over the field, dropping their loads of twenty-pound high-explosive bombs.

The engines roared as the old F. E.'s swept across the danger arc at top speed. The observers worked the release levers on the bombs, and at the same time fired their machine guns straight down the beams of dazzling light, which held the planes in a glare as bright as midday.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

Extra Value without Extra Cost

Number of Rooms	Single Rate	Double Rate
263	$3.50	$5.00
1242	4.00	6.00
943	5.00	7.50
278	6.00	9.00
119	$ 7.00	$10.00
62	8.00	12.00
26	9.00	9.00
67	10.00	15.00

CREATED *to give to each Guest a new* EXPERIENCE *in* LIVING

Fixed-Price Meals

JAPANESE LUNCH ROOM
Breakfast 45c Luncheon 65c Dinner $1.00

COLCHESTER GRILL
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c Dinner $1.50
Sunday Dinner $2.00

OAK ROOM
Breakfast 60c and 75c Luncheon 85c Dinner $1.50
Sunday Dinner $2.00

MAIN DINING ROOM
Dinner $3.00 per Person

A la carte service is available in all restaurants at all meals

3000
OUTSIDE ROOMS
3000
PRIVATE BATHS

THE STEVENS

Michigan Boulevard, 7th to 8th Streets CHICAGO *Ernest J. Stevens, Vice President and Manager*

BRING with you to The Stevens no preconceived idea of a hotel. More than a monumental structure —it is a great, expressive, living thing; created to give to each guest a new experience in the art of living.

By day, a monument to the travelers of the world. By night, a place of dreams and starlight. A palace of 3000 homes, each unsullied by the touch of the commercial or the commonplace. Sun and lake-breeze swept, your home at The Stevens is a miracle of comfort. It has harmony, refinement and charm in its pictures, hangings and furnishings. From your window overlooking the green park and the lake the eyes reach to restful distances. The best beds built, lull one to refreshing slumber. The bath-tub fills quickly. Each chair is restful. The circulating ice water is always cold and pure. Your messages, your mail, reach you promptly. Every service is a miracle of precision—and courtesy is an abiding guest. Artificially cooled, all the public rooms afford delightful refreshment. In the lobby, recreation room, well selected library and children's playroom; here one realizes the full significance of this architectural marvel. Here is a new standard of hotel value—a thing as elusive as the sparkle of the lobby's fountain yet as definite as the feeling of relief—of peace—with which one enters one's own home. Each room is a rest place—each guest an identity; known to and served by the management with a genuine, personal interest.

Yet with all the dignity, charm, and size of The Stevens your stay here will be more moderate in cost than at lesser hotels. Conceived as the perfect hotel in size and efficiency, but more particularly in spirit, The Stevens invites you to a new experience in living and a new standard of hotel values.

The Stevens is under the same management as Chicago's famous
HOTEL LA SALLE
which for many years has been recognized as America's standard of excellence in modern hotel service and accommodations

THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

Some of the lights went out, either damaged by the sprays of lead or deserted by their crews. Others carried on in their places.

The downpour of fire and explosive lasted about twenty minutes and ended as suddenly as it had begun. The night riders, after dropping their bombs, climbed to safer altitudes, although searchlight beams still whipped the heavens and the night sky was punctured with the burst of anti-aircraft shells and flaming strings of "Spanish onions."

Richthofen and his fliers rushed from their shelters and directed their attention to preventing the flames from spreading. The planes were pushed out of the threatened hangars. Ancient French fire apparatus was rushed from the town, fire extinguishers were applied, and men were put to work filling the holes in the flying field made by the bombs.

BACK to the airdrome at Izel-le-Hameau went the exultant pilots of No. 100 Squadron. They flashed on their landing lights, received their signals from the ground, and landed down the broad beam of the station searchlight, flattened out across the flying field to make a path of light.

All returned. As each plane landed, it was surrounded by its crew of mechanics, who hurried to the task of immediate inspection, refueling, and lubrication.

In the mess-room, pilots and observers clapped one another on the back and lifted glasses to the "jolly Baron."

Thirty minutes later, with bomb racks replenished, they went back over the same route.

They arrived over the Douai airdrome just in time to interrupt the reconstruction work.

Down went the squadron leader again and two more phosphorus forty-pounders were released to provide the footlights for the second show. They landed close to two hangars, which immediately went up in flames. The burning phosphorus ignited everything inflammable that it touched. The gentlemen "upstairs" swooped down as before to do their stuff.

In the bombproof shelters, Richthofen and his fliers heard the roar of the low motors as the "flying pianos" sped over the airdrome at heights of from 200 to 300 feet, dropping their twenty-pound presents of trinitrotoluol. They heard splitting crashes as these deadly missiles exploded.

Knife blades of flame spurted from the muzzles of rifles and machine guns as the ground defenses released their venom. The English observers returned the fire, directing most of it toward the searchlights and their crews.

Anti-aircraft guns barked at them from all sides, while their bursting shells blinked and twinkled in the night sky, which resounded with the thump and wallop of the explosions.

With its mission performed, the squadron headed for home, followed by the groping beams of the searchlight and the angry puffs of shell and shrapnel.

One by one the planes landed on their home grounds to celebrate the night's work, which in the day-book of war consisted in dropping four phosphorus and 128 high-explosive bombs—more than a ton of highly concentrated death and destruction—in a place where it was expected to do a lot of good.

Again the waiting crews tended the returning planes, repaired fabric rents, replaced stay wires that had been cut by bullets, or repaired piping that had been struck by shell particles.

ONE crew waited in vain.

The missing machine was that piloted by Second Lieutenant A. R. M. Richards, with Second Class Air Mechanic E. W. Barnes presiding over the "lump sugar" and the "pepper box."

Their old F. E., during its low swoop over Richthofen's home grounds, had been mortally wounded by a burst of machine-gun lead which found its way to the motor's vitals. Richards and Barnes made an unconventional landing in the dark in a field close to Douai. They spent the rest of the war as guests of the Kaiser.

The flying uhlan's camp ground the next morning looked as if a cyclone had struck it. Four hangars had been burned completely, all the rest of them had been damaged, and many of the jagdstaffel's machines had been temporarily, if not permanently, put out of action.

The grounds were pockmarked with so many bomb craters that a plane could take off only with the greatest difficulty and danger.

An airplane view of the flying field at Douai—the "jolly Baron's" nest—where British war birds laid their destructive eggs.

It is significant that the squadron leader's almost daily record of a victory for the month, so far, shows no kills on April 6, the day after No. 100 Squadron left its cards. It is quite probable that the all-red Albatross was among the wounded birds that couldn't take the air.

The day was spent in arranging for a hot reception should the visitors return again that night. Richthofen admired the nerve of the English fliers, swooping in clumsy flying pianos as low as 200 feet about his airdrome on a moonlight night. He considered it also an insult to his marksmanship.

He reflected that he had shot wild pig at that distance at night—why not an Englishman? He decided it would be a worth-while novelty.

While extra gangs of workers repaired the hangars and filled up the holes in the flying grounds, the mechanics busied themselves with the damaged machines. Others were put to work ramming piles and posts into the ground, on which machine guns could be mounted for high-angle fire.

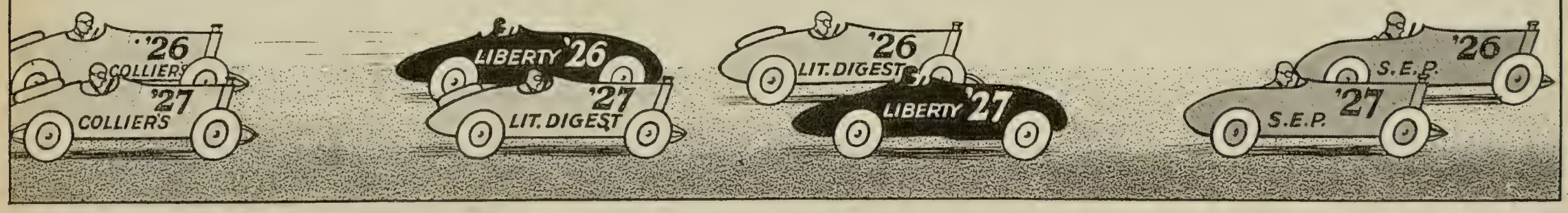
As there were not enough German machine guns to go around, Richthofen dealt out machine guns that were the squadron's trophies—weapons with ammunition that had been captured from the enemy.

Richthofen placed great reliance upon the dependability of the English. If they had come last night at a certain hour, they would be certain to come at the same hour the following night. He had reason.

> Again we were sitting in our mess [he wrote, concerning that night of April 6]. Of course, we were discussing the problem of the night fliers. Suddenly an orderly rushed into the room, shouting:
>
> "They are there! They are there!" pointing above.
>
> We all rushed to our machine guns. The rest of the men were provided with carbines.
>
> The first Englishman arrived, exactly as on the previous evening, at a very great altitude. Then he came down to about 150 feet and, to our greatest joy, was making for our barracks. Just then he got into the glare of the searchlight.
>
> When he was only 300 yards away some one fired the first shot and all the rest of us joined in. A rush of cavalry or of storming troops could not have been met more efficiently than the attack of that single impertinent individual flying as low as 150 feet.
>
> Of course he could not hear the noise of the machine guns. The roar of his own motor prevented that. However, he must have seen the flashes of our guns. I considered it tremendously plucky that our man continued going straight ahead in accordance with his plan. He flew exactly over our heads.
>
> At the moment when he was directly above us we jumped quickly into our bombproof. It would have been too silly for flying men to die by a rotten bomb. As soon as he had passed we rushed out again and fired after him.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

LIBERTY HOLDS SECOND PLACE AMONG WEEKLIES IN ADVERTISING VOLUME



LIBERTY Was the Only Weekly of General Circulation that Showed Substantial Gain the First Six Months of 1927 Over the Like Period of 1926

SATURDAY EVENING POST carried 3,187 pages of advertising the first six months of 1926, and 3,079 pages for the like period of 1927—*a LOSS of 108 pages.*

Literary Digest carried 1,028 pages of advertising the first six months of 1926, and 969 pages for the like period of 1927—*a LOSS of 59 pages.*

Collier's carried 423 pages of advertising the first six months of 1926, and 438 pages for the like period of 1927—*a gain of 15 pages.*

LIBERTY carried 861 pages of advertising the first six months of 1926, and 1,051 pages for the like period of 1927—*a GAIN of 190 pages.*

LIBERTY's dominance in *reader*-circulation is reflected in the exceptional response that advertising in LIBERTY brings to advertisers in LIBERTY.

More and more advertisers are coming into LIBERTY solely because of its reader-pulling power.

99.01% of LIBERTY's circulation is news-dealer sales; and 77% of LIBERTY's circulation is concentrated in territory that has 74.4% of the country's total bank deposits and where 77.6% of the country's total wages are distributed. America's wealthiest market-place!

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

That first swoop, as on the night before, was the one that turned on the light. Two more hangars blazed upward as a pair of phosphorus bonfires landed neatly between them.

The conflagration made every detail of the airdrome stand out in bright relief. As before, the rest of the squadron swooped down and across, but this time there were only thirteen planes. In addition to the captured bus of Richards and Barnes, four other machines had been so badly hit by anti-aircraft fire in the previous visits that they were unable to take part in the second night's excursion.

If the intensity of the German reception was a surprise to the English visitors, the German defenses had a surprise in store for them also.

As soon as each machine had dropped its bombs, it remained at the low height and started looking for more trouble. They directed their attention particularly to searchlights, diving straight down the beams and spraying the lamps and their crews with lead.

Many of the lamps were thus put out of commission, with the result that the following bombers had things easier, as they could approach the target without being revealed to the ground defenses.

Machines that had released their bombs would circle the field and watch for a searchlight to open up on one of their descending comrades. The instant the light went on, it received a rain of lead from another quarter of the darkness, and usually it went out while the crew scampered for safety.

This was the beginning of a new form of air fighting that later found complete exploitation at the Battle of Messines. It became known as "ground strafing," and there are but few records of its having been employed before this date.

RICHTHOFEN'S closest friend in his squadron was Lieutenant Schaeffer, who prided himself on being as good a shot as his commander. Like a trap shooter sitting at the butts, he emptied hundreds of rounds into the air as each English plane swooped across his zone of fire.

Schaeffer insisted that he had hit one of the night birds, but Richthofen refused to believe him. So many persons were firing at each machine at the same time that it would be impossible to tell who had hit the target.

The Red Knight believed, however, that the intensity of the ground fire had caused some of the bombs to be dropped rather aimlessly, although Richthofen admitted that one of the missiles did explode only a few yards from his own plane where it stood in the hangar.

> During the night the fun commenced again [he wrote]. I was fast asleep when I heard, as though in a dream, anti-aircraft firing. I awoke to find the dream a reality. One of the Englishmen at that moment was flying so low over my quarters that, in sudden fright, I pulled the blankets over my head.
>
> The next moment I heard an incredible bang just outside my window. The window glass fell in. I rushed out of my bedroom in pajamas in order to get in a few shots after him, but unfortunately I had overslept my opportunity.

THAT night, back at Izel-le-Hameau, after the second raid, No. 100 Squadron counted noses, and found that another plane was missing. This time it was one piloted by Second Lieutenant L. Butler, with Second Class Air Mechanic Bobbie Robb in the observer's seat.

Word came through the next day that both Butler and Robb were prisoners of war and unwounded. They had been forced to land by a bullet through the old motor. Possibly Schaeffer did bring down his bird, after all.

The squadron leader reported, as the result of the second double raid, that ninety-eight bombs had been dropped on the flying uhlan's doorstep, and that four of his hangars had been reduced to ashes. The ground casualties were believed to have been more than light.

In Richthofen's opinion, the only effect of bomb-dropping at night was a moral one. He did not believe that the material damage done was worth the effort.

It was too impersonal to suit the spirit of Germany's leading ace. He liked to see his adversary, lay his plans to get him, and then get him.

He got one the following day. It was his thirty-seventh.

The aftermath of an English air raid. In this photograph, Richthofen's men are fighting flames kindled by an incendiary bomb.

A plunge of two miles downward in a broken plane—a mighty crash, and then darkness—this is the other side of the story of Richthofen's battles in the air. It is told in next week's instalment by one of his victims—an Englishman—who escaped death by a miracle.

BEAUTY HERE IS ALL-IMPORTANT

Give your throat, nose and chin constant beauty care Milkweed Cream is all you need

NO longer do you need expensive beauty treatments.

Over a million women last year did their own facials, in their own homes, as we showed them how.

They used only one Cream — Ingram's Milkweed Cream — remember the name. The results were truly amazing. Smooth, clear skin *often in two short weeks!*

All you have to do is read the five common-sense beauty rules given here. They are simple, *workable* rules —easy to follow.

Then buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and start your treatments now. The booklet in every jar tells you how. Beautiful women, social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars who care enough for their skin to care for it properly write us they have used only Ingram's Milkweed Cream for 10-20 years or more. Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 26 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

five . . . . . simple ways to improve your skin . . . NOW

Get at least seven hours sleep four nights out of seven.

Eat fresh fruits and vegetables (those that may be eaten uncooked are best for you).

Use sweets sparingly.

You need only one cream — Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

You can do your own facials — beauty treatments — at home. We will show you how if you read carefully the little book that comes with each jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

50c the jar—$1 size more economical—Theatrical size, $1.75

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Ingram's American Blush Rouge :: Hand Made :: One Shade :: For Any Maid - 50c

"I certainly agree with Nazimova"

Consuelo Flowerton is saying in her conversation with Frank DeWeese as they rest between swims at Rockland Beach.

Photo by H. D. Carsey

Nazimova, brilliant actress, *writes:*

"The Russian lady—ah, how she delights in the puff of a fragrant cigarette! As a Russian I have tried them all—the cigarettes of Cairo, Paris, London, Madrid—but here in my adopted country, America, I have found my favorite cigarette 'The Lucky Strike.' In addition to its lovely fragrance and wonderful flavor it has no bad effect upon my voice—so even when I go abroad I carry with me my little trunk of Luckies—and enjoy a puff from America."

Nazimova

You, too, will find that Lucky Strikes are mild and mellow—the finest cigarettes you ever smoked, made of the finest Turkish and domestic tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, *and* there is an extra process—"It's toasted"—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

The Woman Who Passed By

The Tale of a Doctor's Battle between Love and Duty

By VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by HAROLD ANDERSON

"You mean," said Naomi, "would I marry you knowing that you did not love me?"

(Reading time: 19 minutes.)

AND one didn't do any business. That was the devil of it. Hundreds of dollars spent on that glittering white-tiled room with its silver dazzle of instruments. Hundreds of dollars spent on that tasteful rose-colored reception-room with its large divans, gracious, comfortable chairs, and enticing, up-to-date magazines. Years of youth, thousands of dollars, all gone, in order that he might put a tiny, unassuming sign in the window:

DR. WARREN STERN

He lighted a cigaret and gazed moodily down at the street. His office hours. For a second a slight smile settled on his face. There was his car at the curb—a good car, an impressive car.

He hadn't been cheap in any way. He had determined to put himself across in the neat, quiet, conservative manner that is far more expensive than ostentatious flash.

He hadn't failed, so far. Only a few months had elapsed since the sign had gone in the window. It took time, of course, to attract a practise. But he was bored waiting.

His mother came into the room without knocking. He made a mental note that, when business picked up, he must forbid her to do this. It would be absurd to tell her now.

He waited for her to speak. He was not curious about her errand. She, too, looked out the window at the handsome car, and he looked at her in the meantime.

The Sterns had always been considered a good-looking family. He thought of this as he surveyed his mother's strong, dark face. She was under fifty and had been a widow for ten years. His straight features had come from her, and his gray eyes, which were even a trifle colder and more searching.

"Mrs. Helman called," she said after a time. "Her leg's bothering her again today. She can't walk."

Warren threw his cigaret on the tray.

"Why doesn't she go to a clinic?" he asked.

His mother's tone was apologetic.

"She's been my friend for twenty years," she said. "I thought you might look at her again. Don't you expect to do any work for poor people?"

"Sure—plenty of it. But not for people like her. She can afford to pay."

"She's been my friend for twenty years," repeated Mrs. Stern.

"Well, let her call somebody else, if you don't want me to send her a bill."

Mrs. Stern returned to the kitchen, where she was baking a cake. Warren would go to see Mrs. Helman. It had been necessary only to tell him that Mrs. Helman needed him.

WARREN would go to Mrs. Helman, and he would do everything else that his mother instructed. Hadn't she put him in business? He'd be a ribbon salesman, probably, if he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Hotel McAlpin now renders service in 48 States

RECENTLY, we have developed a new phase of McAlpin Service—a plan which keeps every traveler in close, friendly contact with the McAlpin.

If, for instance, you are leaving the McAlpin to travel elsewhere—as you "check out", merely tell the desk clerk your destination and the hotel where you wish accommodations. We wire your reservations for you—and you need worry no further.

Then, if you are leaving any representative town or city in the United States to visit New York—a phone call to any leading hotel in that city will arrange your reservations at the McAlpin. When you arrive here, you will be expected—welcomed in typical McAlpin manner and accommodated in exclusive McAlpin luxury.

This service costs nothing. Progressive hotels everywhere cooperate with the McAlpin in furthering our service to discriminating travelers. You may take advantage of this convenience anywhere. (Last month, our advertisement in *Liberty* published a list of more than one hundred cooperative hotels.)

The McAlpin Policy is to render exceptional service without excessive expense. All I have ever asked is an opportunity to perform that which I promise to every McAlpin guest. When may I expect YOU?

Sincerely,

Arthur L. Lee

Managing Director

PLEASE REMEMBER!

the McAlpin is recognized as the "Centre of Convenience". Baltimore & Ohio coaches stop at the door—the Pennsylvania Station is one block away—Grand Central Terminal a few minutes walk—across the street from the McAlpin are the world's biggest department stores and it's one short block to Fifth Avenue and the smart shops. What greater convenience can one ask?

HOTEL McALPIN

Broadway at 34th St.

New York City

[THE WOMAN WHO PASSED BY] Continued from Page Thirty-nine

hadn't had his mother to start him out right.

The cake rose satisfactorily to beautiful golden heights, and the clock struck two.

Warren swung past the kitchen door, his hat set at a decent, circumspect angle, and his leather bag in his hand. His office hours were over and he was going to Mrs. Helman's.

His mother went into the hall.

"The Ryders are coming for dinner tonight," she said.

Warren frowned.

"Why don't you give up throwing that girl at me?" he asked. "She doesn't care for me and I don't care for her. Her mother and you make me ill with your romantic maneuvers."

Mrs. Stern sighed.

"We old people can't resist our match-making urge," she said.

"And they talk about youth being sentimental!"

Warren flung open the door with a quick, irritable jerk and left his mother alone.

She smiled. Accused of being romantic and sentimental! Naomi Ryder's father had half a million dollars, and Warren could see only a sickly sentimentality in her urge to mate them. Yes, indeed; they do talk about youth being sentimental.

THE Ryders lived on Fort Washington Avenue. Warren passed their apartment-house as he drove toward Mrs. Helman, who lived in a poorer neighborhood. The Ryders had a ten-room apartment. He had visited them. They had an expensive reproducing piano; a thousand-dollar radio set; four servants; uptown society.

Mr. Ryder was illiterate and ill-mannered. Mrs. Ryder used French phrases and talked of "refined" people.

Naomi, their daughter—Warren Stern frowned—Naomi, their daughter, was being flung at him. She wasn't pursuing him. She didn't want him. But her parents seemed to think it would be nice to have a young and presentable son-in-law who had the letters M. D. after his name. Those letters seemed to carry assurance and give something that mere money withheld.

In this particular matter Warren's mother was as bad as the Ryders; only, her fault was sentimentality. She wanted romance for him. And he didn't want romance. Time to be romantic later, when he was an established physician.

He repeated those words to his mother as they sat in the living-room that evening awaiting the Ryders.

She looked at him coldly.

"You're very inconsiderate," she said.

"Not at all. There is a chance, you know, that the girl I choose will be as likable as Naomi."

No use using strategy and sly hints on this boy of hers. Let him have it straight.

"Don't be a fool," she said sharply. "It takes time to build a practise—much time. Can I support the house for years more while you test ideals first? Already I need the money back that I spent on you. The Ryders have money and good connections. As Ryder's son-in-law you'll do business. He'll see to that."

"But she doesn't want me."

"She knows what her parents want, and she's no fool. They want a young and a handsome man for Naomi, so that they can show they could afford to have their daughter marry for love. They want you."

WARREN hadn't considered the Ryders' money in relation to himself. Ryder would be a big help to him. A filthy thing to do—this marrying for money and connections. But a man could make it a little less filthy by being almost square with the girl. He wouldn't claim to be madly in love with her.

Good heavens—the Ryders! But still, suppose he never built up a practise. The Heights had grown. There were many doctors now. Some would fail. Suppose he should be one of them? There was a chance of it, unless he had connections that would put him over.

People would hear of him through Ryder. A doctor was a business man. He had to live and had to pay his debts. He wouldn't make Naomi think that he adored her. That would be a little too rough.

When the Ryders arrived, he shuddered a little. Mrs. Ryder was in royal purple, with a huge diamond on what, in her youth, had been her breast. Mr. Ryder boomed crude layman's jests about the profession.

Naomi was a cool and lovely vision in contrast. She was small and slim. There was faintly golden skin and wavy dark hair, but one saw only her eyes — great, dark eyes that followed one reproachfully, Warren thought.

How awful! Great, dark eyes that were on you—and you knew they were on you—while you talked politics to her father; while you concentrated on your salad; while you carefully avoided her face as you sat alone with her in the music-room.

"Naomi, I know you don't love me. I have no illusions about that. We belong to a generation that doesn't have to wait till middle age to see the wisdom of a marriage that is not dripping with sentimentality or burning with ardor. Respect and admiration are everything. Without them love has failed a million times. I think we could be a pair of devoted comrades. Would you marry me without loving me?"

"You mean," said Naomi, "would I marry you knowing that you did not love me?"

Warren squirmed. Damn the girl! He thought his speech had been clever.

She did not wait for his answer. She spoke again, slowly and somewhat wearily.

"Yes, I'll marry you," she said. "We'll make a charming couple for the world to see. No one will ever know that we married without love."

She laughed throatily and repeated her words—"without love."

"Don't laugh," he said sharply.

He hadn't meant to say that. Why shouldn't she laugh?

"It sounds like the title of a Laura Jean Libbey book," said Naomi. And, as though she rather fancied the words, she said again, "Without love."

And all the time her eyes were huge, lambent, and reproachful.

And this was the sort of thing that happened to a fellow! Who was stupid enough to say there was no God, when every day He was proving His existence and His power by things like this?

A fellow who has never loved a soul in his life decides to marry for money. The engagement is announced, he banks a pre-wedding present from his future father-in-law that is sufficiently generous to make a young man happy; the wedding day is set; everything is fixed so that there can be no reconsidering. And then he meets a girl whom he loves. Truly, atheism is the optimistic philosophy.

HER name was Gail Garsten. She lived in a two-room-and-kitchenette apartment on the corner of 179th Street and Broadway. She had hair the color of burnished brass, and a wide mouth that showed clean, strong teeth as white as a savage's.

One never saw her fully dressed. She went around the apartment in a black silk kimono and shining red sandals and ankles *au naturel*. Her hair hung on her shoulder. It was thick, lush, and the fragrance of woodlands rose out of it.

Her apartment was dusty and dark. A bookcase bulged and spilled its overflow upon the floor. The lamp-shades sat at crazy angles. Some one had burned a hole in the rug. Over the piano hung a mirror with a cracked face. A ship's model worth hundreds of dollars stood in a corner on a case of champagne.

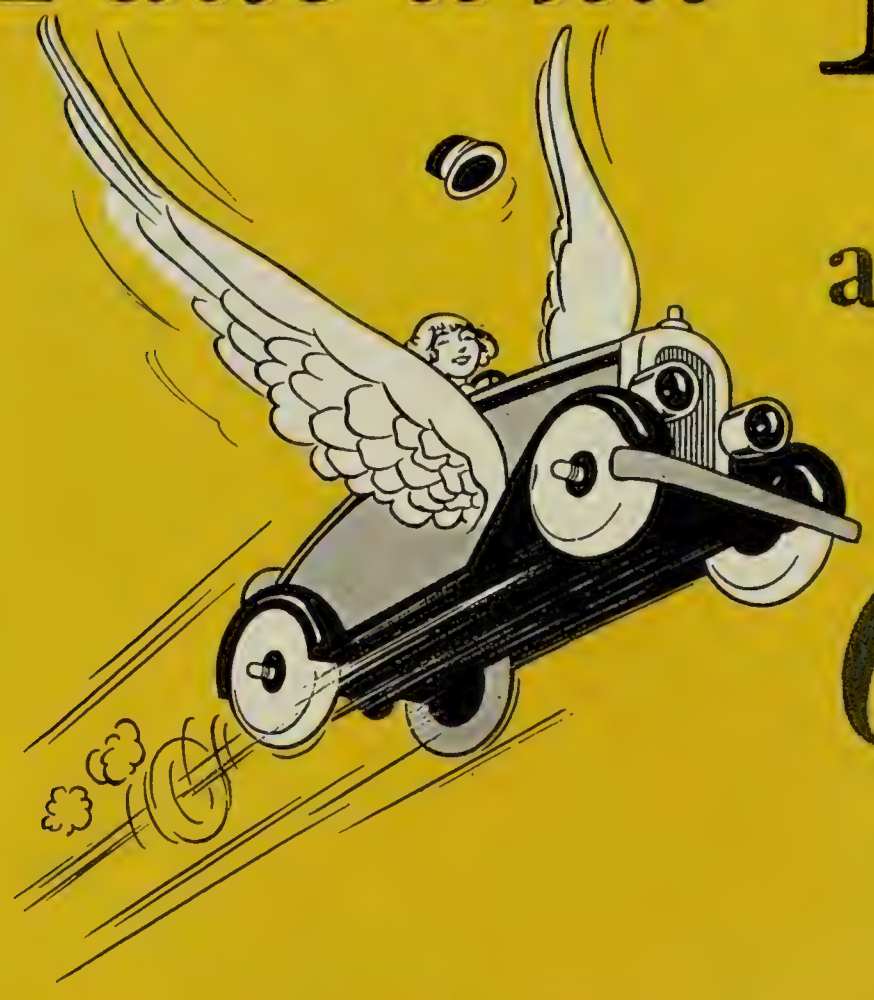
She had called Dr. Stern for a cold that was sitting stubbornly on her chest. She had tried two other doctors first. Neither of them had been at home, and when Gail made up her mind to anything, she wanted action. Dr. Stern had come at once.

From the bedroom she had shouted, "Come in." And he had found her, hot with fever, propped against the pillows, with her blazing hair that hid the woodlands and her eyes of night-sky blue.

That had been his first visit. He made two others while she was still in bed. He shuddered to think

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

Ride with ETHYL *and get the benefits of* *High Compression*



ETHYL
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PATENT OFF.
BRAND OF
ANTI-KNOCK
COMPOUND
ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Knocks out that "knock"

MORE than a million motorists are now enjoying the benefits of high compression through Ethyl Gasoline. In two ways:

1 *Through high compression automobiles.* The advent of Ethyl Gasoline has at last given car manufacturers the opportunity mechanically to raise the compression of their engines. For cars now in use they can offer special high compression cylinder heads which greatly increase performance.

2 *Through carbon formation.* By letting carbon form in the cylinders of a car of ordinary compression, you automatically increase compression. Since Ethyl Gasoline is a high compression fuel, those deposits which heretofore have decreased power become a source of *extra* power.

Ethyl Gasoline was developed within the automotive industry after years of constant research. It is motor gasoline containing "ETHYL" fluid which eliminates the "knocking" characteristics of ordinary gasoline and makes it a high compression fuel.

Ethyl Gasoline is distributed in the United States and Canada by responsible oil companies and gasoline dealers. *It has absolutely no ill effect on the motor or its parts.*

The first tankful will prove every claim. At pumps which bear the "ETHYL" trademark shown above.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, 25 Broadway, New York

What high compression means to you

AUTOMOTIVE engineers have long known that the efficiency of the gasoline engine increases as its compression is raised.

The best illustration of this fact is found in the latest types of racing cars. Because they are high compressioned and of high revolution, they develop—with engines much smaller than the smallest stock car engine—as much as 170 horsepower, attain a speed of nearly three miles a minute and, at ordinary speeds, would get more than 50 miles from a gallon of fuel.

"Why then," you may ask, "has not the principle of high compression been applied to stock cars?" Up to now stock cars have had to conform with the compression limits of ordinary gasoline. And ordinary gasoline has one inherent fault which refining processes cannot eradicate. It "knocks" (i. e. explodes too quickly and loses power) when compressed beyond certain limits.

The principle of high compression is easily understood. The tighter you pack the powder charge in a muzzle loading gun, the greater the force given the bullet. Similarly, the tighter gasoline vapor and air are compressed in the combustion chamber (the space between the top of the cylinder and the top of the piston) before ignition, the greater the power from the explosion.

Increasing compression therefore simply means decreasing the size of the combustion space either mechanically or through carbon formation.

In terms of you and your car, high compression and Ethyl Gasoline mean a more powerful and flexible car, less gear-shifting, faster pick-up, less vibration and lessened depreciation. In short, a performance and economy impossible with ordinary compression and ordinary gasoline.

ETHYL GASOLINE

Paramount

PARAMOUNT presents for 1927-28, a *new kind* of motion picture entertainment! Stories and themes as fresh and as vital as today's newspapers! Stars and types that reflect the spirit of this brilliant, breathless age! 80 Paramount Pictures that mirror *today* accurately, dramatically, entertainingly. Though your vistas be bounded by four walls and a town you know inside and out, life need not pass you by. All the color, all the beauty, all the drama of this fascinating, bewildering world are in these Paramount Pictures. See them and keep pace with life! *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town."*

Produced by PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION
Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y.

unt

The World's Greatest Stars in the Greatest Show on Earth!

The Paramount 100% Program for 1927-28—80 Greater Paramount Pictures of which here are 23 that you can get dates for now, from your Theatre Manager. *See them!*

(1) "BEAU GESTE"—"The World's Greatest Melodrama" with Ronald Colman, Noah Beery and all star cast. Herbert Brenon Production from the novel by P. C. Wren. Hard lives, quick deaths, in the hot Sahara.

(2) *Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in* "FIREMEN, SAVE MY CHILD"—With Josephine Dunn and Tom Kennedy. Edward Sutherland Production. Oh, for the life of a fireman!

(3) *Adolphe Menjou in* "SERVICE FOR LADIES"—With Kathryn Carver. Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast.

Adolphe Menjou in "A GENTLEMAN OF PARIS"—Directed by H. D'Abbadie D'Arrast. Smart, sophisticated, up to the second.

(4) "METROPOLIS"—Sensational Paramount-Ufa Cine-Miracle of the days of 1950. Directed by Fritz Lang, adapted by Channing Pollock.

(5) *Dorothy Gish in* "MME. POMPADOUR"—With Antonio Moreno. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. British National Pictures, Ltd., Prod.

(6) *W. C. Fields in* "RUNNING WILD"—With Mary Brian. Directed by Gregory La Cava. A henpecked husband on the loose.

(7) *Clara Bow in* "HULA"—With Clive Brook and Arlette Marchal. Victor Fleming Production. Clara Bow as a South Sea Siren with "it."

(8) "CHANG"—Merian Cooper and Ernest Shoedsack's daredevil melodrama filmed in the jungles of darkest Siam. With a native cast.

(9) *Thomas Meighan in* "WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS"—With Marietta Millner. James Cruze Production.

(10) *Pola Negri in* "BARBED WIRE"—With Clive Brook and Einar Hanson. An Erich Pommer-Rowland V. Lee Production.

(11) *Zane Grey's* "NEVADA"—With Gary Cooper, Thelma Todd, Phillip Strange and William Powell. Directed by John Waters.

(12) *Bebe Daniels in* "SWIM, GIRL, SWIM"—With Gertrude Ederle, James Hall, and Josephine Dunn. Clarence Badger Production.

(13) "STARK LOVE"—Karl Brown Production of primitive life and love in the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee. Grim, relentless—so real it hurts.

(14) *Esther Ralston in* "GOOD MORNING, DEARIE" (tent.)

(15) *Chester Conklin and George Bancroft in* "TELL IT TO SWEENEY"—Directed by Gregory La Cava. A railroad roar!

(16) "THE ROUGH RIDERS"—An Epic of American Courage produced by Victor Fleming from the story by Hermann Hagedorn. With Noah Beery, Mary Astor, Charles Farrell, George Bancroft and Charles Emmett Mack.

(17) *Emil Jannings in* "THE WAY OF ALL FLESH"—With Belle Bennett, Phyllis Haver and Donald Keith. A Victor Fleming Production.

(18) *Florence Vidor in* "A CELEBRATED WOMAN"—Directed by Frank Tuttle. Smartly gowned, exquisite, aristocratic—the modern woman.

(19) *Wallace Beery in* "THE BIG SNEEZE"—With Ford Sterling and ZaSu Pitts. James Cruze Production. Sequel of "Behind the Front."

(20) *Jack Luden in* "SHOOTIN' IRONS"—Directed by Arthur Rosson.

(21) *Richard Dix in* "SHANGHAI BOUND"—Directed by Luther Reed.

(22) *Fred Thomson in* "JESSE JAMES"—Directed by Lloyd Ingraham.

Paramount Short Features

Paramount News
"The Eyes of the World"

Paramount-Christie Comedies

Edward Everett Horton Comedies

Paramount-Mintz Novelties

"Krazy Kat" Cartoons

"Inkwell Imps" Cartoons

Paramount—the Whole Show!

WHIPPET SIX AT MT. RAINIER, WASHINGTON—VIEW FROM PARADISE VALLEY

The Most *Active* Six in its price class

A MODERN car for modern conditions—and the lowest-priced Six on the market with 4-wheel brakes. For liveliness—flashing pickup, exceptional speed, and great power—there's nothing like the Whippet Six at the price. It's easier to drive and easier to park. Its color tones are rich and harmonious and the interior is luxuriously upholstered and appointed. You'll like the activity of the Whippet Six and you'll like the smoothness and silence of the engine. Watch the Whippet Six on hills; test it in traffic; study its lines, its proportions and its equipment—then make your own comparison with other cars at or near its price.

Exceptional power in proportion to weight, with a wide range of flexibility.

Great economy—Saves on gasoline, oil, tires and upkeep.

Throttle it down to 5 miles an hour and it accelerates to 25 from 10% to 23% faster than its nearest competitors.

Lower center of gravity makes the Whippet Six cling to the road at all speeds.

Full vision body—with narrow front pillars that eliminate the "blind spot" hazard.

Full-pressure lubrication—as on the most expensive cars.

Easier steering—Roller pivot bearings help make the Whippet Six unusually easy to handle.

Plus these features—Oversize tires; snubbers; adjustable steering wheel.

NEW LOW PRICES

	Whippet "Six"	*Whippet*
COACH	$795	$625
TOURING	765	625
ROADSTER	825	695
COUPE	795	625
SEDAN	875	725
LANDAU	925	755

Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Prices f. o. b. factory. Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

Whippet Six

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY]

how many he had made since she had been well enough to wander around in her narrow red sandals.

He wondered about her; and she, knowing that he wondered, laughed at his distress. A woman alone, with no visible means of support. Often, over cigarets and strong hot tea, he almost asked her—but never quite. It was with relief that he found her book, one day, upon the untuned piano:

PAN ON THE HIGHWAYS
By
GAIL GARSTEN

"Oh, you write," he said.

She smiled at him mockingly. "Yes, a little," she replied.

She never talked about herself. If she had, she would have mentioned that her play, When the Bough Breaks, had opened the preceding night at a Broadway theater.

And the days rolled on. Three weeks more and he would be married to Naomi—to the Ryders. There would be patients then. There would be all a man needs in life, or has a right to ask.

BUT there would be Gail swinging her red-sandaled feet carelessly; Gail in her dusty apartment where dwelt nothing that a man had the face to ask for, but all that he wanted; Gail with the gleaming hair and generous lips.

He couldn't live without Gail. He couldn't jilt Naomi.

He would have his cake and eat it too. Lots of men did it. He would marry Naomi with all the pomp that she desired. He would promise anything at the altar, promise anything, if only, when it was over, they would let him steal away up three flights of unscrubbed stairs to the apartment where Gail lived in a black kimono, majestically supercilious of white satin and its significance.

Naomi knew that his patients were beginning to gather. Her father always reported when he had had an opportunity to send some one to Warren. She never inquired about them.

Warren observed this, and was reassured. She was a good kid—new generation: "You go your way and I'll go mine!"

It would be a good marriage, after all. A bit weak at the foundations, perhaps.

Bunk! He knew he was trying to convince himself that his marriage would be like a million others. It wouldn't be. It would be hell. Naomi, the Ryders, family gatherings, his mother proud of what she had achieved—and Gail alone, locked away from the rest of the world. Hell!

His mother walked around, beaming on the world, trying to take everybody into her heart and do as well for them as she had done for her son. He almost hated her. He rushed from her to Gail, who would not nag him about the tailor and the jeweler and the florist.

Once, when he had forgotten his surroundings and had drifted away from reality, his mother had given him a sharp call back to earth and playfully told him not to think so much of Naomi. Naomi? God, what nerve she had! She who had coldly plotted with him now pretended to think it a love match.

The eve of his wedding he spent with Naomi and her parents. At

GAIL went around the apartment in a silk kimono and shining red sandals.

10 o'clock he was dismissed with a sickeningly coy reminder from Mrs. Ryder that Naomi had to arise early in the morning.

He went to Gail's. She would be ready for a guest or an earthquake. Gail was calm and *there*. She would be drinking coffee, perhaps, or scribbling, with her hair in mad disorder and fifty cigaret stubs on the tray beside her.

She opened the door for him and put her arms around him. He felt that he could die happily at that moment in a place away from giggling Heights Babbitts and the inevitable wedding jokes. Her lips were fragrant and sweet. There was a lump in his throat, a desire to sink to his knees and beg her to find a way out for him—for them.

She broke away from him, and he followed her into the room that he had known so well. For a moment he did not know what had happened. Then with a swift, painful clarity he saw it all: barrels filled with paper-wrapped dishes; boxes heavy with books; the cracked-faced mirror standing in a corner; the lamp-shades surrounded with paper; the ship's model wrapped and tied.

"You're moving?" he gasped.

"Yes; tomorrow."

"Where?"

"These things are going to storage. I'm taking a trip to Europe. I don't like the Heights. I'm going to be rich, they say. My play is going well."

Idiotically he seized upon the least important part of her speech and repeated it:

"You don't like the Heights."

She smiled wryly. "Too many weddings."

"Gail, don't go. I won't be able to stand it if you're not here! How can I get through tomorrow and the thousands of days to follow if I'm not able to run to you for an hour now and then?"

"You'll get through, darling," she said.

He touched her hair as she bent to tighten a cord on the ship's model.

She was going away. An ocean would lie between them. Some one else would live in the little apartment, and there would be no rest, no harbor for him.

She raised her mouth to him, and he seized her roughly and kissed her. It was good-by. A closed incident.

She had only been brought into his life to make him totally unfit for contentment with Naomi—a brief, life-wrecking interlude. Who could be stupid enough to doubt the existence of an avenging God?

* * *

Flowers. Crushing, depressing scent of a thousand flowers. Stupid plants—giving forth the same odors at a funeral as at a wedding. Crowding, smothering.

Mrs. Ryder weeping into a lace handkerchief. Mr. Ryder patting Mrs. Stern's arm reassuringly.

"You may kiss your bride."

Everybody looking sympathetic and benevolent.

Gail Garsten on the high seas. Naomi looking reproachful—

IF Dr. Stern were your doctor, you were either very prosperous or very poor. His fees were ten dollars or nothing. Five hundred for an obstetrical case or he did it gratis. His car was not seen

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

How dainty food makes frail gums

DENTISTS, almost unanimously, blame the foods we eat for our gum troubles—these soft and delicious foods, stripped, as they are, of the natural fibre and roughage which should stimulate and "rub" the gums.

For the gums need activity and exercise as urgently as any other living tissue. They need stimulation to speed an energizing flow of blood within their walls. And unless this fresh blood nourishes and sustains them, gums grow flabby, tender and unhealthy. Then "pink tooth brush" comes—a warning and a sign that more troubles, more dangers, perhaps, are ahead.

How Ipana and massage tone weakened gums

The majority of dentists recommend massage—a simple means of supplying stimulation through a few minutes' brushing of the gums every time you brush your teeth.

And because of its ziratol content, thousands of dentists recommend that the gums as well as the teeth be brushed with Ipana Tooth Paste. For ziratol is a healing hemostatic and antiseptic used by the dental profession for many years to stop bleeding after extraction and to strengthen weakened tissues.

Make a full-tube trial of Ipana

The coupon will bring you the ten-day tube—enough to prove Ipana's delicious taste and its power to clean and whiten your teeth. But it's better to start at once with a full-size tube from the drug store—for that is a fairer test of Ipana's good effects on your gums!

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB-87
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

© 1927

C'mon fellers!

Start Selling "Liberty" in your own neighborhood

Make Money every week ~ *its easy!*

every boy can do it ~ no money, no experience necessary

JUST get a bagful of LIBERTY Magazines, and sell them to people right in your own neighborhood. It's easy! Thousands of boys are making their own spending money every week; all of them started without any experience.

Join the great LIBERTY Boy Sales Organization. Send the coupon and we'll assign you to our local representative in your city. You don't need to spend one penny. We will supply everything: bag, magazines, and show you how to make money the very first day.

No interference with school or other duties. Work as you please. Most boys sell LIBERTY just when they have spare time. It is really great fun. All the fellows are delighted with it. Many write us telling how easy it is to sell a large number of magazines every week. You can do the same.

Free Prizes Given Away

Besides his regular weekly income every boy also can get wonderful prizes such as a bicycle, radio, saxophone, kodak, and all kinds of musical instruments and sporting goods. Those New Jersey boys in the picture above received those bikes and all the baseball goods FREE—in addition to the money they earn. You can do it too. Over 350 dandy prizes to choose from!

Mail this coupon today. We'll send our Big Catalog of Free Prizes; also full information on how to sell LIBERTY and begin making money at once—and every week thereafter. Don't hesitate! Don't delay! Send the coupon now and join the happy money-making LIBERTY Boy Salesmen in your city.

Send Coupon for Details

LIBERTY WEEKLY, Boy Sales Division,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

Name. . . . . .

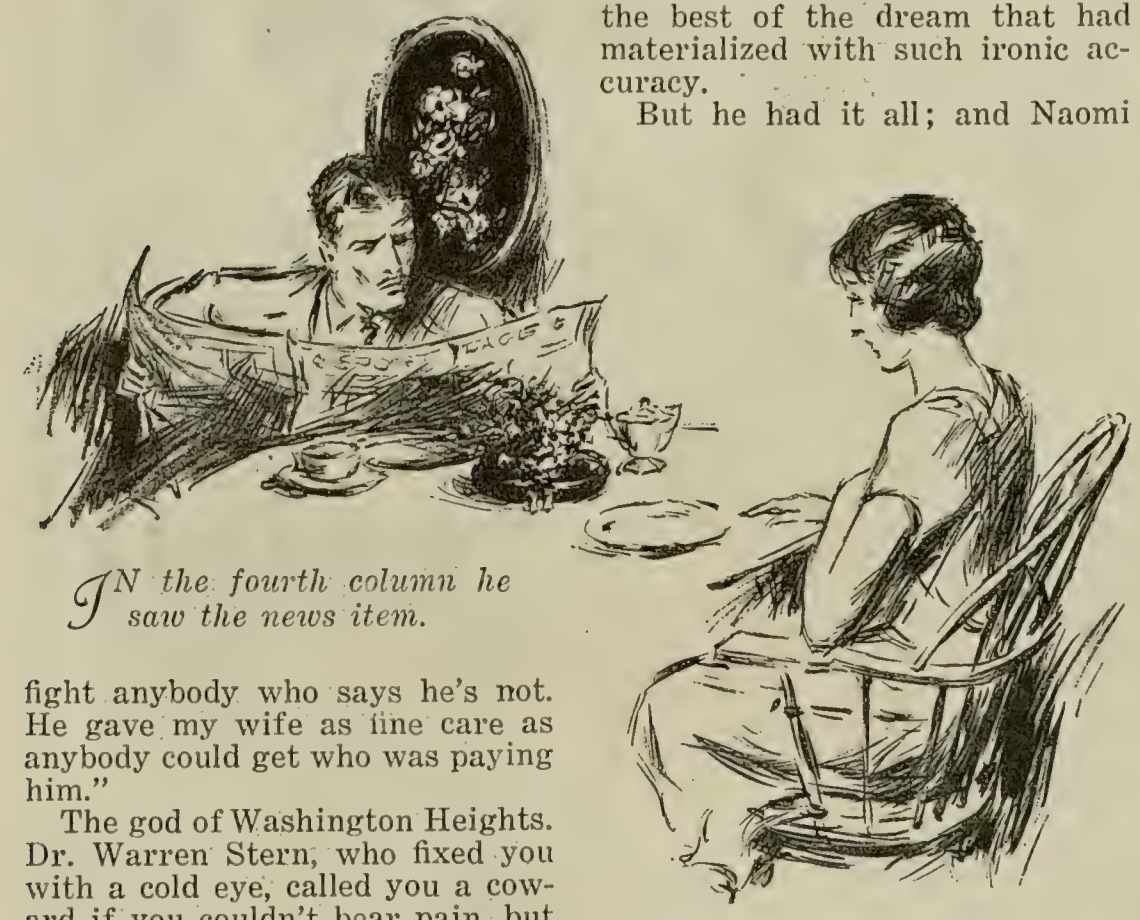
Address. . . . . .

City. . . . . *State*. . . . . .

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

at the doors of the middle-class apartments that lined the streets. Only uptown society could afford him—and the women who carried their babies long, tiring blocks through the heat to a milk station.

"Fine man, Doc Stern, and I'll



IN the fourth column he saw the news item.

fight anybody who says he's not. He gave my wife as fine care as anybody could get who was paying him."

The god of Washington Heights. Dr. Warren Stern, who fixed you with a cold eye, called you a coward if you couldn't bear pain, but rushed to you when you needed him and frowned if you said he was kind.

He lived in a brownstone house with his wife and his little two-year-old boy. There was a colored man to open the door, a girl to answer the telephone, and an expressionless nurse—besides the servants who were used in the family part of the house.

PEOPLE said they wished the doctor were friendly and talkative, like his wife, whom they saw occasionally. But one couldn't have everything. He was competent, lenient but gruff when you needed a soothing word, and a woman had better not hope for an anesthetic with Dr. Stern.

"In the months preceding this night I cared for you," he would say. "You are in perfect condition to stand the pain. Don't waste your breath; you'll need it."

Of course the patient would have known all along that he would not give an anesthetic without having known how much she'd want it.

"Don't be a coward now. You're not having a bad time at all. Stop complaining."

And this if you paid five hundred or nothing.

People wondered whether he was gruff with his wife and child. They could not see him in his family circle. They didn't know how he adored his baby and how he gave Naomi a tender, gentle consideration.

They never quarreled. They were polite.

"Would you be annoyed at my having guests Thursday evening, Warren?"

"Not at all, my dear. Quite convenient."

Often Dr. Warren Stern sat alone and thought and smiled grimly to himself.

This marriage of his—success, domestic amicability, money. All that he had dreamed would satisfy him on that night when he had proposed to Naomi. And here he had it all.

But, between the dream and the realization, a woman with hair of burnished brass had smiled and had passed by, leaving him to make the best of the dream that had materialized with such ironic accuracy.

But he had it all; and Naomi was an excellent wife, a perfect mother. It was not her fault that he hated her family; that her friends bored him.

Four years since he had seen her. Four years of Ryders in his office and Ryders in his recreations. Four years of work and no play, save the moments he spent with Junior.

Gail Garsten was back in America. He had seen her name often. She, too, was a success. But she didn't want him. She had a haphazard sense of decency. She had flown on his wedding-day. Four years! Was one crazy who could feel a fire burning that had not been fed for four years?

WHEN she telephoned, he spoke to her. The telephone girl apologized for ringing his extension, but she explained that the lady had been terribly insistent.

Her voice came to him, bridging lightly and unconcernedly the years between. He closed his eyes and breathed the woodland freshness of her hair and saw her red sandals swinging carelessly upon her little feet.

"Dr. Stern?"

"Yes. Miss Garsten?"

Miss Garsten! While trumpets blared in his head and his heart pounded. Miss Garsten!

"Dr. Stern, I'm living downtown now on West End Avenue. If that isn't too much out of your way, I wish you'd come look at me. I'm ill."

She gave him the address. He would come down when his office hours were over.

She was ill. So was everybody else, it seemed. His reception-room refilled a dozen times.

At last he was free to go find her—Gail Garsten, the woman who had smiled and passed by.

It was an elaborate house in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHAVE...

SHOWER...

RUB-DOWN...

Even *then*

this pink cream rolls pore-dirt free

Tomorrow morning, *after* you lather your face, *after* you shave, *after* you shower, let this cream prove that your face is still only half clean.

Pore-dirt hides in every face. It gives you a grey, lifeless tone instead of the ruddy glow you might well show the world.

Pompeian Massage Cream will remove pore-dirt from the clearest complexion. That's our *claim*. But the *test* that convinces thousands is this:

Send us the coupon for a FREE tube. Wash your face as clean as you know how. Then massage Pompeian into the pores. What happens?

The cream rubs in* pink, *but

ROLLS OUT DINGY GREY!

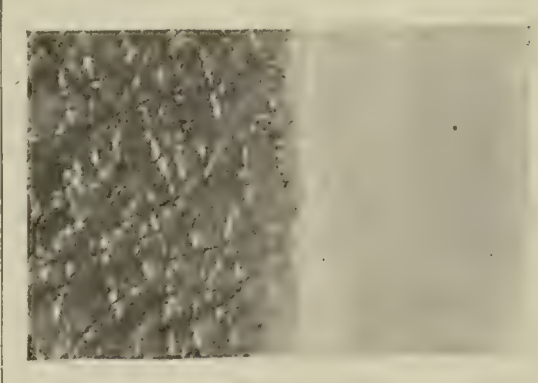
The picture below, taken under a powerful microscope, shows a section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. The light area at the side shows the cream spread on the skin.

Compare it with the picture at the right. That's skin that is really clean! Those dark marks are the dried pellets of cream, black with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free. Dirty, aren't they? And remember, that embedded dirt could never have been washed out!

Give yourself a Pompeian massage. Free your pores of sallow-toned dirt. Show the world a face alive with the athletic glow that clean skin boasts. A Pompeian massage is a great start for a busy, successful day!

FREE test convinces thousands

Test the benefits of Pompeian Massage Cream on your face FREE. Fill in the coupon and mail it to us — right now, while you are reading this magazine.



Photograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream. The light area at the right shows the cream spread on the skin.

Photomicrograph of the same section of skin after using Pompeian Massage Cream. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

PRICE 60 CENTS

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 304-H, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a generous trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for three facial massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

To Valet AutoStrop Dealers

DO YOU KNOW of a single customer of yours who is not enthusiastic over the shaving performance of his Valet AutoStrop Razor? If so, please send us his name and address at once.

He bought his Valet AutoStrop Razor with confidence that it would give him supreme shaving comfort and efficiency, and we shall do all in our power to see that it does.

The Valet AutoStrop Razor, with its exclusive self-stropping feature, was designed to make every shave a best shave. And our guarantee is printed in all advertisements to show that nothing short of the complete satisfaction of every AutoStrop user is acceptable to us.

Twenty-one years of manufacturing experience are behind that guarantee —twenty-one years of steadily increasing good-will in the minds of millions of enthusiastic users.

Your cooperation will be appreciated in explaining the guarantee feature of the Valet AutoStrop Razor every time you sell one.

And if you should ever find that less-than-enthusiastic user, please put us in touch with him so that we can make good on the

Guarantee

We desire every user of a Valet AutoStrop Razor to be constantly enthusiastic. Should anything happen to your razor affecting its perfect service, send it to us for repair or replacement. If your strop is not in good condition, return it for a new one. There is no charge for either service.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company
INCORPORATED
656 First Avenue New York, N. Y.

[THE WOMAN WHO PASSED BY Continued from Page Forty-seven]

which she lived—a house with gold-braided attendants and much ceremony attached to reaching Miss Garsten's apartment.

A colored girl admitted him. It was not till she had led him across a brilliant waxed floor, past satin-lined walls, that he realized he had been expecting a tiny, dusty apartment with a broken mirror.

Gail was not in bed. She was lying on a chaise-longue, eying a book uninterestedly. She was thin and pallid, but her hair was still the golden riot he remembered.

She smiled up at him.

"Hello," she said. "How is everything?"

"Fine. How are you?"

"Sit down," she commanded.

She spoke to him for fifteen minutes about herself. Gail wasn't one to speak of Gail. Stark terror lurked in her eyes as she spoke. He asked a question now and again. She answered, narrowly watching his reactions.

When she had finished, he rose.

"Get into your clothes," he said. "We're going at once to get an X-ray. They'll rush the plate. I'll be able to tell soon—"

But he could tell already. He wasn't facing the facts with himself. He knew. And she knew, too.

It struck him as quaint that this was the first time he had ever seen her dressed. She sat beside him in the car, staring ahead of her, fighting to keep the terror out of her eyes. She was not thinking that this was Warren beside her. This was Dr. Stern rushing her for an X-ray photograph.

Suddenly she turned and said abruptly:

"You'll tell me the honest truth, won't you?"

"Certainly."

AND he told her what he had to tell her.

Late that night, after dinner with Naomi, after seeing twenty-five other patients, after kissing Junior into a giggling fit, he returned to the West End Avenue apartment with his news.

She took it standing up. Even the terror seemed to die out of her eyes. A dull, empty peace seemed to descend upon her. At least, she had not the suspense any more. This was final.

"You'll have to go away," he said. "Texas or Colorado. You can live for years out there. In New York you couldn't last six months."

He could have worded his speech less brutally, but he had told it that way to a Mrs. Harris two weeks before, and it seemed unfair for him to murmur soothing phrases just because this was Gail.

"You mean I'm going to die in six months?"

"No. You may live your natural span out West."

She walked to the window and gazed down at the avenue. Warren watched her. Tall, long-limbed, young. Soon she would be quiet, cold. Would she go away from the theaters she loved and the people she knew?

He crossed to her and took her

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

There's a REASON for my WHITE TEETH

and healthy gums..ZI-O-DINE tooth paste. It has a delightful, cool taste; and will whiten teeth and preserve their beauty. Contains no grit and will not injure the enamel. The iodine in ZI-O-DINE tones up the gums—heals and toughens them. It corrects acidity, and keeps your mouth antiseptic. 50c a tube at stores, or postpaid.

Iodine Products Company, Laurel, Miss.

ZI-O-DINE
The Perfect Dental Cream

Clark's Famous Cruises
By CUNARD-ANCHOR new oil burners; rates include hotels, guides, drives, fees

125 days, $1250 to $3000
ROUND THE WORLD
s s "Caledonia" sailing Jan. 16
8th cruise, includes Havana, the Canal, Los Angeles, Hilo, Honolulu, 19 days Japan and China, Manila, Java, Burma, option 17 days India, Ceylon, Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Italy, Riviera, Havre, Glasgow. Europe stop-over.

24th Mediterranean Cruise
Jan. 25; 65 days, $600 to $1700
FRANK C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

LEARN FLYING!

All the fundamentals can be learned without a plane. Be ready for the Flying Age, now starting. Full instructions by expert pilot, at cost—25c—if you order at once. Guaranteed authentic. Send today, and keep up with the times.

AVIATION PRESS, Yalesville, 15, Conn.

GARTSIDE'S IRON RUST SOAP

Removes Ink, Rust, Fruit Stains, etc. from clothing, rugs, marble.
Sold by drug, department and grocery stores for 25¢. Or send 30¢ by mail.
Dept. 7 L, 677 Preston Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]
hand. "Will you go?" he asked.

She faced him, and he saw that big tears were running swiftly and quietly down her face.

"Warren," she cried, "I'm frightened — afraid of death! Afraid of being laid in a narrow box and put in the earth. I with my flesh crawling with fear. I'll go mad. Warren, Warren!"

Her arms were around him. Her white hands plucked insanely at his hair, at his coat collar.

WELL, why didn't he go? It was quite true that she could live indefinitely in another climate—sentimental attachments, God knows, but things that pulled and pointed the way.

A mind must go where the body goes. Could one live with a mind that kept asking questions?

He wanted to go. He loved her. But he couldn't follow her. People needed him here.

"Gail, don't go," he cried. "I won't be able to stand it if you're not here!"

can't stand it. Why should I die?"

She was going to be hysterical. He took her in his arms.

"Honey, think of the sensible part of it. You can go on to be a little old lady if you'll just change your place of residence. You can write your plays and ship them here. You'll make new friends."

She pulled away and turned her eyes to him.

"Will you go with me?" she asked. "I have loads of money. I can write more successful plays. You won't have to build up a new practise. I have plenty. Oh, Warren, come with me! I can't face the future alone. I'll awaken at nights quite true that he loved her. Funny, the things that came to his mind:

Mrs. Tomaselli, poverty-stricken, trusting, depending on him to deliver her child any day now. Junior, bravely astride his hobby horse. The Heights, familiar territory, loving friends.

Gail said "Come," and Dr. Warren Stern stood silent and white, rage seething within him. He couldn't go.

A conscientious person couldn't leave suddenly with a million things undone. What about Mrs. Tomaselli's baby and the old lady who had heart palpitation? Not

"I'll give you a sleeping powder," he said.

He put the little white packet on a desk and went out. In her eyes he saw again the dull, empty peace of released suspense.

THE night sat glowering and black upon the city. He drove home, and spent hours looking out the window of his room.

He saw the blackness retreat before the gray of morning, and he saw the gray beaten by the reddish gold that was like a summer morning—or like a woman's hair.

He heard the servants moving,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A VACATION TRAVELOGUE

THIS IS A LIBERTY ROAD MAP THIS IS AN AUTO >> AND THIS IS A ROAD

YOU KNOW THE IS RIGHT. IT IS ISSUED BY LIBERTY. YOU KNOW THE IS RIGHT. IT IS *YOURS*. BUT DO YOU KNOW THE RIGHT ?

BE *SURE* BY ORDERING THE LIBERTY ROAD MAP AND FOLLOWING ITS DIRECTIONS. BE *POSITIVE* BY SIGNING THE COUPON AND SENDING A DIME *TODAY!*

LIBERTY ATLAS (EASTERN OR WESTERN) CONTAINS MAPS OF 30 STATES, LARGE CITIES, NATIONAL PARKS, ETC. *ONLY* 35¢

BE SURE TO ORDER BY NUMBER

1. Alabama	24. N. H. & Vt.
2. Ariz. & N. Mex.	25. New Jersey
3. Arkansas	26. New York
4. Cal. & Nev.	27. N. C. & S. C.
5. Colorado	28. N. Dakota
6. Florida	29. Ohio
7. Georgia	30. Oklahoma
8. Idaho	31. Oregon
9. Illinois	32. Pennsylvania
10. Indiana	33. S. Dakota
11. Iowa	34. Texas
12. Kansas	35. Utah
13. Ky. & Tenn.	36. Washington
14. Louisiana	37. Wisconsin
15. Maine	38. Wyoming
16. Md., Del., Va. & W. Va.	39. United States
	40. Long Island & Vicinity
17. Mass., Conn. & R. I.	41. Chicago & Vicinity
18. Michigan	42. New England
19. Minnesota	43. Maritime Provinces
20. Mississippi	44. Ontario
21. Missouri	45. Montreal & Quebec
22. Montana	46. EASTERN ATLAS
23. Nebraska	47. WESTERN ATLAS

THIS IS THE *COUPON* THE SCISSORS *QUICK!*

AUTO DEPT., LIBERTY
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find $.....

Please send me Maps Nos.....at 10c. each
(Order Maps by number)

Also send.....copies of Atlas No.....at 35c. each

Name.....

Street and No.....

City.....

State.....

8-20-27

Resinol Soap for the woman who travels

gives a sense of exquisite cleanliness, while its Resinol properties protect the skin against dryness and roughness.

YOU are thrilled at the thought of the coming trip. For weeks—perhaps months—you have been studying maps and schedules. Gowns, hats and all the accessories have been selected carefully to make you look your best on all occasions, but how have you planned to protect your skin in the strenuous days to come? It is so easy to spoil the effect of the loveliest gown by a rough, red, grimy complexion.

There is no space to give to an array of cosmetics, and no time to use them if she had them, so the experienced traveller safeguards her skin with a product that will meet all the requirements for thorough, yet quick and gentle cleansing. She is wise when she selects Resinol Soap because—

It quickly yields a rich sparkling lather in practically all kinds of water, thoroughly cleanses the tiny pores, and rinses easily.

It gives a delightful feeling of cool and refreshing cleanliness, because of its distinctive Resinol fragrance.

But, most important of all, it contains the specific Resinol ingredients so favorably known through the other Resinol products—those ingredients which soothe the skin under all conditions, protect its natural oil, and keep it soft and velvety.

All druggists and toilet goods counters sell Resinol Soap. Buy a cake today—try it a week, and you will want to enjoy it always whether at home or abroad.

For the annoying little blemishes which sometimes mar the complexion use a touch of Resinol. This ointment has been prescribed by doctors for more than thirty years in the successful treatment of various skin disorders. Excellent for sunburn and chafing.

Prove these statements. Send 10c with the coupon below for the new and larger size samples of the Resinol products.

Send 10c for the new Resinol combination

Resinol, Dept. 8-H, Balto., Md.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the new and larger size samples of Resinol Soap, Ointment and Shaving Stick and the Resinol Soap booklet.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

[THE WOMAN WHO PASSED BY] Continued from Page Forty-nine

about, and he changed his clothes. He had to go down to breakfast. Naomi would be concerned about his absence.

She met him in the breakfast-room. Her face wore the usual smile. She offered him some toast, commenting upon the weather as she did so.

He looked over the paper sketchily, merely to give her the assurance that all was right with the world.

In the fourth column he saw the news item:

GAIL GARSTEN COMMITS SUICIDE

Miss Gail Garsten, author of When the Bough Breaks, Jim, Many Happy Returns, and the now popular Devil's Carnival, as well as several novels, killed herself at 3 o'clock this morning by drinking a poison. She was known to be in ill health.

Naomi looked up at him. Her smile had disappeared. She was not looking reproachful, either. There was something new in her eyes—a softness, sympathy.

"Will you have another cup of coffee, dear?" she asked.

He answered mechanically. "I never drink a second cup," he said.

"I know; but I thought that *this* morning you'd need it."

He wanted to say, "Why *this* morning?" but he didn't dare. Naomi's eyes—soft, tender, wet with his misery. She *knew*. How long had she known?

The telephone on the table rang.

"Mrs. Tomaselli needs you at once."

"Pardon me, my dear," said Dr. Stern, and arose without finishing his breakfast.

"CAN'T you do something for me, Doctor? Oh, I can't stand it! Such pain. Mary Mother of God help me! Doctor, Doctor, can't you do something? Holy Virgin help me!"

Dr. Stern's lips set in a firm line.

"You're in perfect health," he said. "You're having a very easy time. If you were having any complications I would know it and give you an anesthetic. Be quiet."

The Italian woman writhed in silence for a minute; then she said:

"You don't know what pain I'm having."

Dr. Stern smiled at her. "I've seen a great deal of this," he said.

"But you don't know the pain that somebody else is having. You can't know. You may have a pain yourself this very minute, but I don't know. You can't understand somebody else's pain."

Dr. Stern looked at her young, fat face distorted with agony. No, she didn't know about his pain. He hadn't known the depths of Gail's. And Naomi, quiet, wide-eyed—how long had she known his secret?

Nobody knew what the other suffered. Separate entities, uninterested even in the midst of trouble. Pain. Gail—Naomi—himself.

He turned to the nurse and tersely ordered an anesthetic for Mrs. Tomaselli.

THE END

FRECKLES

OTHINE
Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

STOPS

AIR SICKNESS

—nausea, dizziness and faintness caused by all forms of Travel Motion. Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air Travel Sickness yields promptly to Mothersill's. 36

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

Hay Fever Catarrh—Asthma

The healing fumes of **Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Compound** restore normal health to Nasal and Bronchial passages afflicted with Hay Fever, Catarrh or Asthma. Standard remedy for 58 years. For convenience, or when traveling, use **Green Mountain Cigarettes** (same healing ingredients as Compound). Two sizes, $1 and 25c. Cigarettes, box of 24, 50c. At your druggists or sent direct postpaid for cash or money order. **FREE TRIAL box** (6 cigarettes) sent on request.

J. H. GUILD CO., Dept. 4, Rupert, Vt.

Dr. J. H. Guild's Green Mountain Kidney Pills (a diuretic stimulant) 60c for package of 72 pills.

I'll Pay YOU $100 a Week

Make $100.00 a week and up, selling our fine made-to-measure all-wool suits, direct to wearer. **Biggest values—positively sell on sight.** Biggest commissions paid in advance. We attend to delivery and collections. 6 x 9 cloth samples—over 100 styles—furnished **FREE.** Ambitious men write at once.

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc., 161 W. Harrison, Dept. H671, Chicago

Learns to Draw at Home

Earns $100 a WEEK

Learn at home, in spare time, to draw pictures that sell.

P. C. Roberts, one of our graduates, earns $100.00 a week. Others earn $50, $75 and more a week. Some earned $200 to $500, in spare time while learning. "Natural" talent not needed. Send for free book. State age and if Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Washington School of Art, Inc.
Room 138E 1115-15th St., N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Ten Days *and Five Hundred Dollars*

The Experiences of a Broadway Star in Jail

An Article by

MAE WEST

(Reading time: 14 minutes.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The author of this article was the author and star of the play, Sex, which was suppressed after eleven months on Broadway. Miss West and the two producers of the show were sentenced to pay fines and serve short terms in jail. She describes here her experiences as an inmate of the Workhouse on Welfare Island.]

THE court attendant leaned toward me and said, "Are you feeling all right, Miss West?"

I replied, "Quite all right."

He then escorted me to the side of the court-room, through a cage effect, then out a door, where there were a few steps leading down to another door. That door was opened and two gentlemen who stood there said, "Right this way, Miss West."

They were most courteous; they didn't want anything to happen to me before I got to Welfare Island, I guess. I was ushered into a waiting-room. There was a colored woman, with a gold badge, in charge.

She was intelligent, and during my half-hour wait I talked with her, asking her various questions regarding Welfare Island. I like to know something about a place I intend to visit.

Later, five women were brought into the room: the first a woman who appeared to be about sixty-five years of age. Later I learned she was only forty-one. She claimed she had lived alone for twenty years, without relatives or friends, and she was homeless and penniless. Her clothes were old and torn.

Number Two was a colored woman wearing a black knitted cap. She had a very deep voice and a comedy personality, with Bert Williams' speech and delivery. I learned later that she was a drug addict.

Number Three was a tall, thin woman with gray hair, a spinster type, with a long scar on the side of her face and her neck that looked like a burn. She spoke with an Irish accent. She had been sentenced to ten days for stealing a $3.89 pair of shoes at a sale.

Number Four was another colored woman—rather young and healthy-looking. I was surprised to learn that she also was a drug addict.

Number Five was the most pitiful of all: a woman about five feet five, weighing not more than seventy pounds. Her eyes were sunken; her face long and narrow—just skin and bones. A drug addict in the last stages of tuberculosis; a mental and physical wreck.

I had to turn my head away several times. The poor unfortunate! God—what a sight!

They all sat before me—one, two, three, four, five! All glaring at me; all filthy, dirty, tattered and torn; human derelicts.

I forgot about myself completely. I forgot I was there. Their eyes were upon me with a sort of bewildered expression, and I sat there waiting for something to happen: for one of them to speak to me; for one of them to move. But not a word, not a move.

Then the door opened and a husky fellow in a driver's cap and a dark blue flannel shirt appeared. He was quite good-looking, and seemed to be in his early twenties. He pulled a few wise cracks to the five women and then took them out.

I figured that he must be the man with the Little Black Wagon.

He talked to another chap a few moments, and then added, "I'm coming back; I'm going to make a special trip." He glanced at me.

A photographic study of Miss West (above) and (at left) the Women's Prison, Welfare Island, New York City.

I was alone now with Mrs. Campbell, the colored woman with the gold badge. By this time all the newspaper reporters and photographers and various other people flocked outside the door. I could hear their voices crying:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by Arthur Little

Mae West, author and star of Sex, as she appeared in an enforced sequel — ten days in jail.

"My hands are soft and smooth now in spite of washing dishes"

Free your hands of *dishpan redness*

QUITE out-of-date—"dishpan looking" hands! And quite unnecessary even if you do have to wash dishes 3 times a day.

Women are finding this out themselves!

By the hundreds of thousands they are discovering that it's not good economy to use ordinary soaps or soap scraps in the dishpan *at the expense of their hands!*

For it is the injurious alkali in so many soaps—regardless of whether they are flakes, chips or cakes—which dries up nature's beautifying oils and makes hands red and rough. So women are discarding soaps that irritate their sensitive hands.

They are using Lux, instead, for washing dishes! There's *no* harmful alkali in its tissue-thin transparent diamonds.

You know, yourself, from washing delicate silks and woolens how soft and smooth Lux leaves your hands. Now let it save them while you wash dishes, too!

There's enough Lux in the big package for 135 dishwashings. Let it keep *your* hands white and soft! Lever Brothers Company, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

135 Dishwashings in the Big Package

[TEN DAYS AND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS Continued from Page Fifty-three]

"I must see Miss West!" "I want to see Miss West." "I must see her!"

The Lady of the Gold Badge answered, "I'm sorry, you can't see her; you can't come in. You will have to get a pass."

In a very short time the fellow with the cap and the flannel shirt returned. He was all ready for that special trip; yes, a *special trip*—for Mae West, star of Sex fame.

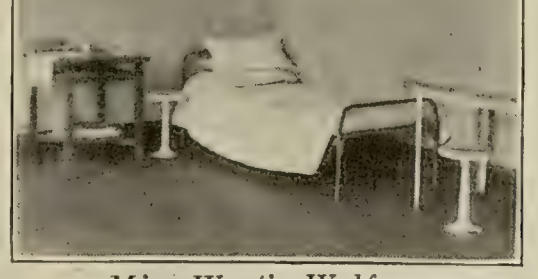
Why not? She was entitled to it! That was the least they could do for a beautiful star like Mae West—an actress who could sing, dance, write, and act a great play like Sex, that passed the play jury in June of 1926—then was closed down after they had let it run for more than eleven months.

Why did they close it down—after eleven months?

Why did they ask for a jail sentence—after they got a conviction?

A court attendant informed me that the fellow with the cap was there to take me to the city prison, and I asked him whether I could arrange to go there by taxi or in my own car.

The fellow with the cap spoke up very earnestly: "You will be private; nobody else with you. This will be a special trip."



Miss West's Welfare Island boudoir.

Of course, having a good sense of humor, I smiled. The attendant got the comedy angle of it; he also smiled, and started for the door, saying, "I'll see what I can do."

My friend with the cap was disappointed; his feelings were hurt.

The court attendant returned, only to inform me that the court official who could have arranged for me to take the trip in a taxi was at luncheon and would not return for an hour, but he had arranged for the Little Black Wagon to be brought into the yard, away from spectators and cameramen.

IT seems strange how many times I've watched that wagon pass, and thought how thrilling it would be to sit in it—and now I had the opportunity and didn't appreciate it! Which only goes to show that when we get what we want, we don't want it.

I then thought, "Come on, let's get it over with." So my husky friend escorted me down to the yard.

There stood the Little Black Wagon.

I sat in a small compartment up front, near the driver. We were off—and we had the right of way *all* the way. Traffic stopped, east and west, at each and every crossing.

What a speed demon *he* was! He certainly did his stuff! It was very thrilling.

I stayed at the city prison all that night, in a very small room with bars in front and an iron cot with springs only. But the matrons were quite nice to me. They gave me new sheets, a pillow, and a few blankets.

I was rather tired, as I had gotten up quite early that morning, and thought I would sleep immediately. But the other inmates were so enthusiastic and elated over my being there—not that they felt I deserved being there—they meant to become friendly and make me comfortable.

They continued to shout my name, asked me how I liked the place, and repeated different lines from my show, Sex, in order to let me know they had seen it. They sang for me and told some jokes.

They really meant to make it as nice as they possibly could for me; but the matron thought I was being bored, so they were ordered to their cells and locked in for the night.

AT 7 o'clock Wednesday morning I was awakened. The iron cot had not agreed with me at all. I had pains and aches all over, and the rough unbleached muslin sheets irritated my skin. They offered me a breakfast consisting of coffee and cereal with milk.

No, I didn't care for any breakfast; the iron cot and the rough sheets were quite enough for me. Besides, 7 A. M. was much too early, and the coffee and cereal did not look so good. I dressed for my next trip—over the Queensborough Bridge at Fifty-ninth Street.

In the center of that bridge there is a huge elevator that lowers automobiles—including the Little Black Wagon—down to the island.

Stepping out of the land-gondola on wheels, I saw this marvelous, gorgeous stone structure most attractively decorated with big sheet-iron doors and plenty of barwork. The doors opened and I made my grand entrance.

Upon entering the reception-room, I saw several matrons. Number One took my purse, my valuables, and my pedigree.

I was met by the second matron, who said, "Strip!"

I said, "What? I thought this was a respectable place."

She smiled and said, "I am sorry, Miss West, but I will have to divest you of all your civilian attire."

And there and then she took everything but my enviable reputation, at the same time displaying a piece of blue-and-white-checked material that looked like two aprons sewed together, front and back, with two holes for the arms.

I didn't like it at all; no *lines* to it. I was then ushered into a long passageway. I was handed the underwear. It was very coarse material, almost like canvas.

This was getting to be a little too much for me! Then came the cotton stockings and the flat slippers that were too large. Oh,

those terrible shoes! Something must be done about it! So I turned to one of the four matrons who were prowling around me—the one who had impressed me the most.

She was a tall, well built, fine-looking woman, with wavy dark-brown hair, drawn back over the ears to a loose knot. She had a round, full face, with keen but kindly gray-blue eyes, and I learned later that she was Mrs. McConnell, the head matron. She arranged for me to meet Warden Henry O. Schleth.

Well, the warden is a very distinguished-looking gentleman, of medium height and good build, with a military carriage. He wears a small mustache and goatee. His voice is resonant—a voice you can never forget—and his big smile shows a lot of strong teeth. In fact, his entire personality denotes strength—and yet, despite all this, I did not like that dress and underwear, and those shoes.

The warden agreed that they were not very attractive, and that they were far from being what I was accustomed to—but what could a poor warden do?

I dropped the subject and began to find fault with the place. I asked to be sent back to Jefferson Market Court.

The warden registered surprise at my request, and said that I would like his place better, because the air was healthier and his beds were so much softer.

Well, he finally sold me on the idea of staying there.

It was now around noon. The warden assigned me to dusting the library—I may add it wasn't much of a library—as he had more than enough help in the laundry and in the mopping brigade, and an oversupply of cooks. Furthermore, I would have been of little use to him in those duties, never having had any experience. I guess the warden realized that.

He told the head matron to take me to lunch. Much to my surprise, it was in the warden's home. There were six women prisoners working in his place. This, I understand, is quite a privilege—for them to cook and do housework for the warden. And so I guess it was also a great honor to dust the warden's library.

THE six girls who were there with me were rather timid about talking to me, as though they thought I would resent it. At first I thought it was one of the rules that they weren't allowed to speak.

I was curious to know why they were there. So I said, "What's a rule!" and opened the conversation. All six started to talk at once.

Three of them were colored, and three were white. The cook, and a good cook, I must say, named Marie, was a very likable colored girl from Porto Rico. She spoke with a Spanish accent. She had wonderful flashing black eyes.

I learned she was quite a race-horse fan, and she appeared to be a girl who was in the habit of handling a lot of money. She claimed that was one reason she was there.

She said that when she left the place she would open a restaurant, as her experience of a year in the workhouse as a cook had made her competent to run one.

Another colored girl, Mary F., was a drug addict and had just taken the narcosan cure. Her daily task was ironing. She was a quiet girl.

LULU, the third of the colored women, was a tall, slim person, between thirty-five and forty years old. She was conservative in her statements about herself, although it was whispered that Lulu was a "stick-up" woman. However, I liked Lulu very much, for it requires a lot of nerve to "stick up" a man.

Of course, there are a lot of nicer ways of taking everything a man's got—although I must admit Lulu's way was a quicker way of getting results.

The room where the matrons "took everything but my enviable reputation."

Adèle was a dainty little white girl with auburn hair, who acted as a waitress.

She was in the fur business—she often picked up good furs at less than nothing. She carried on her business in all the exclusive Fifth Avenue shops.

I talked with Adèle and she confided to me her professional technique as a shoplifter. Adèle had been successful for the last six years. During the coat season in the fall, Adèle used to take a girl with her who had "collateral" on her; meaning she was well dressed and wore diamonds—one who would look like a real purchaser of expensive garments.

She would thus encourage the salespeople of the exclusive shops to bring out the most expensive pieces of fur, such as silver foxes, sable coats, mink, ermine—the finest quality.

They would look at several fine fur pieces. Then the girl with the "collateral" would try on the coats while Adèle would comment and suggest what would look well on her.

Adèle would wear a plaited skirt and a pair of loose and very full silk bloomers. The plaited skirt and bloomers were attached together at the waist on one elastic, which had to be of a very strong quality and fairly wide.

They would make a suggestion as to a certain style of garment, and while the saleslady was getting it out of stock, Adèle would take a coat or fur piece and thrust it down into the full bloomers, the bulk of the stolen piece being effectively hidden by a flaring coat.

My second day on the island I received a request from a matron to visit the sick-wards. She told me that the patients were anxious to see me, many of them having cut my picture out of the newspapers. They were becoming excited and noisy, the matron said.

At first I disliked the idea of being on exhibition; but then I felt that if I could bring a little cheer to those unfortunates in the sick-ward, it would be rendering at least a small service to a part of the public that I am unable to serve on the stage.

I was escorted to the sick-wards by two matrons and the warden. On the way, we passed the tiers of cells in the main prison.

Suddenly there was a great uproar. Some one had passed the word along that I was coming through. Faces appeared at the barred doors and they shouted wildly in greeting.

"Here comes Mae!" they yelled, and, "How do you like the dress, Mae? How do you like the shoes?"

The warden was forced to smile at the hubbub my appearance had caused. He said:

"Can you imagine what it would be like if I had put you over here? The place would be a madhouse instead of a workhouse!"

I saw, then, that the warden, aside from his kindness in assigning me to his home, had the discipline of his prison in mind. It was all very amusing.

I went through the various sick-wards, where the occupants all gave me a great welcome.

In one ward I noticed that the girls were quite gay and didn't look a bit ill, so I was prompted to ask why they were there, since they were all up, walking around.

One of them laughingly answered—well, never mind what; it was a line I had used in Sex.

While the line was humorous, still it was tragic. One of the nurses whispered: "This is the venereal ward." Then I understood, and the girl's remark ceased to be humorous; and I felt a deep pity for them.

I ALSO paid a visit to the narcotic ward. The inmates were women of all ages and all types. I talked with some. Each told a pitiful tale.

There was a young girl of eighteen whose father was Chinese and whose mother was a white woman. At the age of nine the girl was made to bring the opium pipe to her father when he wanted it. Curiosity urged her to try it.

When I saw her she had used all kinds of drugs. She was a physical wreck, and her body was all spotted where the poison of the drugs was coming to the surface.

These are not happy thoughts or sights, but they were vividly impressed upon me, who had never been brought into close contact

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Headaches will go if you get at the cause

WE all know the woman who "always has a headache."

She can't make any plans. Time and again she has to disappoint her friends and family—for any minute the familiar ache is liable to start its dull throb.

Nothing is so enervating as a headache. Nothing is so aging—so nerve racking!

There are scores of ways of deadening a headache—but to really correct a headache you must get at the cause of the trouble. And the natural way to do this is by the use of Sal Hepatica, the standard effervescent saline.

Sal Hepatica removes congestion

Most headaches are due to congestion in the stomach or intestines. Congestion produces excessive blood pressure—and results in dizziness and headaches. *Sal Hepatica defeats a headache by promptly and effectively removing this congestion.*

Sal Hepatica combines the same health-giving salines that draw thousands to European Spas. It is efficacious not only in relieving headaches, but in the treatment of many other ills.

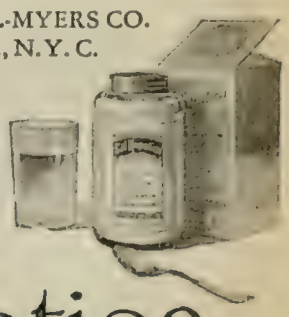
For Sal Hepatica flushes away the poisons set up by foods retained too long within us. These poisons affect different people in different ways, causing stomach disorders, bad complexions, hyper-acidity, rheumatism, and even serious organic troubles.

Keep free of headaches—keep free of the poisons of waste. Take Sal Hepatica when you need it.

For an acute headache, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica dissolved in a large glassful of water and repeat in 15 minutes if not relieved. For chronic headaches, take a teaspoonful of Sal Hepatica in water, before breakfast.

Send for our booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica helps relieve headaches and other ills.

Please address BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. A-87, 71 West St., N.Y.C.



Sal Hepatica

© 1927

TUNG-SOL

These Bulbs Add to the Pleasure of Night Driving

TUNG-SOLS offer you every factor that assures confidence in your lighting equipment. Accuracy in placing filaments: careful inspection of each individual bulb: the reputation of the manufacturers and a record for performance that has never been challenged. You can get TUNG-SOL quality *only* in TUNG-SOL bulbs. That is why the discriminating owner insists upon TUNG-SOLS!

"Let TUNG-SOL *Light the Way"*

For safety's sake, use TUNG-SOLS. See that they are properly focused and headlamps carefully adjusted. Give care to your lamp equipment and thus add to the pleasure of night driving.

TUNG-SOLS Are Sold By Reliable Dealers

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
Newark New Jersey

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

[TEN DAYS AND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

with such unfortunates before. It was a unique but very horrifying experience, I assure you.

There was also the case of a fifteen-year-old girl who had come up from Savannah as a stowaway on a boat. When she landed in New York she had no money, and so she was picked up for vagrancy. She was brought to Welfare Island and placed in the venereal ward.

A girl drug addict hung herself in her cell the night after she received her sentence. She took the sheet off her bed and hung herself on the cell door—a girl who, it was said, came from a wealthy family.

Not a very pleasant picture, that. But it's life—and I was where I was because I had dared to show the public a true slice of life.

I'm not crabbing, though. The experience was worth the ten days. If I had ever wanted to get local color, I sure got it there. I'm going on writing and acting plays, you know.

Yes, there was all of a certain side of life bundled into that prison. In the narcotic room there was every sort of woman, from débutantes down to street-women. Many give themselves up willingly to take the cure.

I was informed that some of the girls in for prostitution and drug addiction were there because, when they were out on probation, they had been seen with some one of a bad character and had been picked up and sent back.

Many times, when they are taken in this manner, they are unaware that the person they happen to be with has a bad reputation.

Many, when they are freed, have nothing more than carfare. They prowl the streets, with no place to sleep, perhaps snatching a few minutes' rest in some hallway or upon some flight of steps. Then, in the end, they go back to the old life to keep body and soul together.

ONE girl, of twenty, had been in jail five times for prostitution. Asked why she did not get a job when she was free, she said she had looked for jobs and no one would take her because of her shabby appearance. Thus she was forced to tramp the streets until hunger drove her to seek food by any means.

The last time, a man had accosted her while she stood in a street, and offered to buy her food. She went with him. After he had bought her a dinner, he took her down to a police station. He was a detective.

These girls are willing to work, but how can they when the law is always ready to pounce upon them and send them back to the Workhouse? In the name of charity, there ought to be some organization formed to aid these poor unfortunates to find jobs. These especially.

Everything, however, wasn't black. Here's a song the girls sang with much enthusiasm. It was original with them. It's called Farewell, Welfare Isle:

As I was walking down the street,
Detective Flynn I chanced to meet.
He took me down to Jefferson Jail,
And there they kept me without bail.

Next morning at eight o'clock
They took us down to Twenty-sixth Street dock,
Miss Mulry next us on the other side.
When I saw the Workhouse I nearly died.

They marched us in to Slattery,
Where she took our history;
They gave us a dress the color of blue
And a pair of shoes, size sixty-two.

We have a matron by the name of Vaughn;
All she says is, "Keep on goin',
Get your pail and scrub the floor,
Or I'll lock you up in eighty-four."

We got a matron by the name of Mack—
You'll see her in the bums' room when you get back.
She sits behind the desk in a little wooden chair,
And all she says is, "Quiet there!"

We got a matron, name of Smith;
She takes everything she catches you with;
She locks you up in a coal-black cell.
I wish the old bird was in h...

"Come again," said Warden Schleth.

Bootleg in the morning, bootleg at night,
Beans on Sunday and them out of sight;
They serve 'em in a little tin dish.
Friday you get potatoes and fish.

Ten more days and I'll be free
From this place of misery—
No more lock-up, no more mail,
No more scrubbin' in the iron pail.

And them wuz my sentiments too, when the big sheet-iron doors swung open and God's big blue sky smiled down and I was free! Well, just use your imagination!

The warden appeared to be sorry that I was leaving. He smiled wistfully. I thanked him for his kindness, and he said, "Come and see us again, sometime."

And I said, "Thanks, I will, but not via the Little Black Wagon."

He said, "Oh, I didn't mean *that*."

I said, "Oh, I know, but I just wanted to make sure."

The doors closed behind me. That's *my* story.

THE END

WHAT a cute couple theyll make —one with a crockery lamp and the other with a hare lip.

Love Letters of an INTERIOR Decorator

If Your Brains Are Tired, Park Them Here

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 6 minutes, 30 seconds)

Hotel Aberdaba

DEER MARG,—

I wood have written you before this but I had to take a little ride in a patrol wagon. I had to deliver six cases to the police station as they had an order for it.

I didnt really mean to rite to night, as my feet are all swole up; but I figured it might take my mind offer them, if you know what I mean. Swole feet is hell Marg aint they?

So your big hearted brother is tryin to be a comedy director in the movies eh? Hes about as funny as an open grave. Hes awright, but if your old man would take that roadster and rakoon coat away from him and fold his hands around a shovel, he might direct somethin. You dont see me or Charlie Schwab or Tom Edison tryin to sell steel or electric lights in a hairy coat do you? Hes a good egg—but he got nuthin to use for braines.

Speakin of movies, the telephone operator told me I was a ringer for Ben Turpin I was so handsome. I went to see him for the first time last night. She and me is thru forever!

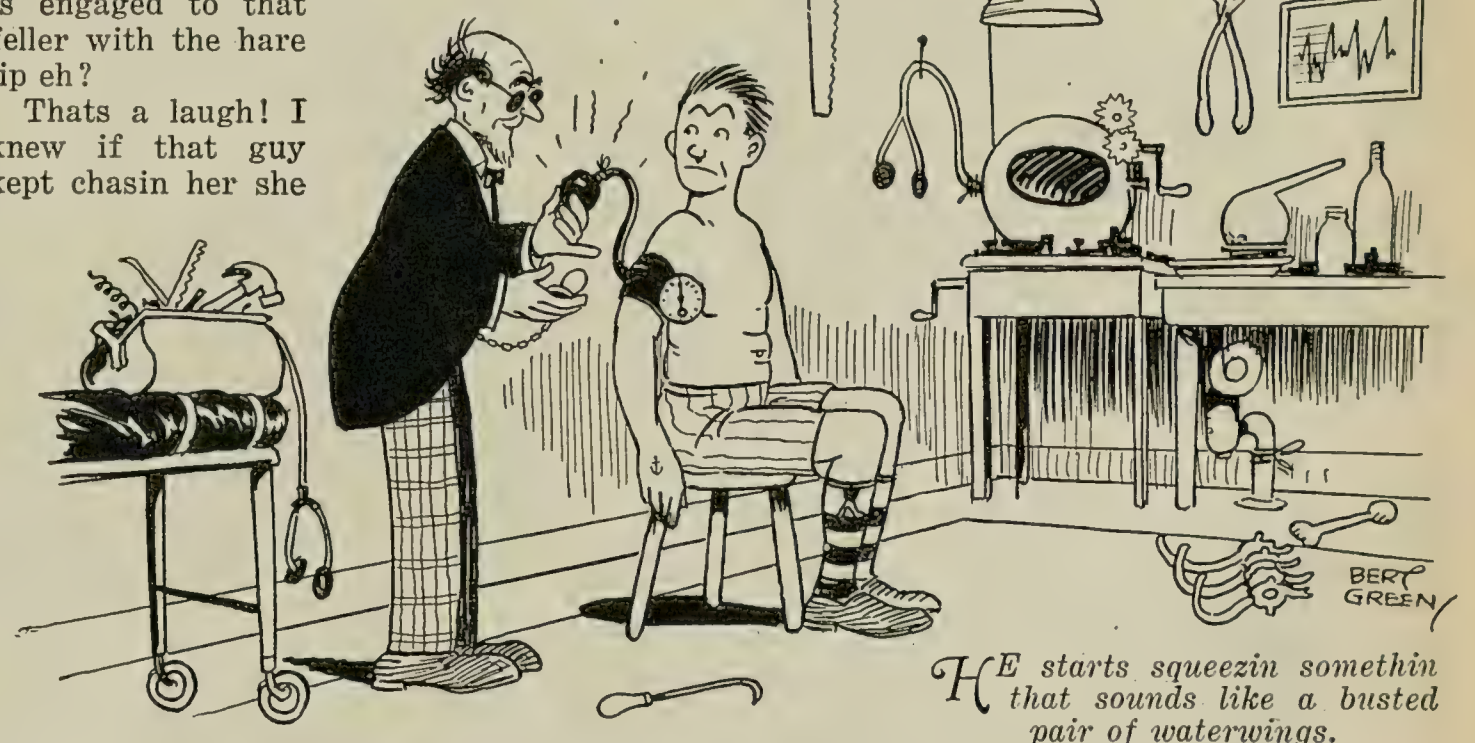
I had a awful scare in the hotel the other day Marg. Somebody called down and says theres a lotta funny noises comin out of room 216. They said it sounded as though they were tryin to put a muzzle on a rinosoris or one of them things what flies. So I go up with the porter and a couple of bell hops and walks in with a pass key, and there are three guys all in their B. V. Ds havin *some* party.

One guy was sittin readin a dope sheet upside down, another bird was standin on the buror givin an illustrated lectur on Bolshevism and the other sap was in bed hollerin like the devil that the boreconstricters and sea lions was eatin him up. The whole works looked like a sykopathic ward. They must have been drinkin furniture paint or stain remover. So I went in to try and get the works all quiet down when somebody busts me in the nose, and all I been smellin ever since is fresh ham. The next day when I came too the boss says I had no rite to start it. Thats gratitude Marg; but hotel men understand them things.

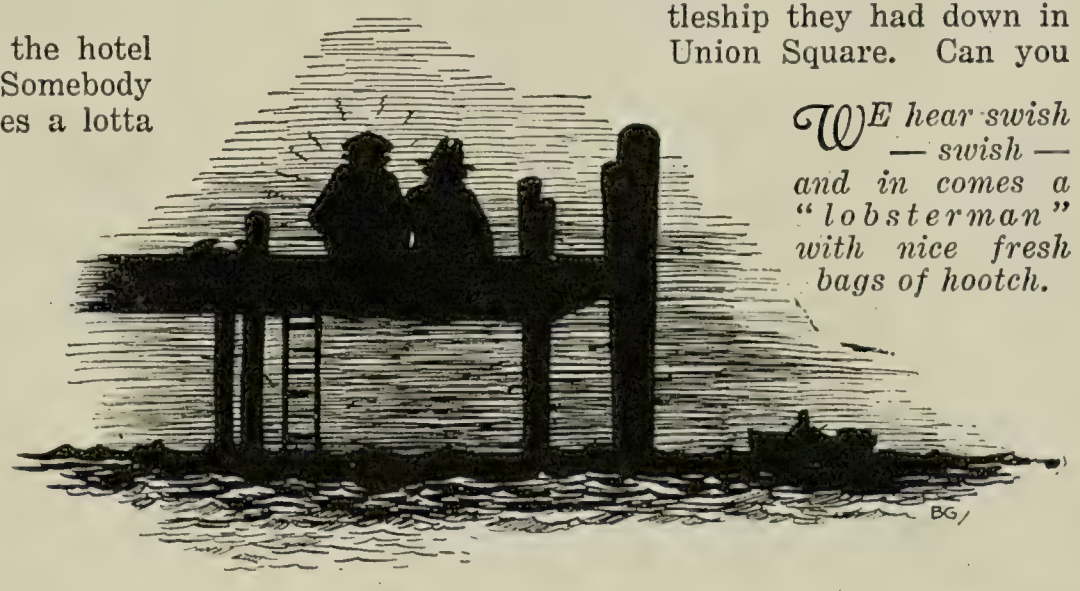
So your girl friend with the crockery eye is engaged to that feller with the hare lip eh?

Thats a laugh! I knew if that guy kept chasin her she would catch him! Bein in love Marg is the same as bein in a state of coma. Where does he get that stuff about bein in the navy? He couldnt even tie his shoe.

Hes a regular grease ball. The nearest thing he got to in the navy was when he was a deck hand on that rubber battleship they had down in Union Square. Can you imagine what a cute couple theyll make—one with a crockery lamp and the other with a hare lip? Don't let her kid you about that family tree stuff! His old man and my old man used to lay brick since they was two feet high. The only trouble with his family tree is, it needs proonin.



HE starts squeezin somethin that sounds like a busted pair of waterwings.



WE hear swish — swish — and in comes a "lobsterman" with nice fresh bags of hootch.

In my last letter I rote you Marg that I had a big deel on with the revenoo agent I took in business with me. Remember me sayin that we had a shipment of Lafin Soup comin in and that we had to go down and get it in a herse? Well we staged the "funeral" and Im still ringin wet and full of goose pimples from fright.

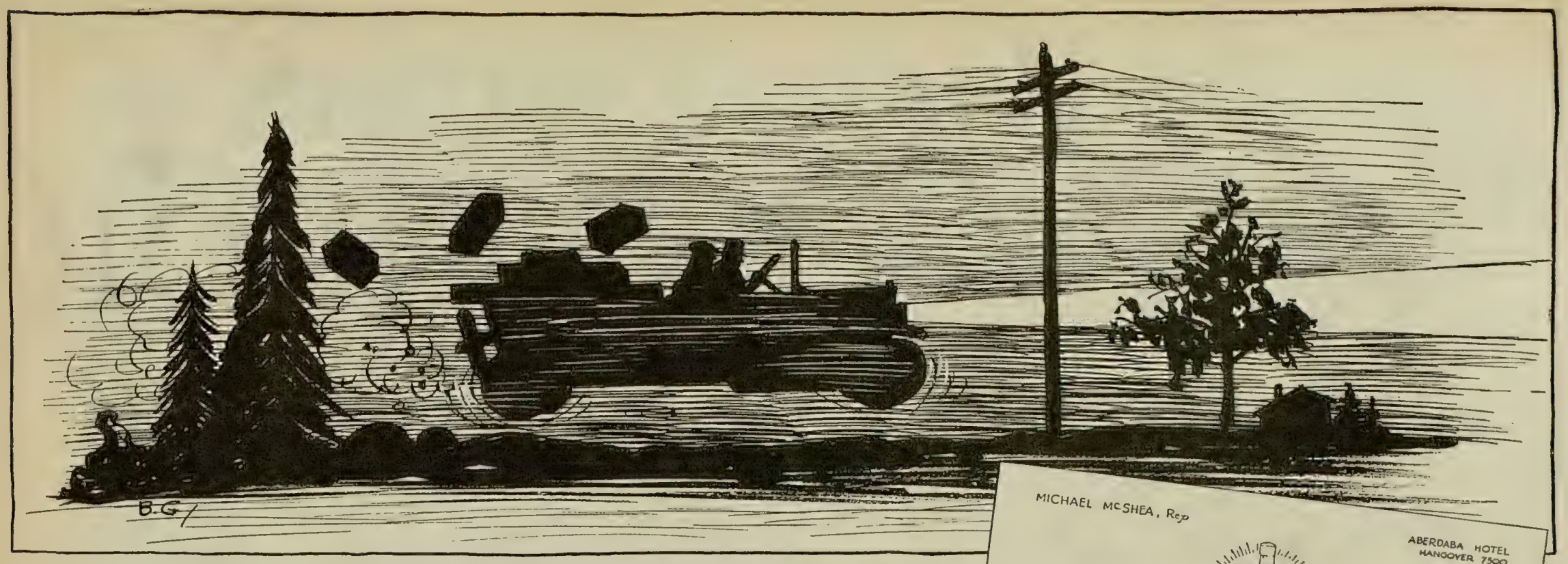
Every time I go to bed I think the cow boys from the fedral government is comin in to put me in the basteal. *Basteal,* Marg is French for an iron hotel like they have down in Sing Sing and places like that.

This business is full of tickilish stuff. Makes you feel so care free, an everythin—just like a spy. You never know when the district attorny is goin to invite you to lunch. But I aint worrin—much—Marg.

THE people are grateful to a feller like me—they like prohibition, just like they like getting the leprosy. Well anyway, love Lips, heres what happened,—We drives the "finish car" down to Long Island and parks it in a garage in the back of a undertakers place and we crawl out on our hans and nees out to a little dock and we sits and SITS. On the level we waited so long that I thot I would get korns on my tail bord.

I was so froze that I felt like a buckit of kracked ice. I wanted to have a smoke, but the nite was nice an brite—just like the inside of a cow, that the revenoo agent says if I lit a "lung duster" we would get ketched. I wasnt any more nervous than if I was sittin

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



I thot every moment we would eather take off or crack up.

[CONT'D FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

on the electric stool what they have up ther in Ossning.

After a while we see flashes out on the water just like a signil. Then my partner gets out a flashlight and begins to give him the business like a kode, and in a little while we hear swish—swish—soft like, and then in comes a "lobsterman" with a big rowboat full of nice fresh bags of hootch.

While we are unloading the bags, the high powered car comes rollin down the hill with no lights on it and we quickly put the whole business in the back and go like hell. On the level Marg, the driver sertainly knew his onions; the way he stepped on that thing would have made Barney Oldfield or Ralf De Palmer think they was on a bicycle. All we hit was the tops of the hills. The telephone poles looked like teeth in a fine comb. I thot every moment we would eather take off or crack up.

WHEN we got the stuff back to the garage we packed all the botles in a big coffin we had made and put the outfit in the herse and covered it all up with a flock of paper flowers. Then we put on a couple of opera hats and black gloves and we drive the "funeral" into New York.

Aint that the berries? It took seven men, like poler bearers, three cops and ourselves to carry the "corps" in the undertakers. And Marg, when we get the "embalming fluid" all cut down we will have about five times as much as when we started—all at eight fifty per copy!

We got a new tipewriter, Marg—shes the bugs right ear. Shes got a pair of blue eyes that just rocks you and makes you want to tear up your clothes. I wish you could lamp the gowns she wears—just like bathin suits—they fit like the tites on a bolony, if you kno what I mean.

Ever time I get a peak at her gams I could pay the rent. You dont hafta go thinkin that Im goin to give her a play. *Not me Marg.* Youre the only one Im tooned in on—and besides she goes with a feller about seven feet high what is a bouncer in a night club—but I kno I could get her without a struggle and I aint conseated eather.

I wrote you last week about me bein troubled with the gas panes in the stomack. Well I went over to see Larry O'Keefs old man, the horse doctor. He told me it didnt come from the airdales and hot muts I was eatin.

He says I could eat all I wanted—but to take the tites offer them as they was hard to injest.

He says I got a slight touch of pot-o-main poisoning, or maybe the spinal McGinnis and not gas panes. Them doctors are like a lot of lawyers; they go thru a lotta motions and when they're all done they dont kno nothing.

I wish you could a seen him, he makes me take the burlap off and he gets out a gadget that looks like a cross between a fireless cooker and a cream seperator and plants the business end on my chest and sticks the other end with the garden hose in his ears and he says "Inhale"—"X-hale." Then he says "I got a breath like a walrus," what ever that is. Then he drags out a thing like a old inner tube, and he raps it around my arm. Then he hangs on a Big Ben and starts squeezin something that sounded like a busted pair of waterwings.

When hes all done he says, "The valve in my head is leaky." And that aint all Marg. He put the sting on me for TEN BUCKS. I offered to give him a bottle of scotch instead, but he said no, that he had just come from the Navy Yard and seen a boat cristened—and when they broke the bottle of hootch on the battleship, it et a hole in the side, and that was enough for him.

He thinks hes funny, but he got that way bein a doctor.

Im glad you aint sore Marg, about me bein in this business as a side line. You can understand, bein brite, that you hafta be fearless. And thats me. War trainin in France fitted the boys to be good bootlegers; something had to be done as the country is staggerin under prohibition.

The Government is goin to have a tough time gettin customers for the next war as we didnt have any fun at the last one! And another thing; I dont trust them Mexican jumpin beans, as they is two faced, just like a fonograph record.

You remember me tellin about the french dame in the hotel whats givin me french lessons. Well, I think I'll have to give her the air as shes beginnin to get serious. She calls me her "Croquette." I dont know what she means, but I think its french for meat cake.

Boy, can that woman drink; every time I go up to see her for a lesson, she gets out a jug of nose paint and she says, "Drink to me only with yer eyes"—and two shots of that juice and you wouldn't have a eye left.

Shes got a pet mut she calls Fifi. Thats French for Fido, and the microbe is all the time scratching herself—I think she must have jumpin dandruff.

Another thing, she says theres something a matter with it, she says shes goin to take it to a doctor and get its kidneys vulcanized, but thats over my head.

ONE thing I like about her Marg is that she makes you feel right at home, she never gets dressed up or anythin, she just lays around in a comona.

If theres anythin I hate its bein invited to places where you have to put on a fried shirt.

Dont think for a minit that Im goin to fall for her Marg, she may be full of tricks but she has a face like a finnin haddie, and anyway, I love *you* better than that Polish girl I had in France and you know it.

Well, I got to stop ritin now. A feller just called up and stuck in an order for a dozen cases of Sandy Mac Donald.

I got to see the printer and get some more labels as they always order what you aint got.

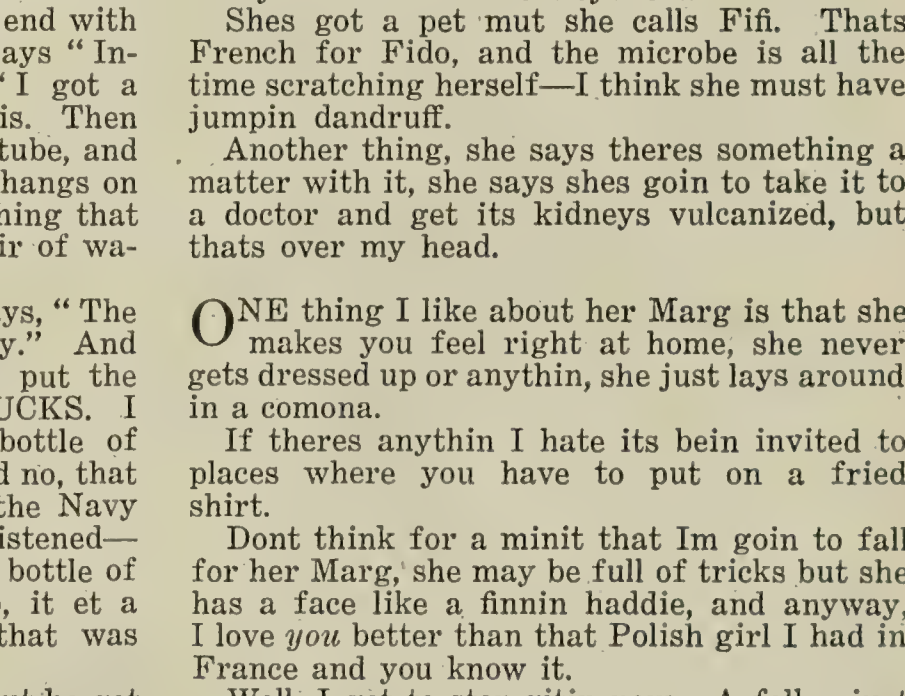
Remember me to your pa and the wash woman.

Glad to hear your mother is takin up singing lessons, as the last time I heard her I thought she was caught in the door.

Wishing you the same,
Your black bottom pal
MIKE.

P. S.—I love you so much that I get filled up with dis-temper.

More of this synthetic Romeo's heart throbs and stummick akes will be tooned in for an early issue of LIBERTY.



THE nearest he got to the navy was when he was a deck hand on that rubber battleship in Union Square.

They Can't Get Heavy With Me!

As Dictated By TONI, JR., *to* ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

I wish I had a face like my doll, Fifi.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 30 seconds)

DEAR WORLD:

What is it that isn't very tall, isn't very wide, isn't very thick, isn't a gymnasium, isn't a lamb chop, isn't a rubber corset, isn't a dumbbell or an electric horse—but which pos-i-TIV-elly guarantees to reduce you no matter how much you weigh if you're willing to adopt it and do everything it suggests?

Whisht. Don't tell anybody—it's ME!

(Or any small two-legged terror my age, size, and general activi-tees, my Daddy says.)

If you don't believe it, ask my Mom or my Aunt Toni, 'specially the latter, because she's the one that has given my reducing system the mos' recom-men-dations in limps and groans and aching bones. My Mom seems to bear up more under my courses in how to keep young, slim, and peppy. There not being so much of her, she finds it easier to get in and out from under the bed when she has to get my ball.

But my Aunt Toni!!!

I wish I had a face like my doll, Fifi. She could be killing herself laughing, which she must be doing much of the time around here, but she never shows it. While I can't hide my feelings at all well and some day I'm afraid it's going to get me into trouble unless I can learn to run faster.

I hid behind the leg of the table just in time the other day or I don't know what might have happened to me. I laughed so loud when I saw my aunty trying to look dignified with her head caught in the rungs of the chair when she was trying to rescue the lucky penny my Daddy gave me. I was afraid for a moment my luck had deserted me when I saw the look on her face after she shook her head loose from what was holding it.

The funny thing is that my Aunt Toni has spent most of her life telling other women how they can drop a few pounds here and a few pounds there by rolling around on the floor.

I wish some of those fat women (and men) that she's been making do all kind of exercises would drop in some day when I'm working her out. But I wouldn't advise them to come unless they can run like everything.

The other day after me and Mom had helped pull her back up off the floor, and while she was still rubbing on some terrible smelling stuff—linny-ment I think she called it—she told Mom she thought I must have been sent as a visitation for all her sins of advice.

"I wouldn't say visitation," Mom argued. "Why not a blessing in disguise to prove that all a woman needs to keep young and slim is a youngster or two around the house?"

"You mean," says Aunt Toni, who sometimes is given to what Daddy calls ri-bald remarks for polite society, "why go away to be rejuven-ated when you've got a little monkey right in your own home?"

Which remark my Mom appeared to ignore, ladylike, but with a sly wink at me suggested to my aunty that she ought to adopt a new slogan for her reducing customers:

"Get a Toni and you'll be boney in the sweet bye-and-bye."

"It isn't a bad idea at that," Aunty said after a moment's pause. "When you come to think of it, it is the women who haven't much time to think about themselves that stay young longest. And I defy anybody to think about herself when Toni is around.

"I guess maybe I'll have to get out a new line of youth preservers. Make the morning workout giving the small child a bath. That operation alone will relieve anything from broken arches to a swollen head because your mind can't be on either. It has to be on the slippery eel in the tub.

"And if anybody's back has ever complained of an ache, she'll learn she never knew how a back can holler until she leans over the tub and tries to keep the human cork therein in one spot long enough to swab it with soap."

I hope she doesn't let anybody else hear her calling me names like that, but I guess there is quite a bit to moving about lively if you want to be young and limber, because I see an improvement already in a certain person whose name I had better not mention again.

At first when I used to make her get down on the floor and play bear I was awful scared she'd fall apart from the way her bones rattled and squeaked, and I wouldn't know how to put my aunty together again.

I was afraid maybe she was like Humpty-Dumpty. But with regular practice I've got her now so she just squeaks a little bit.

Anyway, she started me on this business of being active. You see, when I first came to live with her I was looked over for flaws and things and I had only one good leg, the other not being so strong as the one good one.

So my aunty decided that she'd try out some of her well known advice, now that she had a victim not big enough to tell her to try some of it on herself and see how she'd like it. You know how it is with those exercise enthus-i-asts. Always looking for a victim.

YOU know how it is with those exercise en-thus-i-asts. Always looking for a victim.

She made me do a lot of kicking and I suppose I shouldn't complain because pretty soon both my legs were mates to each other, and the doctor says there's nothing like exercise to make you come out even all over. Babies need lots of it, he says.

Mostly they get what they need by screaming and waving their arms and kicking around. But if any part of them isn't fully de-vel-oped, that part should be given special 'tention.

There never was anything much the matter with my lungs because I could turn on a scream without a moment's warning and without anything happening 'specially to inspire it. I can yet. But my kicking wasn't so good on account of my poor leg. And my Daddy says if you want to kick you ought to have a good leg to stand on.

So, every morning and night, aunty made me kick my legs up and down, up and down. She used to hum a little song to try to make it as painless as possible and I kept time to it:

Up she goes,
An' down she goes,
With her ten little,
piggledy,
wiggledy
toes.
Five on the left foot,
Five on the right;
Was there ever a
More a-dor-able sight
Than ten little,
Piggledy, wiggledy toes,
Ar-ranged in two
such
perfect
rows?

The gym costume I used to have to wear! Well, if it had been a bathing suit, I guess the policeman wouldn't have let me swim. It was just a shirt and a—well, you know what it is that babies wear that isn't a step-in, isn't a "comby," and isn't a panty. The rest of the costume was me. But the doctor says that the fewer clothes a baby has on when it is getting its exercise the better.

And I mended all right. That's why Mom says I have legs that'd be strong enough to hold her up and she expects to borrow them sometime after a hard day's shopping.

Toni, Jr., will describe more of the trials of youth—and age—in next week's LIBERTY.

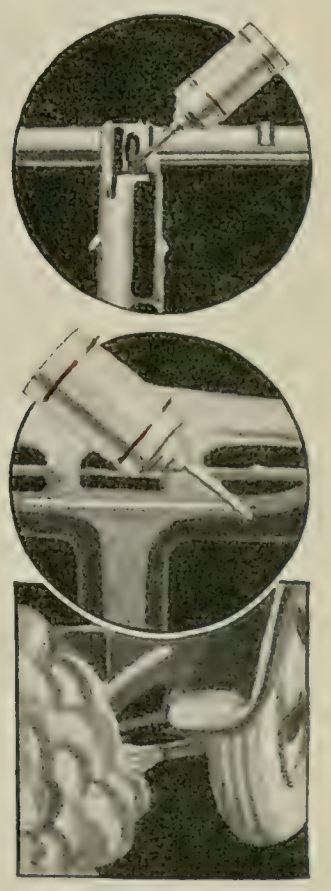
Try a Can—It Is Not Only a Carbon Remover, But Also An Internal Lubricant.

Automobile owners who have had unpleasant experiences now can enjoy the supreme satisfaction of applying Universal Carbon Remover — the dependable, laboratory-tested product — and removing the carbon within a few minutes. It has instantaneous laxative-effect on Carbon, dissolving it and giving you a clean, perfect-singing, full-powered motor without loss of time and at such very low cost. Universal Carbon Remover is guaranteed not to harm the finest motor or the most sensitive carburetor. It does not go into the gasoline. Ask for it by name. There is nothing else like it.

UNIVERSAL MANUFACTURING CO., Inc.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

—it cleans the valves and valve stems, dissolving and removing the carbon from behind the Piston Rings, giving better ignition and more power.

Carbon Remover is applied at the Air Intake while the motor is running and warm.



FOR FORDS — Carbon Remover is put in through the Intake Manifold.

The Carbon is dissolved and blown out through the exhaust pipe.

Authorized Service charge at all leading filling stations and garages 25c

If your favorite filling station or garage does not have it, do not accept a substitute—drive on to a filling station where you see the sign, or write our nearest distributor.

For sale at all leading filling stations and garages

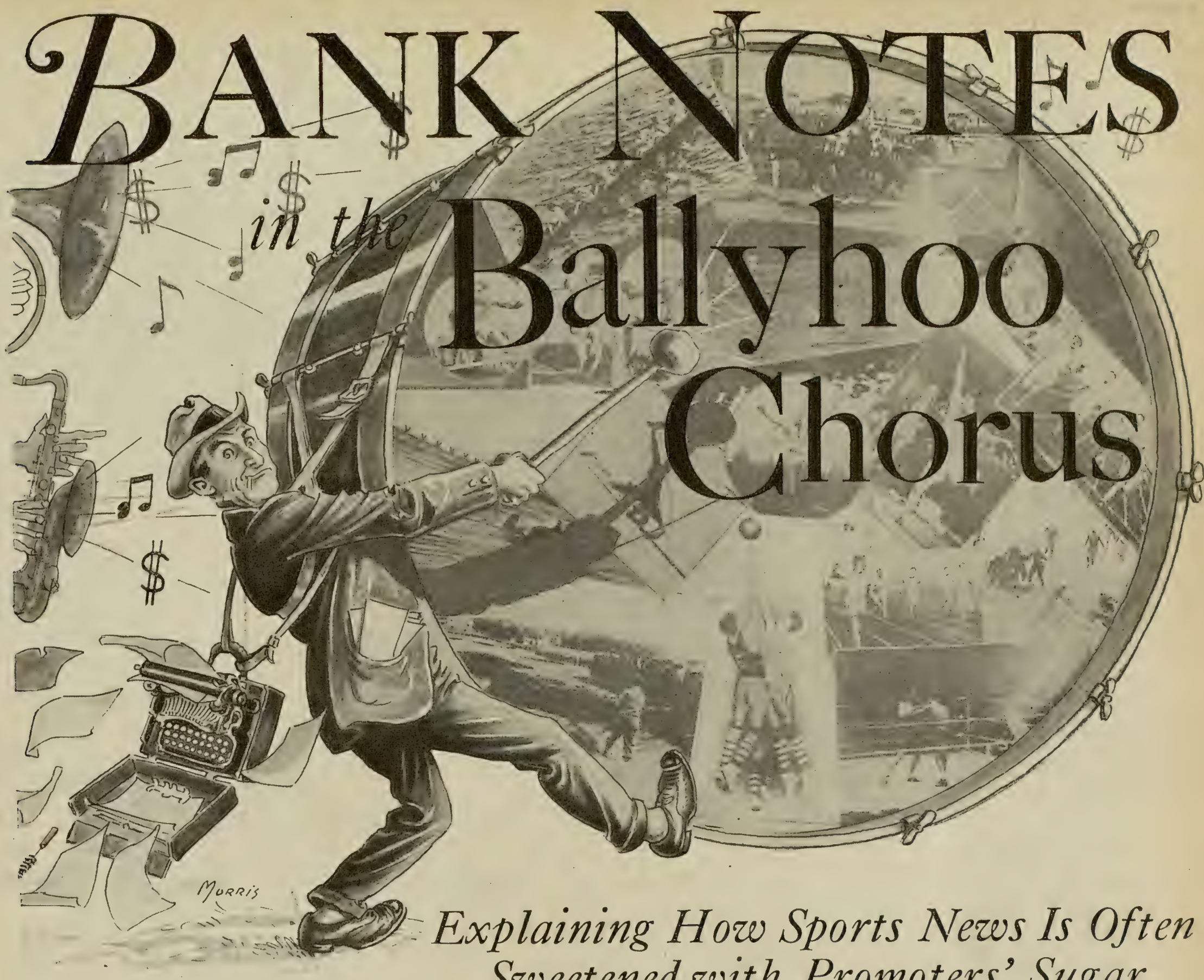
Stop the knocking INSTANTLY with Universal Carbon Remover

Buy and apply today wonderful new UNIVERSAL PENETRATE OIL, guaranteed to turn RUST INTO A PULPY MASS, cleaning and lubricating car parts, and all metals. It ends those body squeaks, metal-to-metal noises, lubricates springs, shackle bolts and for plumbers and steamfitters is an amazing labor-saver. It makes easy the loosening of stubborn rust-tight joints, bolts and nuts. UNIVERSAL PENETRATE OIL polishes golf clubs beautifully.

Have UNIVERSAL PENETRATE OIL pressure applied to your car springs at any garage or filling station and watch rust pour from between leaves of springs. Or you can do it quickly yourself. After application any car rides smoothly and quietly, taking a big hard-wearing load off the costly tires. It gives them longer life and more mileage with the springs functioning like new ones, bearing the burden. You must try it to-day.

If your favorite garage or filling station cannot serve UNIVERSAL PENETRATE OIL, send 75 cents and a can will be supplied you, postpaid, by return mail.

BANK NOTES in the Ballyhoo Chorus



Explaining How Sports News Is Often Sweetened with Promoters' Sugar

An Article by

WESTBROOK PEGLER

Pictures by W. C. MORRIS

(Reading time: 10 minutes 30 seconds.)

INSTEAD of sidling into the proposition of grafting or chiseling in the sport-writing business, regarding which the boss editors have been enjoying misgivings these last two years or so, let us begin by admitting that some sport writers on some newspapers in this country do accept or exact donations from the local Tex Rickards in their respective zones of influence.

I believe some of the boss editors have been thinking of doing something about this for a long time, but, aside from the dismissal of one half-literate individual, intended by nature for a croupier at a Coney Island roll-the-ball fake, I have not noticed any cleansing.

This man was no more qualified to edit a sport page than One-Eyed Connelly is to edit the *Scientific American*, but he held the job for a time and came to be known, rightly or wrongly, as an unusually brazen desperado, which is a term we use to describe those who are supposed to take graft in one guise or another.

The boss editor who fired him told me later that he suspected him of misusing the columns of the sport page, and, to me, this was funny, because this boss editor was not noted for hewing to the line, himself.

By that, I mean that he often inflated or minimized a story for very personal reasons, and it strikes me that if a journalist has any obligation to present facts impartially to the public, it is just as venal to exploit a mountebank for social motives as it is to promote a round-heel heavyweight for money, there being an amiable deception of the public in both cases.

Nearly all of my personal associates are connected with the sport business as writers, promoters, or performers, so I have no reliable idea as to how wide-spread the belief may be among the laity that graft is rife in this department.

There is much discussion of it in our set, especially by members of the city staffs, all of whom are certain that they could write a better story of a prize-fight than the boxing reporter, or a better *ad lib* column than the sport editor; but ours is a gossipy trade in its very nature, so I can't judge whether these doubts and suspicions ever occur to the ordinary reader. I may be putting ideas into his head.

In considering the matter, you must first recognize that the sport business has grown apace with the movies in the last few years. There have been four prize-fights since 1921 which drew more than $1,000,000 each, whereas, back in 1915, a bout between two of the greatest boxers ever matched, Packey McFarland and Mike Gibbons, drew less than $50,000 after a very determined ballyhoo, and was considered a financial success, at that.

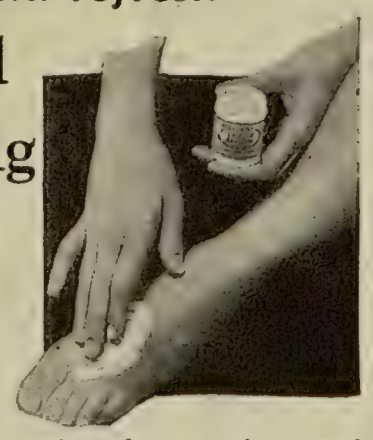
THE sport page has only so much space for news and views, most of it mere gabble, and, naturally, with golf, tennis, swimming, rowing, baseball, basketball, football, wrestling, track and field stuff, soccer, horse-racing, bike-racing, and prize-fighting to be covered, there is great competition among the strictly commercial sports for space in the papers.

If you want to quibble, it will have to be admitted that the strictly commercial sports are merely athletic trades; but you can buy hot roast beef in the drug stores nowadays, and similarly you will find many matters on the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A new way to revive and refresh

Tired Aching Feet



Instant Relief

MANY people, after any long and unusual exertion, such as golfing, dancing, a brisk walk, or standing hours at a time, experience distressing pains and aches in their feet. They swell, burn, and make one feel all tired out.

At such times Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm brings immediate and grateful relief. It puts you right back on your feet with comfort. You can walk, or work, dance or play and have really happy feet.

One application drives out all discomfort. It stimulates circulation, ends the pain, reduces the swelling, opens the pores, and leaves the feet delightfully cooled and refreshed.

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm is a cream-like preparation, powerfully penetrating and analgesic. The pores quickly absorb its healing, soothing properties. It is also excellent as an external application for stiffened joints, muscular soreness, sprains and neuralgic-like pains in any part of the body.

At all drug and shoe stores—35¢ per jar.

For Free Sample, write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

Dr Scholl's Foot Balm

How Folks Grow Thin

Folks do grow thin, as you know. Excess fat is not nearly so common as it was. But so many do it by abnormal exercise and diet.

The modern way is Marmola Prescription Tablets, based on many years of scientific research, here and abroad. They act to correct the cause. People have used them for 19 years, and reported the results to others. You see the results in every circle. Almost everyone has friends who can tell them.

The use of Marmola requires no abnormal exercise or diet. One simply takes four tablets daily until the weight comes down to normal. The results are healthful, and many other benefits accrue.

You should learn this fact, as millions have done before you. Watch the reduction, watch the gain in vitality. You will be amazed and delighted.

Do this now, for your own sake. Excess weight is usually unnecessary. It is a blight. Learn how easily you can overcome it, and how the reduction lasts. Go try Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. If your druggist is out, he will get them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[BANK NOTES IN THE BALLYHOO CHORUS Continued from Page Sixty-one]

sport page that are related to sport only vaguely, if at all.

Most sport writers are willing to converse on the subject of graft in the trade, but are equally loath to write anything about it. Some think that the malfeasance of those who do graft gives all sport writers a bad name; but I think they are hypersensitive, because I have never noticed this shadow.

It does cause some deplorable confusion, however, because in one quarter you may hear that a certain sport writer is a terrible desperado, and another authority, equally trustworthy and equally enthusiastic, will tell you that the same man is the soul of honor.

OTHERS condone the practise on the ground of a man's necessities and temptations, and there is something in that, because many sport writers are given prominence and elevated to the rank of pundit on very stingy wages.

Others point out that certain owners and editors use their columns to promote improvements at the expense of the public purse in neighborhoods where they happen to own real estate, and argue that a sport writer on the same paper is doing no worse if he runs an occasional paragraph about some prize-fighter in whom he happens to own a 10 per cent interest. There is something in this, too.

The gate receipts at professional sport shows may be measured in direct proportion to the volume and warmth of the newspaper publicity, so the promoters are inclined to be generous when they think it is necessary. They sometimes think it is necessary when it isn't.

For instance, a man promoting a championship fight needn't buy his publicity, because a championship fight is news, and a sport page that ignores it merely scoops itself. And, too, the majority of writers and desk men are honest, so that portion of the craft which would "silence" the preliminary copy on a fight could not entirely squelch the ballyhoo.

Undoubtedly some of the square fellows are listed on the secret pay-rolls of promoters, and if you should burgle a promoter's safe for such a list, it would be untrustworthy, because that portion of the graft allotted to the square writers never reaches them at all, but stops with the pay-off man.

In the ten major-league cities, at least, it is not necessary for the baseball firms to do business with the baseball writers. For one thing, their business is so well established that the newspapers think they can't get along without baseball news. The papers built up baseball to create circulation, and now they cover it to an absurd degree of minuteness to keep that circulation.

The baseball firms know this, and John J. McGraw, in New York, has become so cocky that he now makes bold to say which reporters are acceptable at his court and which are not. It might surprise you to learn that from time to time quite a few reporters have not been acceptable, and their papers hesitate to boycott John J. McGraw and his ball club from their columns.

In the old days the ball clubs paid the traveling expenses of the writers on the road, and some writers still are freighted and lodged and fed at the club's expense. But, nowadays, more and more newspapers insist on financing their own men so that they may write with no feeling that they are violating the clubs' hospitality if it becomes necessary to give the management a kick on the seat of the trousers, as happens with frequency.

Baseball reporters are scooped on scandal stories occurring within their purview not because their forbearance has been purchased, but because they overtrust the baseball people with whom they are thrown into intimate association in the Pullmans and hotels. The baseball people requite this confidence by treating them nicely and telling them as little as possible.

That few hundred dollars paid to baseball writers each year by each ball club for the scoring of the games can not be regarded as unethical money, because it is a task and a responsibility to score a ball game. The pay may be slightly overgenerous, but it would cost the leagues much more to hire official scorers with a status something like that of the umpires.

This will be done eventually, however, in order to obviate the home-town influence in scoring, and it will be a good thing for the baseball writers, because they are often called upon to report controversies between the players and the magnates. In such cases the athletes might accuse them of being influenced.

As to presents, however, the baseball writer receives an order on the leading haberdasher for twenty-five dollars' worth of male lingerie at Christmastime, and nothing else. As a class he is blameless.

There may be an exception where a baseball firm will stand for a loan in perpetuity to a writer, but I am certain that the proportion of writers who would ask such a favor is as small as it can be, as long as larceny remains an occasional foible of humankind.

A few years ago, at Christmastime, the New York Giants sent gifts of gold coins instead of the customary pajama warrants, and all but a few of the coins were returned at once.

One summer I spent a few days on tour with a ball club, and when I quit the troupe in Chicago, the road secretary handed me railroad and Pullman tickets back to New York. I accepted this favor on behalf of my employers of the period, and made due allowance for it in my expense account. It was generous of the club to do this, but I don't know even yet whether I was really expected to report the matter to my office or say nothing about it.

Now, is it even permissible for a sport writer to go to a fighter, promoter, or ball-club owner for a loan, conceding that sport writers are subject to the normal emergencies of life and may have legitimate need of credit?

IF a man employed in the hardware business wants to borrow fifty dollars and has no collateral, he probably goes to some friendly hoe-handle jobber to make his touch, because his acquaintance lies among hoe-handle jobbers. Isn't it natural, then, that an embarrassed boxing reporter should go to his acquaintances when he wants to borrow?

One of the most conspicuous managers of prize-fighters tells me of a time when a boxing writer turned up broke, having been fired for getting tight. The manager hadn't much coal in the cellar himself, but here was a reporter who had given him plenty of publicity and had never asked him for, nor accepted, a dime, so he herded the reporter behind a pillar at a fight club and offered to divide what money he had, right down the middle.

The reporter was proud though broke, and he declined, but ever since then he has been a little more than kind to this manager's fighters, and that was years ago. Noting the partiality, some people might suspect that all is not well in this case, but I know otherwise; and here you have a man courting suspicion merely because he has a high sense of gratitude.

He nearly tore the sport writer's coat off, trying to jam a roll of bills into his pocket.

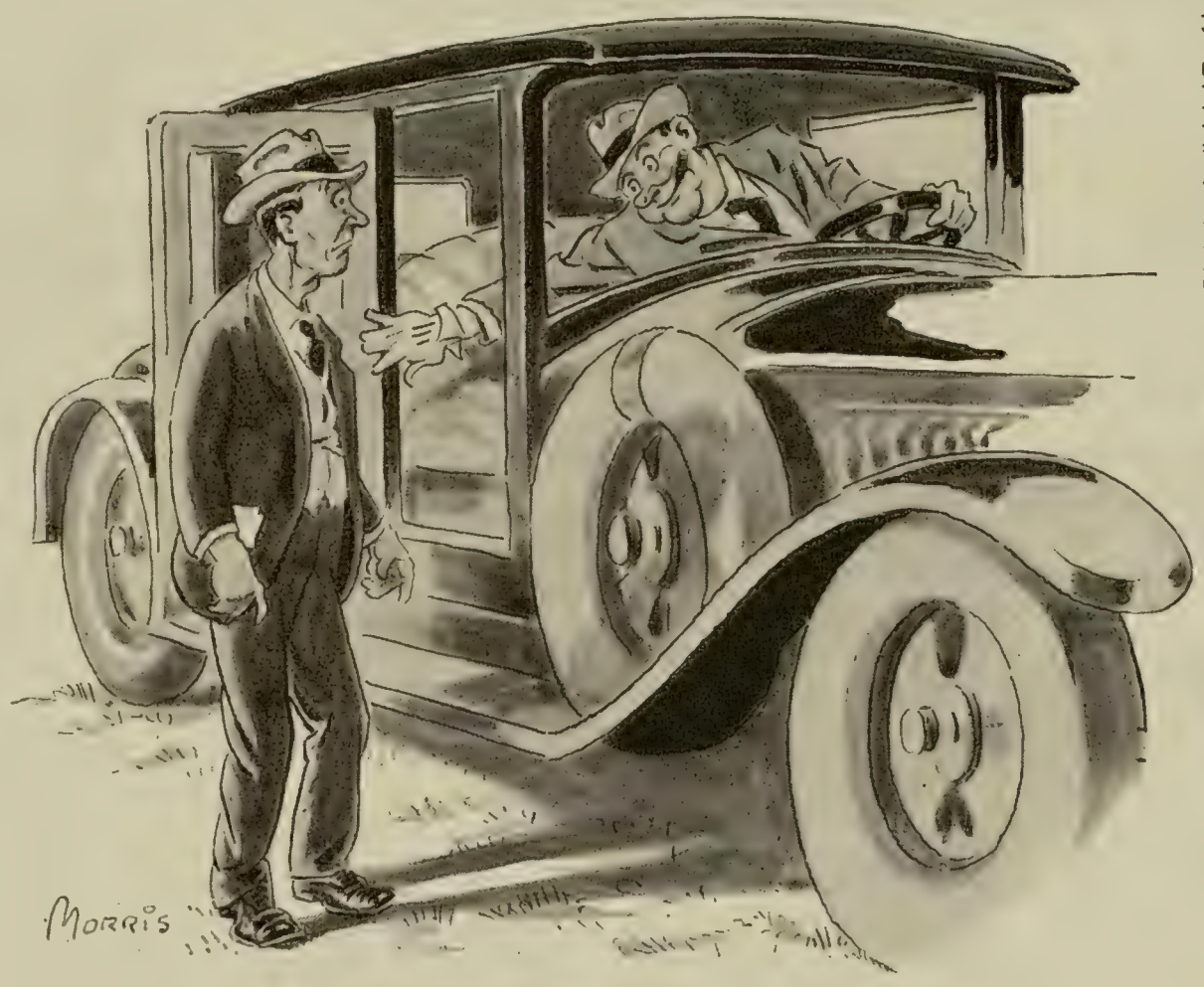
Of course, there are loans and there are also loans, and it may be that a man who rushes in on a promoter or manager to borrow fifty dollars or $500 has every intention of forgetting the matter and expects the lender to do the same. I am told that this used to be done, but the graft nowadays seems to be reduced to a proposition of weekly payments to those

who go for the stuff, as we say.

One bursar for a minor fight club tells me of sending out the weekly remittances of fifteen dollars or twenty dollars to a small but select list of recipients, and he states that the boys who accept such money are not at all coy about it, even demanding a raise now and again.

In a town where half a dozen sport promoters in various lines, from bike-racing to professional football, are competing for newspaper space, contributions of this kind might amount to fairly important money.

STILL, if a man has any sort of show at all to offer the public, I don't see why he does this, for there are always enough honest reporters and sport editors to give him such publicity as he deserves, and more, too, if the page isn't tight with cigaret ads.



Some promoter in a $10,000 car offers to tool him home to his eighty-dollar flat.

Tex Rickard is generally supposed to be the most liberal donor of all in matters of this kind. Tex once told me that he maintained a pay-roll, and a man who once was employed deep inside the organization recently stated that the weekly pay-off, or ice bill, as it was euphemistically called, amounted to $1,750.

They must have been very sly about it, though, for I spent many hours around the old Garden and I never saw any money or envelopes passed; and, moreover, Rickard has never offered me a quarter, although I have written hundreds of columns about him and his fights.

Some papers approve certain forms of graft in their sport departments, and I know of one in a big Middle Western city that gives the sport department *carte blanche* to get the money.

Ten years ago I knew a cub breaking in on the sport page of this paper who was so innocent that he got a great emotional wallop at the wrestling bouts. I saw him not long ago, a wise boy and nobody's sucker now. We fell to talking of pay in his town as compared with the pay in New York, and he said he couldn't afford to go to New York for three times his present salary.

"Business must be good," I suggested.

"Yeah, good," he said. "You know how it is on our paper. The old man goes after his in public utilities and that kind of racket and he doesn't seem to care what we do on the sport page. Business is all right. We've got fights, wrestling, soccer, semi-pro baseball, amateur baseball, and basketball."

The semi-pro and amateur baseball graft is a penny-ante affair where it is practised at all. Not being organized as the big leagues are, the semi-pros are not in a position to demand coverage in the papers. The semi-pro and amateur grafts count up when you have from twenty to fifty or more ball teams sending their scores in once a week, with anywhere from fifty cents to ten dollars in each envelope, on the assumption that if they don't shower down they don't get in the paper.

This is not a general practise. In fact, it is a rare practise, especially as it affects the amateurs, because even a fellow who regards a sport promoter as fair enough prey is not necessarily mean enough to charge a kids' ball team fifty cents for printing the line-up and score by innings. But it does happen.

IN some localities the policy of a paper may permit the sport editor to operate a fight club, and, of course, in that case, the club gets none the worst of it in the matter of publicity in his paper. This doesn't comport with newspaper ethics, but inasmuch as there is nothing clandestine about it, I don't see how the revenue thus derived can be described as graft.

Strictly speaking, it shouldn't be done, because a sport writer often finds himself in the position of a judge, and no judge should have financial relations with the defendants or litigants who come before him. If there is a rotten card arranged for next Friday night's show, he is not likely to say so in print when he owns all or part of the club or one of the fighters on the program. As an impartial reporter he might intimate to the public that it would be well worth their while to stay away.

One weakness of the papers themselves lies in the fact that almost any one who can operate a typewriter and keep score is regarded as a qualified sport writer. He gets a measly salary, but his name is signed over his copy, and in the course of time he begins to be regarded as a local celebrity.

The sport promoters in various lines come to regard him as an important fellow because he can boost or ignore their shows at his discretion. The boss editor lets him alone.

I DON'T mean to allege that all low-salaried sport writers and desk men are recipients of the sport promoters' grudging largess, but I do venture the idea that those who go for the stuff are low-salaried men who are expected to go along for years pretending to be big people, as their local fame would indicate, but who inwardly are ashamed of their wages.

Furthermore, a writer who stays up half the night going to some sport event where the customers give up from $5,000 to $2,000,000, and then stays up the rest of the night writing about the glories of those concerned, is likely to feel that but for him the fighters or players and the promoter himself would be back tending bar in a speak-easy. Then, if some performer or promoter grandly offers to tool him home to his eighty-dollar flat in a $10,000 car bought with the proceeds of publicity, he may reflect that this is one hell of a note, by and large.

It is an axiom of the sport business that you have to give up money to make money. But I should like to relate the incident of a sport writer—a bright, educated fellow holding an important job, but miserably underpaid—who called on a big man one day. The big man had just made about $500,000 in one of the great sport demonstrations and he wanted to do something generous, so he called the writer aside and nearly tore his coat off his back trying to jam a roll of bills that looked like a bolt of billiard cloth into his pocket.

There was a $100 bill on the outside of the roll, and the sport writer hadn't fifty dollars in the world, but he refused to leave the room with a dollar of the money.

"Hell!" he said. "I'd like to have the dough, but you know I don't go for that stuff. But if you insist on giving me a present, what about a quart of real Scotch?"

THE END

Going Strong

Johnnie Walker CIGARETTES for 20 20¢

Extremely Mild

Use Neet Hairs Gone

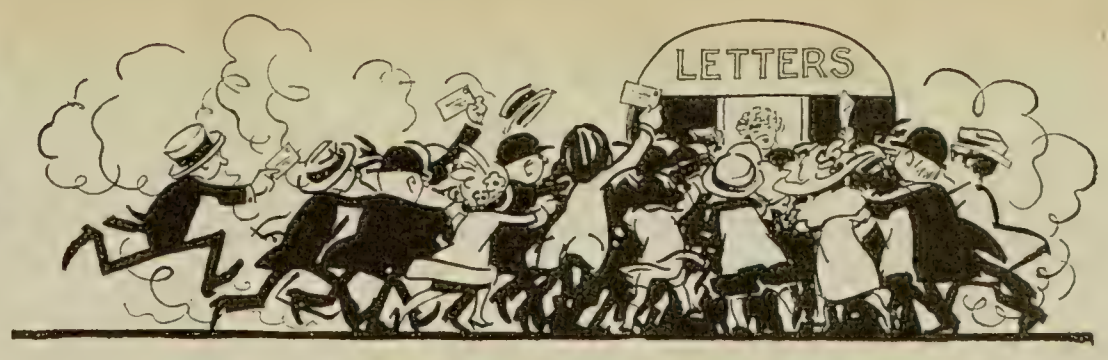
Feel Difference

See and feel the amazing difference when you remove superfluous hairs with Neet. This ready to use cream Neet removes hair by dissolving it—brings unexpected new comfort and beauty. Unlike any other method—note the difference.

When shaved, your skin feels like a man's face. Underarm surfaces rub. Sharp cut hairs scratch and show. The skin becomes dark and hair coarse. The pores enlarged. But Neet dissolves hair at the roots and positively retards regrowth. You apply Neet cream just as it comes from the tube, then simply rinse all hair away. Passing your hand over the surface shows surprising perfection of lovely, smooth skin surface. And reveals why millions of women everywhere prefer this method. Simply wonderful—quick and amazingly thorough—for use over the larger surfaces of legs and arms. Druggists everywhere sell Neet. Buy a package. Learn the difference at once. Money back if you are not positively delighted.

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Vox Pop



Immoral Americans

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Jack Lozier, in a letter to Vox Pop, said: "The American girl is getting away with entirely too much, here in these United States. . . . I am just an average young American, with enough gumption and determination to bring her down to earth, so that I, in dealing with her, can obtain a semblance of an even break."

Just where the American girl gets all "the breaks" with the American man is something I should like to have shown to me. I drive half a block in a man's car, and he has his hand on my knee! This is before he has even bought me a two-cent stamp. They'll give a girl the sleeves out of their vests, any time.

Give me a rich man! He'll spend his money on me for innocent recreation; at no time is he ever a sex hound. But what has the automobile, in the hands of poor American men, done for the destruction of womanhood!

What European men I have met have wanted me for a wife. But my own countrymen whisper of the joys of free love—not motherhood or wifehood. Let's clean up American manhood, which today is a disgrace. Then women will become far better, too. Women are exactly what men make out of them.—*Mona.*

You May Ask; But Who Can Answer?

HOLYOKE, MASS.—May I ask several questions?

1. How can you tell whether a fellow loves you or not?

2. Is there any harm in girls going out with sailors (Navy)?

3. Can you ever get a nice fellow by picking him up on a street corner?

Kindly answer these in your Twenty Questions within two weeks, as I wish to know by then.—*Lola.*

Immune

NORFOLK, VA.—To those critics of Viña Delmar who denounce her, in Vox Pop, as an obscene realist, I should like to ask if any have read modern Russian literature, or The Green Hat? Why, the woman's tame!—*S. C. B. (Female).*

The Trouble Is, Sensible People Never Rise Up

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—It is refreshing to see you take the stand you do against oppressive blue laws. Many other journals would, too, if they had the nerve to oppose the paid reformers—who make a good thing out of it.

I do not drink, myself, but I have eyes to see the absolute futility of enforcing the very inexpedient and expensive Eighteenth Amendment.

What a farce it is! The day is not far distant when the sensible people of the country will rise up and tell these reformers, in no uncertain terms, to live their own lives and not meddle in others'.—*W. F. Willcox.*

No Luck

BOWLING GREEN, KY.—I have searched eagerly for some of the li-

centiousness that has so roused the ire of the fine puritanical nincompoops who read LIBERTY. I've searched in vain—alas, alack, and alackaday, I must admit defeat.—*Gilbert Slater.*

"If That Be Treason . . ."

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—I want to take exception to the editorials wherein you attempt to influence your readers for a modification of the Eighteenth Amendment. It does not behoove the editor of so popular a publication as LIBERTY to stand before the public a traitor to the best interests of his country.

No one can deny that prohibition is for the best interests of the majority. The argument that each State or community should decide for itself is such an antiquated argument from the wet element that it does not merit discussion.—*I. M. Felch.*

An Example to the Young

MATTOON, ILL.—I take great exception to the Rev. H. H. Duck's statement in Vox Pop. There is no story printed that could do the younger generation more good than the story of Richthofen, the great German ace.

It's a true story of courage and manliness and a great one for any young blood to read.—*Pat William.*

You'd Be Surprised

GREENSBORO, N. C.—I, and quite a number of your friends, am grieved to see you publish the article on Richthofen, the German ace. There is no place here in America for such an article at this time.—*H. Boater.*

Soldiers Like It

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Allow me to congratulate you on the splendid story, The Red Knight of Germany, now running in instalment form in your popular weekly.

I await with great impatience the approach of Monday morning, when I am able to go to my news-dealer and secure a copy of LIBERTY which is already reserved for me. It certainly gives me an old-fashioned kick to read the stirring adventures of this deadly war bird.

Having been overseas during the trying years of 1917 and 1918, and attached to the same army division as the heroic author of this story, and bearing witness to no less than a dozen thrilling air battles between Allied and German airmen, perhaps I am in a better position to appreciate the veracity of these soul-stirring incidents that are related by the author in his incomparable style. More power to Floyd!—*Daniel W. Krulewitch.*

A Language Lesson

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The story of the Kaiser's deadliest war kid is a kid of a story, but why not either print it all in English or all in German?

Liebe Mama is not English, and some of your readers may not be so good at translating German as Floyd Gibbons must be.—*E. M. Burnett.*

That Rare Virtue—Fairness

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—I have just finished reading The Gettysburg Fourth of July, by Frederick Palmer, and would say it is one of the most interesting articles I have ever read.

Mr. Palmer is to be congratulated on such a splendid article, which, though true in every detail, was as fair to one side as to the other. It was a fine page from history.—*Eugene Yates.*

That Was Before Einstein

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.—My compliments to our friend Sam Loyd for his puzzles, but in his July 2 one—the distance between Laramie, Wyoming, and Rock Springs, Wyoming—tell him he's all wet. The shortest running distance today is via the Union Pacific Railroad—which is 236 miles. It couldn't have been less in the old days.—*H. D. Stangle.*

A Good Loser

DURHAM, N. C.—Your dissatisfied readers should cut out their cry-baby act, put on in Vox Pop.

I've been betting myself a nickel every week for quite a while that I'd find something in LIBERTY worth the time it would take for an adult to read it. I'm a big loser, so far, but I'm not crying out loud about it.—*D. O'Brien.*

Send Him Along

BRAZIL, IND.—Do you actually pay Ralph Barton *real money* for his News of the World? I have a patient—a young man—who persists in drawing cartoons and landscapes similar to dear Ralph's. His parents have asked me to call for an inquest into his sanity, but I advised that we consult LIBERTY. Perhaps we can get him on to your staff.—*R. W. Hawkins, M. D.*

A Sacramento Knocker

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Extra! Extra!—by Campbell MacCulloch—was great stuff and will save thousands of would-be moving-picture stars from disappointment. Why not another article by Mr. MacCulloch telling the truth about employment conditions, aside from pictures, in Los Angeles?

Salaries, wages, and the returns from small business houses are lower there than in any other American city, and unemployment is greater.—*H. S. Fredrick.*

You Tell 'Em

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Tell all the old crabs that don't like LIBERTY to get back into the water!—*A. M. R.*

From a Cynic

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Have just read Master George Blair's criticism of Vox Poppers. George, George, don't you know that if this page showed its contributors as literary and art critics, minus opinionated ideas and suggestions, it simply *wouldn't* be Vox Pop?—*Robert R. P.*

That's the Point—He Was

CELINA, TENN.—A word about your article The Greatest Sport in the World.

I have never been tiger-hunting with General William Mitchell, in India or any other place, but I have seen samples of granite from all over the world, and I'll tell you that tiger must have been terribly aggravated to have made scratches a half inch deep, in that outcrop.—*Ronald Mabrey.*

Contest, Please!

SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, N. H.—There's no doubt that by this time all the interested readers of your magazine are hoping and waiting for you to start up another contest.—*Michael O'Malley.*

99,999

NEW YORK, N. Y.—LIBERTY reminds me of a cat with nine lives,

as it is picked to death every week at least twenty times—*J. W. C.*

Feels Squeezed Out

FRESNO, CALIF.—"A Weekly for Everybody." Bah! Where do the in-betweens come in at? Can't *we* have a story once in a while?—*Olive Anderson (a fourteen-year-old).*

He Knows What Women Will Do!!

CHAPLEAN, CAN.—I don't believe I ever read such rot—absolute piffle—as that story She Told on Herself. A girl with a husband and family like she has doesn't do those things out of loneliness.—*J. W. Trusler.*

Active Women of Today Are Free

From the handicap of yesterday's hygienic worries

Positive Protection, Under ALL Conditions, Plus Freedom Forever From the Embarrassment of Disposal, is Provided, This NEW Way, Which is Changing the Hygienic Habits of Women by the Millions.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

ONE no longer fears sheer frocks, but *wears* them. The modern woman meets every day at her best—unhandicapped by even the most trying hygienic situation.

The uncertainty of the old-time "sanitary pad" has been supplanted with modern protection—protection that is absolute.

Women by countless thousands are constantly flocking to its use. Doctors urge it. Nurses employ it.

The name is KOTEX—different in every way from any other product of like nature known.

What Kotex is

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as the ordinary cotton pad.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal.

It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends *all* fear of offending.

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* sanitary napkin embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding.

It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere, without hesitancy, simply by saying "Kotex." Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes, the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Easy Disposal

and 2 other important factors

(1) Disposed of as easily as tissue. No laundry.

(2) True protection—5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton.

(3) Obtain without embarrassment, at any store,* simply by saying "Kotex."

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS — DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

The BELTOGRAM
a distinctive Belt
WATCH GUARD

NATURALLY, your choice will bear the name HICKOK—because only HICKOK Belts and Buckles are made in such wide variety of beautiful designs and harmonious colors—and only in HICKOK merchandise can you be sure of authoritative style and unmatched value.

Buckles and Beltograms in HICKOK Plate, Master Plate and Sterling Silver—Belts in a variety of leathers and color tones, at your Men's Wear or Department Store—Priced $1, $2, $3, $5 and up.

HICKOK

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

New York *Chicago* *Los Angeles* *Toronto*

A RIDE in the Country

A Mile-a-Minute Romance

By GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

A SERIAL

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

(Reading time: 18 minutes 30 seconds.)

PATS SCHUYLER was a restless flame of a girl. Desire to shine in her eyes made a young devil out of Speed Thatcher.

When his father refused to let him use the family car to take her to a dance, he conceived the desperate plan of stealing one for the evening. And he put it through.

He picked the lock of a neighbor's garage, drove a car out, and, for caution's sake, stopped at the garage of Mike the Gyp and "lifted" a set of new number plates. But changing the plates took time. When he arrived at Pats' home he heard the crushing news that she had gone to the dance with his rival. He followed and found her—wearing the other fellow's frat pin!

Then the real blow fell. He learned that the police were looking for the stolen car. In high excitement he bore Pats off in a dance and told her that he had stolen a car for her sake, and was going out of town—and to hell.

Pats, catching his recklessness, called to everybody to rally round and announced that she and Speed were engaged—to go to hell together. When he left the ball-room she waved to him, laughing shrilly.

Speed climbed into the stolen car and went straight to Mike the Gyp. Mike gave him a note of introduction to Beaut Thibaut, boss auto thief, with headquarters in Bridgeton. Off the boy started for the underworld.

To avoid reaching Bridgeton before daylight, he drew up at the entrance of a road into the woods. Something stirred in the back part of the car—rose and threw off the robe. It was Pats Schuyler! She climbed over into the front seat, stated that she'd come for keeps, and in the face of his violent protest went to sleep on his shoulder.

She stared him in the eye. "There's no such person lives here." "All right, then—hand him this!" said Thatcher promptly.

PART THREE

A STOLEN car was bad enough; but kidnaping a young girl—there was some legal penalty attached to it, he had read somewhere. He wondered just what it was. There was only one thing, he decided finally—to take her down to a railroad station in the morning and ship her home alone.

He looked down at the soft-haired, white-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY
Continued from Page Sixty-seven]

coated lightness on his shoulder; heard her childlike breathing.

He smiled to himself. The little fool, always playing with dynamite. Going to hell—with him! She was going home—that's where she was going!

He leaned carefully down and kissed her disordered hair. And suddenly she started, stiffened—sneezed!

He reached back quickly, gripped the robe, brought it up—and folded it around her not too heavily coated form. She smiled gratefully, snuggled down again upon his shoulder, and like a drowsy child went promptly back to sleep.

There were some faint signs of dawn. A dog barked, a rooster called. The blue light grew a little grayer in the wood road before him. And, with the well known weakness of human nature, Speed Thatcher went to sleep.

II

WHEN he awoke, with a sudden jerk, it was light. He was chilled and stiff; his arm was numb where the girl had been lying on it. His wrist watch said seven-thirty—about time to move on.

"Pats," he said, starting to wake her—and stopped, all at once seeing what it was that had aroused him.

Two men in overalls—house-painters, they looked like—who had evidently been spying on them, had turned back to their flivver up the road without too much haste. When they saw him turn toward them, they laughed, made uncouth and foolish noises, and, waving their hands at him humorously, got into their car and drove off.

Speed Thatcher's spirits sank even lower than before.

"Pats," he called, "wake up. Wake up!"

She responded slowly to his shaking.

"Where am I?" she asked wonderingly—staring out into the wet woods around them.

"Oh, yes," she answered herself, looking up at Thatcher; and yawned like a sleepy, pink-mouthed white kitten, and settled back again against his shoulder.

Her hair against his neck tickled him—irritated him; and her whole attitude of irresponsibility—with the memory of the glances of their recent visitors still like fresh salt upon his raw nerves.

"Wake up—wake up!" he said, and gripped her still more roughly.

She shook herself like a canary after a bath.

"Oh, yes; my wedding morning," she said brightly. "I must prepare."

With other birdlike motions, she fluffed up her hair, took her vanity case—that latest toy—from where it hung upon her arm, and started on a course of renovation.

"Haven't you neglected a formality?" she inquired after a moment, calmly.

"Which?"

"I don't know from experience—but isn't it usual in elopements to kiss the little bride good morning?" she inquired, her hand stealing into his.

He kissed her and grinned; and disengaged his hand at once—coming back to his senses and his anxieties.

"This is no elopement," he told her briefly.

"Oh? No?" she asked lightly; and, touching her finger to her lips, she laid it softly upon his.

"No!"

"You forget my ultimatum to you last night."

He made no answer—taking out a cigarette.

"My purpose of going with you on your long, long downward journey—unless you could show me one good reason why, if you went, your child wife should not follow on, faithful to death."

"Don't start that stuff over again," young Thatcher told her, and lighted up.

"All right," she agreed—"if you will give me one of those!"

He let her have one of his few remaining cigarettes — with extreme reluctance. She wanted her morning cigarette just about the same as a morning moth ball; but nothing on earth would have prevented her taking one, on general principles, since he did!

"Not much of a wedding day," she remarked, lighting up.

Instead of answering, he gazed off, inhaling and expelling smoke gloomily.

It was a cheerless morning, after a messy night. He started the car, backed out, and headed down the hill to the shallow blue and rusty valley.

He stopped at the nearest filling station, and put a dollar of his two-seventy-three into five gallons of gasoline.

A frowsy youngish man took the dollar bill in silence, with a wise and humorous look as he passed his eye over them.

"How far is it to the next railroad station?" Speed asked.

"About four miles down."

They started on, the eyes of the quiet observer following them.

"What's the new idea?" Thatcher's young companion was inquiring, engaged now in the proper adjustment of an eyebrow before the small mirror.

"You ought to know without further explanation," young Thatcher told her viciously, raw from the stares of the gasoline man at her.

"I may be dumb, but I haven't the slightest notion," she replied, examining herself with a still greater calm. "But I hope you don't think the little bride is going to leave you."

"Oh, drop it! You're not a perfect fool," he told her savagely.

"Possibly not," she agreed cheerfully. "Yet I'm still waiting anxiously for one reason from you why I must leave you."

"Oh, forget it. Don't start on that again," he said, still more savagely.

IT was the morning after, and then some! He drove on sullenly down the road. It ran along below the dismal embankment of a railroad. Occasionally a freight chuffed and rattled by, or a little local passenger train darted down the blue-black rails, raining cinders.

He said nothing as he got out and went into the small dejected country station, with its smeared doors and seat-backs, and its smell of long-dead tobacco.

"What time's the next train north?" he asked the unsocial back of the station agent.

There was nothing for an hour and a half, from there.

"And when is there one out of Bridgeton?"

There would be one in only three-quarters of an hour from Bridgeton.

Thatcher took back the results of the fact-finding expedition to the girl in the car.

"But why all this misspent energy? What's the difference when their old trains go?" she asked, surveying him with calm blue eyes. "Is it your purpose to ship me home, perchance?"

"I had something of that idea—yes."

"That would be wonderful, wouldn't it?" she replied, indicating her white coat and bare head and rose-and-silver evening clothes. "To have me drop in via the old home railroad station—in the fresh of the morning—in this! That would certainly establish my reputation once and forever with all!"

The expressions on the faces of the two

They breakfasted on hot dogs and coffee and a cruller

each, in a lunch-wagon in the center of a factory village.

house-painters and the observer at the gasoline station came vividly to young Thatcher's mind. He set his teeth.

"All right, then. I'll take you home myself—right now!" he said; and started to turn around.

The girl caught his arm. "And get yourself arrested!"

"I'll take the chance."

He had her now. This move was to be successful, apparently.

"You'll take no more chances for me," said the girl, her voice higher and her face white.

He kept on turning.

"Well, have it your own way; I'll go. But I can't go now. Don't make me—not till night—unless you have to."

"Well, I guess I can fix that someway," said young Thatcher, turning the car around again.

Now he was going to have his way..and this crazy kiddish fight of hers to go with him was over, his usual emotions toward her rushed back, all the stronger for his recent irritation. And quite naturally, while he was protecting her and her reputation, he wanted to do everything possible.

HER surrender went hard with the girl, apparently. She started trying to make alterations in it immediately.

"I'll go," she said; "that is—"

"If what?" young Thatcher asked her sharply.

She was still a moment.

"Speed," she said then, "is it a dead loss? Do you actually have to go through with this?"

"Absolutely."

"And steal this car and leave—forever?"

He didn't answer for the minute—after that last word! And when he did, he nodded instead of speaking.

It was the girl who found her voice first.

"Well, that's that," she said. "And now, what are your plans for your day, personally? What would you have done if I hadn't butted in?"

"I was going to see a man who was going to help me out," Thatcher told her, without going into details.

"All right," she said. "You go right ahead as if I wasn't on earth. And get fixed the best you can, for the sake of the child wife! And we'll fix it up somehow about shipping me home tonight by train."

Her increasing cheerfulness encouraged him.

"Sure. All right. Or maybe this man can help get you home by car," he said, the idea striking him.

"That'll be fine!" she answered, her spirits bounding up again. "If it's got to be done—if you absolutely refuse my offer of marriage!"

"You crazy kid!" he said, and leaned down and kissed her. "You couldn't come along into this thing—no girl could. And, besides, the best thing you could do for me, anyhow, is to stay right there, and watch how things break, and let me know. It might be I could get back again."

"Why not? Maybe you could," she said lightly. "And, anyhow, when do we eat?"

Speed Thatcher thought anxiously of his remaining dollar and seventy-three cents. It couldn't finance any very elaborate meals, if he was going to have her carfare back—and keep her through the day; and he told her so.

"Oh, surely; that's all right," she said, always cheerful and glad to please.

THEY breakfasted on hot dogs and coffee and a cruller each, in a lunch-wagon in the center of a factory village.

Reaching into his pocket to pay for them, Speed Thatcher made a sudden second grab. His change was there, but no dollar bill!

He grabbed in several other pockets, searched the ground in vain, then paid for the hot-dog breakfast and went back.

The dollar bill might be on the floor of the car.

"Move over, Pats. Lift up your feet."

"What is it?"

"I've lost a dollar bill somewhere."

But it was nowhere to be found. It must have dropped around that gasoline station.

"More good luck," said Thatcher.

"Maybe if we went back—" she suggested.

"Not a chance. Come on."

He got in the car. Thirty-three cents left—after the hot dogs. He couldn't even pay her way back now by train.

His one bet now was his friend the boss thief—the Lounger, Beaut Thibaut, that Mike the Gyp had given him his note to—to keep him from facing the wolf.

So he put on a little more gas and drove on, in his stolen car, with the now silent girl, to meet this second man up the line in the automobile-stealing syndicate, and start in on his regular criminal career—full of hope for the future.

They drove along the dismal cinder-sided railroad, approaching Bridgeton. Standing engines in the yard threw up blue columns of steam into the damp, chill day; the grimy portals of a roundhouse opened black beyond them; cindery men in greasy caps and overalls dragged by on the dingy street.

"It must be around here somewhere that my man hangs out," said Thatcher, drawing up to the curb to inquire.

They stood before a small notion store. In the corner of the cluttered window was the sign of a blue telephone bell.

Pats Schuyler was reaching out and opening the door.

"Where now?"

"I just had a brilliant thought. Why not call up the parent and get my record straight by announcing that I was off after the dance with a girl friend for the night?"

"Want any money?" he asked her, feeling for the thirty-three cents.

"No; I'll reverse it."

He got out and made his inquiries about his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FOR A

Glorifying Bath

Beauty that lasts—natural beauty—depends above everything else upon frequent pore-cleansing baths.

For the very reason that it is made primarily for the complexion—that's why smart women prefer Jap Rose Soap for bathing as well as shampooing.

Rich in glycerine and delicately scented, the bubbly, tingling lather of this pure, transparent soap cleanses clogged pores full depth, leaving the skin soft, clear, radiant—the hair clean, lustrous, invigorated.

JAMES S. KIRK & COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

JAP ROSE SOAP

The clear soap for a clear skin

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY Continued from Page Sixty-nine]

street number while she was gone; and also looked again into the back of the car for the dollar bill—just for luck. There were no results along that line. But he was still poking around there when Pats Schuyler came out. He had discovered another loss.

"Look," he asked her. "Did you see two number plates anywhere when you first parked yourself for the night back here?"

For one of the stolen car's original plates was gone.

"I bet that was it," she replied.

"What?"

"There was something fell out," she said, "when I was waiting there, trying to make myself comfortable—when you parked me there in back of that empty house. And I didn't dare get out of the car to see what it was. Why? Does it make any difference?"

"No; not a bit!" said Speed Thatcher.

He really thought so then.

"How did you come out with your mother?" he asked, letting her in the front seat.

"Oh, all right. Mother isn't fantastic. I just told her I was out at a girl friend's house for the week-end."

"The week-end?"

"Well, I added that for good luck—if anything should happen," she explained cheerfully. "You see—if that man you're going to see didn't get me home tonight—for example!"

He gazed at her suspiciously. Was she preparing some escape from her promise to him? She evaded him, if she was.

"Poor mother!" she remarked, and started singing lightly a recent favorite:

> "Oh, smooth the hair from mother's brow.
> She never done you—done you wrong.
> She used to spank you all night long—
> You must protect her now!"

Young Thatcher started up the motor and drove in the direction of the street he was looking for—a little anxiously. The more trivial Pats was, usually, the more she had to conceal. He knew this from past experience.

They were now near their destination. Following the instructions of Mike the Gyp, Speed stopped, left the girl parked in the stolen car a block or two away, and, pulling down his hat-brim a little nervously, walked toward the address of the boss auto thief, this so-called Lounger, who was about to start him off in the underworld on the rubber tires—to pass him along the line in the long-haul automobile trade—and incidentally help him get the girl home.

III

TRAINERS of thieves—that's about what these "loungers," these second men in the long-haul automobile trade, are. They loaf around the crooked garages and the pool-rooms and the movies, keeping out of sight themselves, and watching for likely boys to work in to lift the cars for them, at so much a car.

The place where they are apt to have their rooms in the smaller cities is in one of those old slate-colored streets just out of the business center, where the big, sad-eyed old houses, which the dead local magnates built themselves years ago, stand with the "Vacancies" and "Rooms" signs in their windows.

Being mostly graduates from reform schools themselves, they want naturally to room in some central, dead, half-respectable section where the police don't come too often; and they can lie low daytimes and have their lifters drop in to tell them what they have picked up and where to find it, without publishing the fact to the world.

SPEED THATCHER found his slate-colored street, and went along it to the house he was after—a small-town palace of the '60s—a big, square cupola, and a fountain in front with a cast-iron Neptune on it, and three or four old mangy Norway spruces dying at the top.

At his ring, a fat, dog-faced woman in a soiled striped-cotton dress opened the front door and looked him up and down.

"What is it you want?"

"Is Mr. Thibaut in?"

She stared him in the eye. "There's no such person lives here."

"All right, then—hand him this!" said Thatcher promptly; and gave her his letter, and pushed on in—following the instructions of Mike the Gyp.

"Wait; I'll see."

She toiled up the high side stairs of the dead banker's black-walnut hallway.

Thatcher stood at the foot of the stairs—still following the instructions of Mike the Gyp—and stared up past the old cut-glass chandelier to the dark upstairs hallway, listening in on their talking.

"Who is he? What's he like? Send him up."

The massive lodging-house keeper lurched down the long wall stairs.

"Go on up. First door to your left."

Speed Thatcher went up, turned by the dark walnut banister in the dusk, knocked at the high black door, and waited, with much interest, for his first sight of this Lounger, this boss thief reputed around the gas-tank of Mike the Gyp to be such a hard egg—some said a murderer.

"Come in."

He went into a high, dingy room with walls a ghastly lavender from a cheap wall wash, and a big old-time black-walnut set with carved pears and apples on it. In front of the big dull glass in the walnut bureau, a young man with glossy hair stood in his shirt-sleeves, ty-

ing a costly necktie with blue and salmon stripes.

"Hello. What's new? Shut the door."

He went on tying the merry tie, with eyes on the dull, sullen mirror.

Thatcher said, "Howdy do," and looked him over—more or less surprised.

He was a dark, handsome devil—young, dressy, sleek, polished head and foot. You would never believe, at first sight, that he had got most of his education up to date in the reform school.

But he turned now and looked his caller over with still eyes, like something in the woods watching over a rock.

"So you're standing facing the wolf, huh?" he said in a hoarse voice.

"Yep," said Speed Thatcher, speaking as much like him as he could.

The sheik at the mirror undid the costly four-in-hand and started over again—with the greatest care and attention to his work.

"And you want me to push you along — down the line?"

"Yep," said Speed Thatcher again.

Being somewhat nervous, he lit up a cigarette, one of the last in his last package.

"Where's the car now? Not out in front of here?"

The still eyes stared steadily at Thatcher.

"No. Over two blocks from here."

The man with the glossy hair turned back to work on his tie. His language was not quite up to his dress.

"I never seen you before? No. Well, pass me the dope."

He kept turning his head from side to side, watching the progress of the tie, as Thatcher gave him his story.

When the knot finally satisfied him, he went in a big cavelike closet and came out in a violet-colored dressing-gown with silk lapels, like the male vamp in the movies, and started polishing his long pink finger-nails—a bright spot of elegance against the black old furniture and the smeared lavender walls.

He went over and sat on the edge of the acre or two of black-walnut bed, with Speed Thatcher sitting opposite him in an old-time cane-bottom rocking-chair.

"So that Gyp pushed you over onto me, huh?" he said, looking down at his nails and then up again.

NOW that he got down to business, his face wasn't quite so young as it looked at first. It had the still, expressionless look of those night riders that Thatcher used to see around Mike the Gyp's gas-tank.

"You think you could drive, huh?"

"I think I can, yeh," said Thatcher, still imitating him.

"Well, you're in luck, then. I've got a driving job. You've dropped in at just the right time—if you've got the nerve."

"You try me," said Speed Thatcher, aiming his lean profile at him.

"All right, I will," said the Lounger—and threw down his orange-stick. "I'm going with you—so I can see. And you're certainly in luck, at that. I've got a bum ankle that I sprained the other day, or I'd be doing my own driving."

"I see," said Speed Thatcher.

It was a funny thing—but he hadn't noticed he was lame up to that time.

But now he showed it plenty—in his right foot—when he got up from the big bed and walked over to the front window.

"The first thing," he said, looking out, standing at one side of the window, "is for you to get busy on that hot car you've lifted. Which direction is it?"

"Over this way," said Thatcher, pointing.

"Stand away from the middle of the window!" said the other man suddenly, pulling him to one side. "You don't have to advertise you're here—not on my account."

Young Thatcher apologized.

"You can't tell who might be looking," the other explained; and then went back to the subject of the stolen car.

"What do you want me to do with it?" Thatcher asked him.

"Lose it."

"Why?"

"There'll be altogether too many out looking for it," he told him, and went on to explain how he wanted him to get rid of it.

"How about the pictures on it—the number plates?" he asked.

"They're Mike the Gyp's."

"We'll have to get those off. Did you save the original ones that were on it?"

"I've got one—but I lost the other," Speed Thatcher said.

THE Lounger stood and thought it over.

"Well, I guess I'll give you another pair, anyway. It might help to hold back finding the car till we were on our way. You can take them along, and put them on, and bring the other three back."

"All right. Sure," said Speed Thatcher, coming along with him in everything—getting ready to ask his main question. He sprang it now, when the other man was through.

"There's one other thing I want you to fix for me."

"What's that?" He turned his still eyes on Speed.

"I've got a girl parked out in that car," said Thatcher, bringing it all out at once.

"Yes you have!"

Thatcher explained how it happened. Instead of making trouble for him, it seemed to help him along. A gleam of sympathetic interest appeared in the Lounger's eye.

"A regular guy, huh?" he said, with the most cordiality yet. "You bring your own. Well, all right—that makes it easier. I got a jane of my own I was going to ring in on the trip. We'll make it a foursome—a regular family party."

"But—" young Thatcher stammered.

"But what?"

"I've got to get her home tonight."

The other man hesitated at that, and his face lost something of its recent warmth. But he went on just the same—smiling now. And the idea in Thatcher's head grew that he might be needed as much in this driving job—whatever it was—as he himself needed the other man.

"A one-night party? Well, we can fix that, too," he promised.

"But what'll I do with her in the meanwhile—if you say you want me to lose that car right off?"

"I'll give you a note to this jane of mine, over in Fleetleigh," he told him. "You can park her there through the day."

HE went on then, giving him all the directions about where he'd take the girl and where he'd drop the car, where it would be least noticed, after fixing up the number plates—after all of which he was to come back and get full details of the trip they were going off on together.

"And I've got to send you out to do a lot of errands I'd do myself if it wasn't for this bum leg of mine."

He started over to the old bureau to write his note, with some paper and ink on the dark marble top, when he said this; starting out not so lame, but getting lamer and lamer—in his right foot.

He handed the note to Thatcher when it was finished, and then he reached into an upper drawer of the bureau.

"You got one of these?" he asked, bringing out a husky thick-set automatic pistol.

"Not a very good one."

"Take this along. It's always just as well to have one—if things break wrong and you want to shoot your way out," he said; and pitched the pistol over on the big bed, like an old glove.

"Sure," said Speed Thatcher in a hard, firm voice—taking the thing in chilly fingers; wondering about this expedition they were on—murder or what?

"We all carry them—in the trade," the other man explained. "You might as well get used to them."

"Sure," said Thatcher—sliding the heavy thing down into his side pocket.

"Tell the old woman to bring me up my breakfast," said his new sleek-haired boss in the violet silk lounging-robe. "I don't want to have to use this leg any more than necessary."

Speed Thatcher went out into the dim hall and down the still stairs where the local magnate used to tramp down for his neat breakfasts, and gave his message to the big dog-faced lodging-house keeper, who watched him carefully till the door slammed behind him.

With his new pistol in his pocket, and his thirty-three cents in change, and the note to that girl in the Fleetleigh flat, Speed passed down the old brick walk—on his way to his new life.

"You got one of these?" he asked, bringing out a husky thick-set automatic pistol.

This boy and the girl who is waiting for him are to enter a world as strange as another planet. Follow them in next week's instalment.

Have You Tried This French Beauty Secret?

Your skin feels like rare velvet

SENSATIONAL IN IMMEDIATE RESULTS

REFRESHING

ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS

HERE is another new, charming secret from France—a delightful bath that immediately gives the skin a sensation of having bathed in rich cream.

Merely dissolve two or more handfuls of LINIT in a half tubful of moderately warm water—bathe as usual, using your favorite soap—step out of the tub—dry off—and then, feel your skin—

The rarest velvet couldn't be smoother and the down on the most delicate flower couldn't be softer!

This soft, satiny "feel" comes from an extremely thin "layer" of LINIT—invisible to the eye—left on the skin after the bath. This thin, porous coating of powder is *evenly* spread—not in spots that it may clog the pores—but *thinly* and *evenly* distributed over all parts of the body.

And the most astonishing thing about this new LINIT Beauty Bath is that the cost is negligible—practically a penny a bath.

THE outstanding attraction of a LINIT Bath is that the results are immediate. You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement in your skin—simply swish two or more handfuls of LINIT in the tub, bathe, and instantly you sense the refreshing difference in your skin.

VERY IMPORTANT TO YOU!

THE fact that LINIT is sold by all grocers as the finest laundry starch and is also recommended for use as a remarkable beauty bath, may seem rather far-fetched to some women—however, the statements made above are endorsed by leading chemists and dermatologists.

LINIT is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let the results speak for themselves.

Merely ask your grocer for a package of* LINIT *and follow the above suggestions.

IMPORTANT: Should you experience any difficulty in procuring LINIT, write to Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. L, 17 Battery Place, New York. Being a comparatively new product, LINIT is not as yet widely distributed.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

? ? ?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What is the smallest bird in the world?

2—Can hyenas be tamed?

3—What woman was the wife of one French king and the mother of three?

4—What States have the largest number of flying-fields?

5—Why is the Presidential residence called the White House?

6—What are the doldrums?

7—What was the longest prize-fight ever fought?

8—Name the one-eyed face cards in a deck of playing cards.

9—How many passengers sailed on the Mayflower from Plymouth, England, to Plymouth, Massachusetts?

10—Does catgut come from cats?

11—In how many wars has the United States participated since the Declaration of Independence?

12—When and where was the first oil-well in the United States discovered?

13—What is the world's annual production of diamonds, and from where do most of them come?

14—What European nation has changed its monetary standard since the World War?

15—Who invented the saxophone and why is it so called?

16—Who was the youngest President of the United States?

17—What President served only one month of his term?

18—Where is the largest iron-mine in the United States?

19—What was the origin of the word "mausoleum"?

20—What prominent American's portrait appeared upon the first postage stamps issued in the United States?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What is the origin of the word "Anzac"?

A.—It is a composite word made from the initials of the Australian-New Zealand Army Corps.

2—What is the highest point on the continent of North America? The lowest?

A.—The highest is Mount McKinley, Alaska. The lowest is Death Valley, California.

3—Who was the oldest signer of the Declaration of Independence?

A.—Benjamin Franklin.

4—What State has the greatest proportion of women workers? What State has the smallest proportion?

A.—South Carolina has the largest proportion of its women at work, with more than one-third. West Virginia has the smallest—about one-ninth.

5—What was the Gadsden purchase?

A.—It was the acquisition by treaty with Mexico in 1853 of 45,535 square miles of land now forming part of Arizona and New Mexico.

6—What famous American flier is also widely known as an inventor of airplane appliances?

A.—Commander Richard Evelyn Byrd, who flew over the North Pole and across the Atlantic, invented the bubble sextant, and perfected the sun compass and the drift-indicator.

7—What letter in the English language is used more often than any other?

A.—The letter *e* occurs more often than any other in ordinary writing. The letter *a* is next in frequency.

8—What proportion of Americans have life insurance?

A.—According to a recent estimate, at least 60,000,000, or about 50 per cent, have life insurance in some form.

9—How many eggs does a hen lay in a year?

A.—The record production, 351 eggs in 365 days, was made by Maizie, owned by the University of British Columbia. The ordinary hen, however, lays from fifty to 150 less.

10—To how many different tastes is the tongue susceptible?

A.—There are only five true tastes, according to scientists. They are bitter, sweet, acid, alkaline, and salt.

11—What is the largest circulation ever reached by a newspaper?

A.—A circulation of more than 2,000,000 copies daily is credited to the *Petit Parisien*, published at Paris, France. This is believed to be a world's record.

12—What are the recognized divisions of singing voices?

A.—Soprano and contralto, among women singers; tenor, barytone, and bass among men singers.

13—What is the longest railroad tunnel in the world?

A.—The tunnel between Brig and Isella, Switzerland, which is twelve and one-quarter miles long.

14—From what States does the United States peanut crop mainly come?

A.—From Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee.

15—What was the origin of the dollar sign—$?

A.—The origin of the dollar sign—$—has been accounted for in various ways; but it probably was a modified figure 8, denoting a "piece of eight": that, is, eight reals—an old Spanish coin of the value of a dollar.

16—Whence came the ordinary numerals we use today?

A.—They were introduced into Europe by the Arabs, who derived them from Hindustan.

17—What was the date of the first issue of LIBERTY WEEKLY?

A.—LIBERTY WEEKLY first appeared on May 10, 1924.

18—What people first wore undershirts?

A.—The Romans, during the reign of Augustus (63 B. C.—A. D. 14).

19—What proportion of people are "left-handers"?

A.—From 2 to 9 per cent.

20—What is glass made of?

A.—The principal ingredients of ordinary glass are sand, lime, and some form of alkali.

WATCH Your STEP

When Buying Dance Frocks

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

IN dance frocks we should reverse the whole order of the trimming that we are used to for daytime, and everywhere that a day frock is plain a dance frock should be flowing. One should be careful of those plain backs, because when we take the long dance steps, onlookers get the lines of the body too plainly as the tight surface draws over it.

If there is a more perfect way for making yourself unpopular than to have something crushable on the front of your dance frock, I don't know about it; and front draperies are ugly when dancing. The very things that are so pretty when walking, such as fullness pulled forward and front plaits, are positively ungraceful in the dance.

An important item in a dance dress is not to have too much of a curve showing down where the belt comes. You have heard the words of the poet who said, "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." There is another feature in that pageant that must be as free as joy, and that is the waist of the women's dresses in the rear, as well as all that area round about it.

You see, a man's hand comes on the small of the back, and unless you have something to fly out beyond it, above and beneath, you get an ugly line. It goes in too much and then goes out again, not with an independent freedom of motion, but tightly, following the lines of your hips and showing them in a bold way—almost.

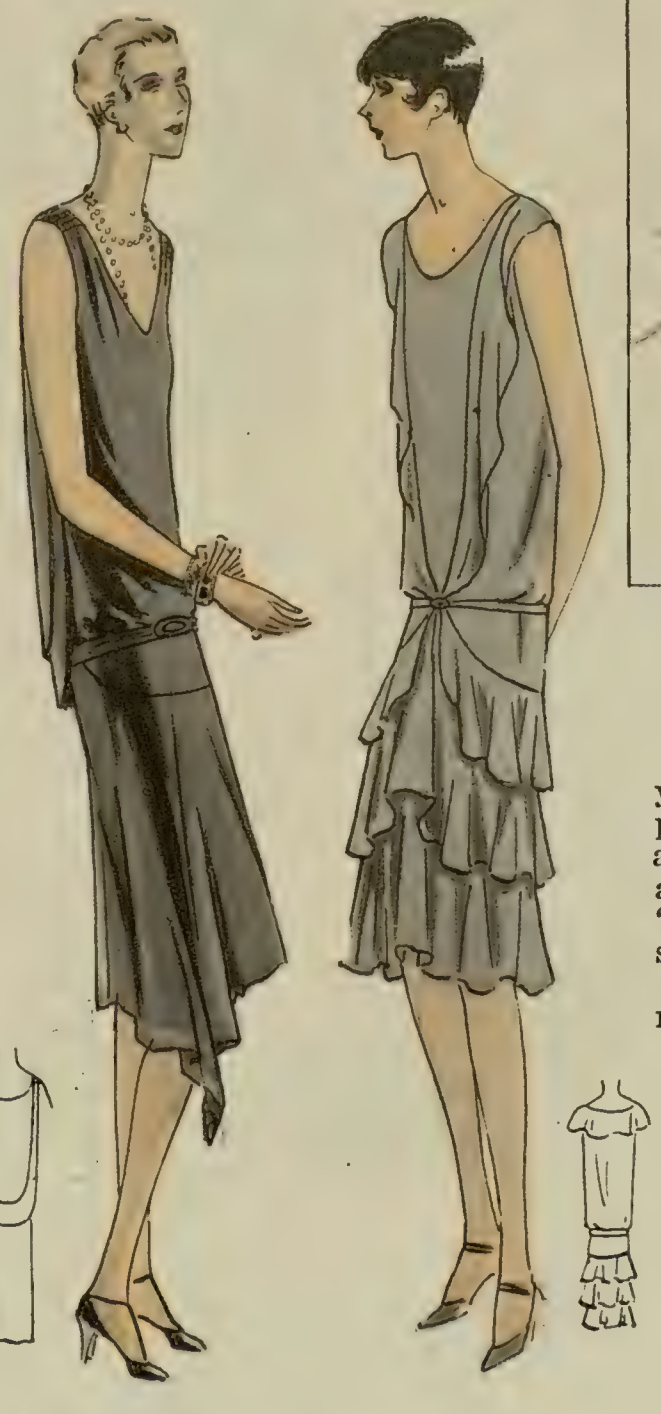
There should be lines that float and swathe and dip and wave, and ride the air like wings and airplaning. Something ought to hang from the shoulders, keeping the back trimmed, such as a bolero, or a long scarf in the line of the train of old. So many people dance with backs bare and with a tight look to them that is very homely in the Terpsichorean movement.

The dress shown with the double bolero is excellent not only because of its freedom of line in the bodice, but on account of the side drapery that sways and swings as one dances.

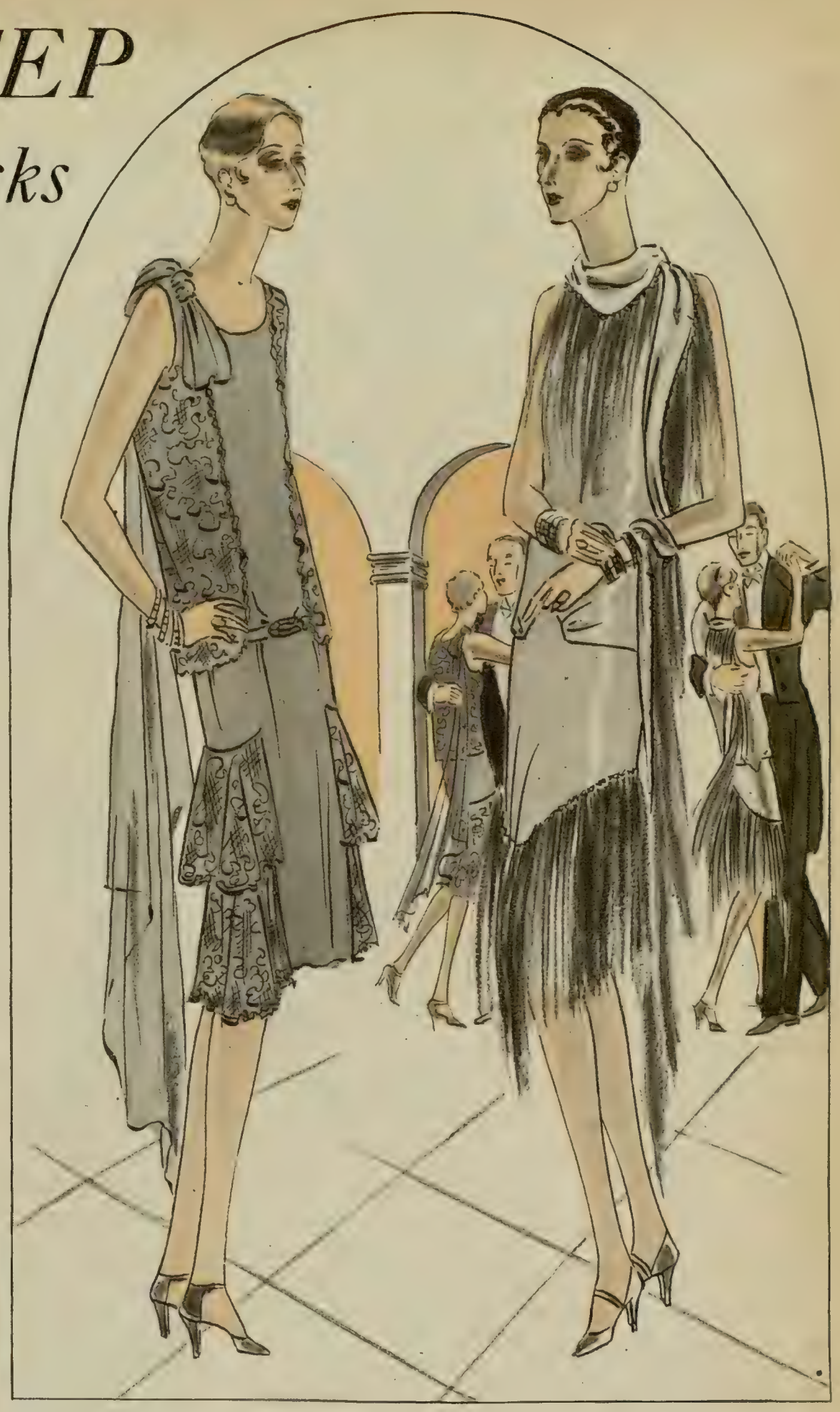
As for other trimmings, there are ruffles, always ruffles, as on the young girl's frock in the model with three of them going round the skirt and the top slanting up both sides of the front of the dress in a line that twists round the neck in a ruffle that is a collar. These fan above and below the waistline when one dances.

There is one invariable rule for buying such a frock, and that is to think of it in movement. We are beginning at last to accept the *robe de style*, almost to the extent of popularizing it. And the first evidence of their success is that one sees them where they are not appropriate to be worn. This is on crowded dance floors.

After all, the law of doing unto others as you would like them to do to you is suitable for determining fashions as well as for regulating the rest of the universe. You would not like people to get in your way on a twenty-five-foot-square dance floor with a frock that spreads out over about a quarter of it.



A BLACK chiffon dress (left) with a double bolero in back; and (right) a frock of peach chiffon with ruffles round the skirt, the top one going up the bodice.



GREEN chiffon made this frock, with the bolero and ruffles of lace dyed green.

THIS dance dress of cream-colored satin has a fringed scarf of the material.

In such a costume you look selfish, inappropriately dressed, and even awkward, or as if you didn't know "what is what," as the saying goes.

Three couples come near crowding the floor of some night clubs, and a robe de style takes up just about as much space as three more couples would occupy. There is a type of evening dress for each occasion, and the background of the robe de style is the private home.

Your evening dresses should look as if they had come very easy and were put on without difficulty. Only older women wear important-looking evening clothes.

There are pink chiffon frocks with fluffy backs, and there are slenderer dresses with pieces of the material of different colors in geometrical shapes sewed on the body of them. This is a manifestation of the cubist influence. Triangles and points of pale green or sharp blue incrustations are very attractive appliquéd on a dress of beige color.

FOR intimate gatherings and the theater there are skirts of chiffon with Chantilly lace flounces cut rounded or in sharp teeth. The bodice is slender and is made over pink. The slim pale rose outline to the waist in contrast with the full somber skirt is most elegant.

An excellent dance frock is the model with a long scarf of fringe, one end of which may well hang very low in the back, and thus counteract the effect of the waist, which reaches higher than in front.

Another model has a long scarf draped in the manner of the old-time train, but not descending to floor length.

PARIS shows a new shoulder line (left), achieved by a scarf collar with long revers. Patou's corduroy sports coat (right) is ideal for late summer and early fall.

The LONG and the SHORT of the Smart Coat

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, July 24.

THE fireworks of Paris fashions, which are usually set off with great brilliancy during the Grande Semaine, were somewhat dampened this year. The Weather Deity decided the issue of styles in favor of the Wets. The Grande Semaine—or the Big Week as translated—the last days of the great fashion and social season of Paris, is famous for forecasting future modes. In this, that confidant of Mr. O'Leary, the Weather Man, always takes a hand.

If the days are fine and sunny, fashions are rarely forecast beyond the next six weeks of summer. But when, as this year, the season is sunless and summerless, the clothes worn are apt to indicate trends for fall.

So much the better. By the time the big news reaches waiting womenkind, our thoughts have taken on a distinctly autumnal tinge as regards what we will wear.

This year the many gatherings of beauty, chivalry, and chic constituted the most forceful of demonstrations in favor of the smart coat as the chief item of woman's apparel. There were long coats and short coats, and coats neither long nor short. Most smart coats are collarless, and the furless wrap is distinctly in the advance guard of styles.

The most novel and significant detail of the new kind of coat smart women are wearing is the shoulder line. It is evident that the coat is shouldering a new kind of chic. Removing the collar makes the shoulder line more important. Many new coats show a shoulder line that slopes in the Victorian manner and avoids the squared line that has dominated for so long a time, aping the athletic contours of masculine clothes.

Some fashionable women, earlier in the summer, wore coats with little half-capes over the shoulders, which were the forerunners of the present drooping-shoulder-line coats. At the very fashionable Fête des Elégances, in the Polo Field of the Bois de Boulogne, these coats were worn by many of the smartest women of the international smart set in Paris. This is the final daytime event of the Grande Semaine, and Society's swan-song for the dying season had, as usual, a number of notes touching the high ranges of fashion.

A great number of fashionable women wore simple, furless black coats, which were distinctive because of cut and detail. Mme. Jacques Balsan (Consuelo Vanderbilt) wore such a wrap, which is shown in the sketch at the extreme left. This black duvetyne coat is an excellent example of the new shoulder line of Paris. It is a beautifying treatment for the rather high and square shoulders of Anglo-Saxon women, since it softens and makes graceful their contours without making them look bulky. The erstwhile Duchess is extremely slender and tall, and this type of coat is particularly suitable for the tall, slim woman.

The body of this coat is straight-lined, with sleeves set in raglan fashion on a sloping line. Over the shoulders a wide scarf is placed, draped slightly just at the neck, and fitting across the back and shoulders. It becomes wide revers in front. The sleeves, which are tight-fitting below the elbows and tied at the wrist, are another important detail of this very smart coat. So, too, is the curved hemline which makes it longer in back than in front.

From present indications, looking fallward, it appears that surfaces will have a good deal to do with future fashions. Summer styles have had a satin sheen, which is now changing to the luster of velvet.

ANOTHER fabric, introduced by Jean Patou, which is fashionable and very, very practical, is a corduroy with the shimmer of silk velvet and the laundry-endurance of unbleached muslin. Patou uses a very narrow-wale corduroy, which appears to be pin-striped and in the loveliest of colors. Our model shows one of his corduroy coats worn by the Comtesse Bouet de Willaumez at the Polo de Bagatelle.

The Comtesse is a typical English girl, tall, blonde, and with a white-and-rose complexion. The color of her coat, a sort of rose henna, became her and added elegance to the material of the coat.

The shoulder arrangement of this coat consists of deep back and front yokes with the stripes of the corduroy running horizontally, while in the body of the coat they are vertical. Cuffs and side pockets are also made on the horizontal. With this coat the Comtesse wore a simple frock of ibis crepe marocain with a tucked blouse and plaited skirt, a black felt hat with an ibis-colored brim and bands, and a pink rose in her lapel.

The Chanel coat, of blue crepe, is straight in line, and gets its extreme cachet from its simplicity and its shoulder and collar lines. It is worn over a Chanel frock with a skirt made of narrow ruffles of lace, beige in color, and a simple blouse, also of lace.

Our short-coat model is also of extreme chic in Paris. This ensemble is from Paquin and is worn by Madame Martinez de Hoz. The coat and dress are made of dark blue crepe without a single deviation in tone or fabric.

MANY smart coats are collarless and have yokes, as does this Chanel coat.

THE short coat is important in the ensemble. This Paquin frock is unusual.

Lillian Gish

The Incomparable

Being the True Story of a Great Tragedienne

By
SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

LILLIAN GISH (left) and Dorothy in their sister rôles in Orphans of the Storm. (Above) The former's unusually wide-set, pensive eyes.

REEL SEVEN

(Reading time: 14 minutes 28 seconds.)

LILLIAN GISH sat silently recollecting the incidents of that unforgetable visit to the brink of the Titan's caldron where the crimson lava of battle glowed and bubbled in its seething fury, stoked by war lords at home with the fuel of human bodies.

"We went straight to the Compiègne front," she resumed her story about the filming of Hearts of the World. "Mr. Griffith, Bobby Harron, Dorothy, and I were the only principals, although my mother had a minor rôle as a refugee mother, and several doubles were with us to impersonate other principals left in London.

"We were allotted quarters in the cellar of a wrecked château, a French widow to cook our meals, all our provisions, and army cots. We used kerosene lamps in the dark basement, and our chief food was flageolets, a species of small native bean, and very good, too.

"France did all she could to help us with the picture. Abandoned trenches which the French had recaptured from the Germans were used in our battle scenes; army first-aid huts and hospitals filled with broken bodies; ambulances coming back in endless streams through our village would stop and let us photograph the groaning poilus packed in like sardines; mock and genuine air raids.

"Also troops advancing to relieve the men at the front a few miles away; weary soldiers returning to billets; French army cameramen; and hundreds of men and women for our big scenes—all these things and countless others were placed at our disposal during the three or four weeks we needed to make our exteriors.

"We were always within range of the unceasing rumble and orange flashings of the big guns along the horizon.

"We took 86,000 feet of film in England and France; and when we had all we wanted we left the wrecked château and started for home. We sailed on October 3, 1917, from Liverpool, in a camouflaged steamer, escorted beyond the submarine zone by British cruisers.

"Luckily, there were no exciting incidents coming home, or mother and Dorothy and I should quite likely have died or gone mad. The horrors we had lived among for six months had wrecked our health and tranquillity.

"Every day we drilled twice at the life-boats in our inflated rubber suits; and every night we steamed with lights extinguished. Vessels 200 miles out of New York had to zigzag to port. And the morning before we were to dock we were petrified to hear a terrific explosion.

"We shrieked and clutched one another, and then ran to the deck.

"But, instead of the torpedo we were certain had struck us, we discovered that our gun crew had opened fire on a Swedish steamer half a mile away that had failed to answer our signals. Orders were to sink any ship that neglected to do so, and the Scandinavians quickly remembered.

"We landed after fourteen days at sea. 'Safe at last!' we exclaimed after we had reached our rooms in the Claridge Hotel. Immediately there was a reverberating explosion in the street outside, and we screamed in terror.

"They were blasting for a new subway! If the blasts came at night, we leaped to the center of the room, until we remembered we were home and far from air raids.

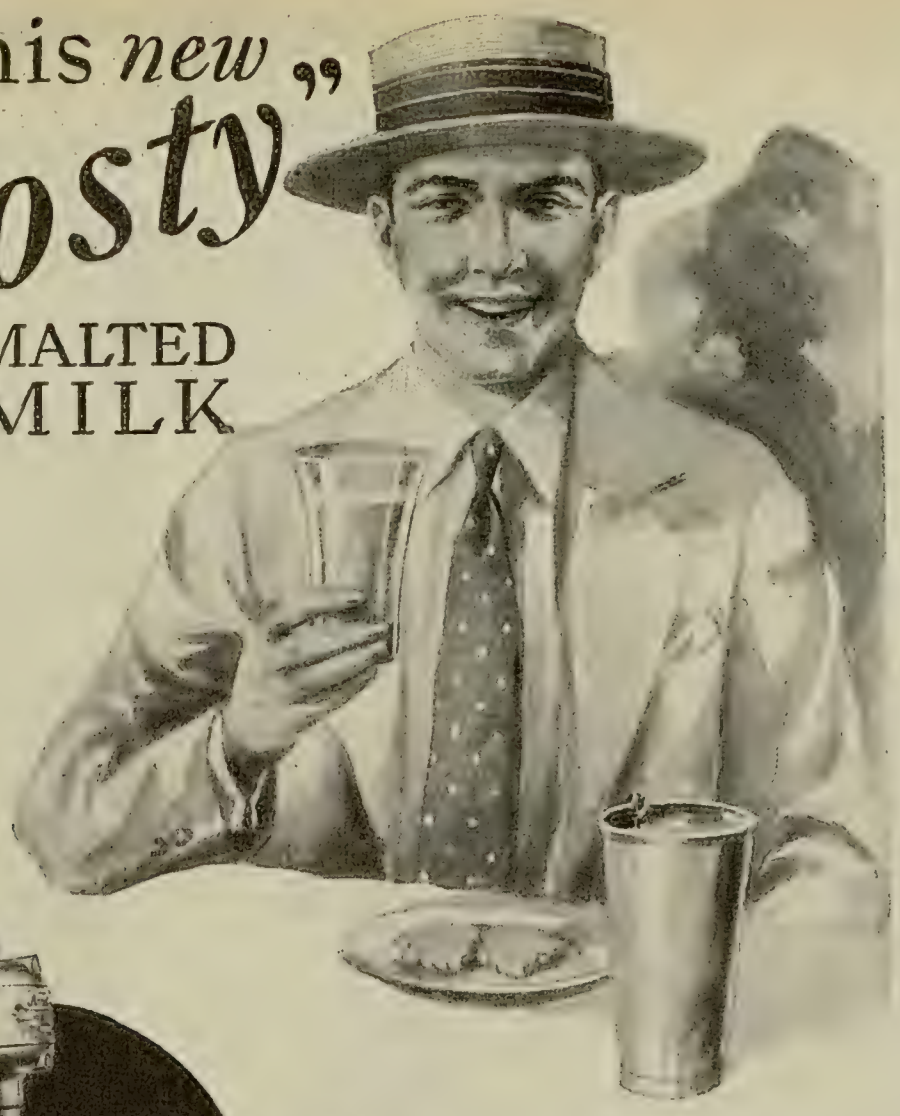
"MR. GRIFFITH took us to California without delay, to make the interiors for Hearts of the World. 'Safer than ever, thank God!' we cried, as we went to live in a little white house in Hollywood, 3,000 more miles between us and the German planes.

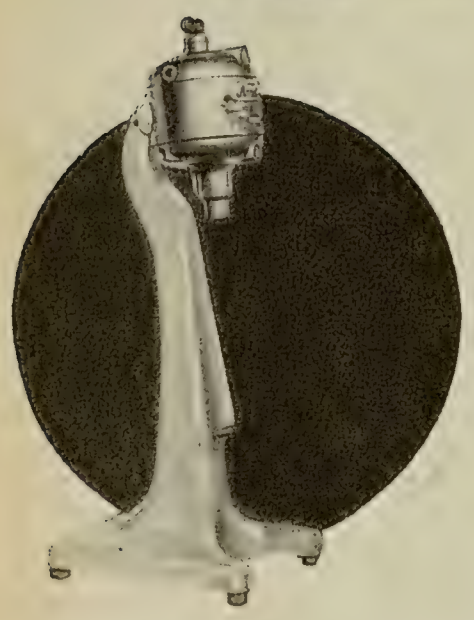
"There was a wide sleeping-porch on one side of our little dwelling, screened in by honeysuckle; and the very first night we lay out there, sleeping peacefully, we were awakened by a terrific bombardment from the air.

"Once again we stood clasped in one another's arms, weeping and trembling, as we

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Try this *new* "*frosty*" MALTED MILK





THERE'S all the difference in the world between a delicious "frosty" malted milk and the thin, melted kind!

Only one machine can mix a "frosty" heavy malted milk, made with a double portion of hard ice cream — the Arnold Sixteen. This mixer has an entirely different and more violent mixing action. It actually whips the drink to creamy, "frosty" smoothness—does not merely stir it.

And it takes only thirty seconds with an Arnold Sixteen. When a malted milk is mixed longer the ice cream begins to melt, the drink thins out, the appetizing chill fast disappears.

The Arnold Sixteen sets new standards of sanitation, too. It has no exposed mixing rod—drippy and sticky, to attract flies and dust. Mixing agitator and container are thoroughly cleaned after every drink.

Pick out a fountain equipped with Arnold Sixteens. You'll get a tastier malted milk prepared in a more sanitary way. You can quickly recognize an Arnold Sixteen —it's the only mixer without an exposed mixing rod.

ARNOLD ELECTRIC COMPANY, *Racine, Wisconsin*

Arnold Sanitary Malted Milk Dispenser: Another Arnold appliance to make the fountain more sanitary. Keeps malted milk sealed from flies and dust. Does away with old fashioned exposed jar or can. Dispenses exactly the same amount every time—drinks are always uniform. You'll find it on up-to-the-minute fountains.

Arnold
SANITARY
FOUNTAIN APPLIANCES

[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE]
Continued from Page Seventy-five

listened to the droning of the airplanes high overhead and watched the bombs falling like meteors. The neighbors across the hedge were assembled on their lawn. They heard us crying and explained: it was a Liberty Loan air raid staged by the government forces!

"My mother has never recovered from her experiences in London. In April of 1926 she suffered a paralytic stroke in that city, and I hurried over to bring her home.

"Her right side paralyzed, she has lain helpless and motionless in bed for more than a year, incapable of uttering a word. She understands all we say to her, but she can not answer us.

"We finished the picture, taking 40,000 feet of film for the interiors. Altogether we made 126,000 feet, which we finally cut to 12,000 for the twelve reels Mr. Griffith wanted for the propaganda picture.

"It was shown first at the Forty-fourth Street Theater in New York City on April 4, 1918, and was regarded as an artistic, financial, and patriotism-inciting success. Later that year we made The Great Love, another war picture, in which Rosemary Theby and Henry B. Walthall appeared.

"In it we used some of the film we had taken in England showing Queen Mary, Queen Alexandra, Lady Diana Manners, the Earl of Derby, the Princess of Monaco, Elizabeth Asquith, the Hon. Mrs. Montague, and many other noted Britons—some of them butterflies in peace-time society, but all of them eagles in time of war.

"Several things are graphic in my memory in connection with this picture. One was the dainty, gracious queenliness of Alexandra. How altogether lovely she was; and how beloved of her subjects!

"On her birthdays it was her wont to drive slowly through the streets of London while the populace pelted her carriage with roses. Slightly deaf, she often went to see the better films.

"Queen Mary, too, was charmingly eager to help us.

"I remember the wild excitement when the first contingent of American regulars reached London. Talk about the stoic English! You'd never have considered them phlegmatic had you watched their welcome to the Yanks.

"The curbs were packed; and King George, the Prince of Wales, and Lloyd George stood in front of Buckingham Palace and waved the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack as the soldiers marched past.

"IT was in these war films that Mr. Griffith, with the aid of Hendrik Sartov and Billy Bitzer, introduced the soft-focus lens whose dissolving beauty marked one of the great steps in our industry.

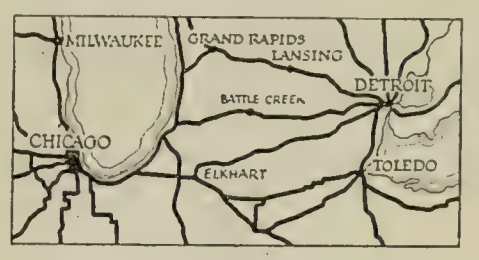
"It was especially effective when we made The Greatest Thing in Life, another propaganda picture, which was released shortly before the Armistice in November, 1918. Henry B. Walthall and Bobby Harron played in this with us. It was in Broken Blossoms, however,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

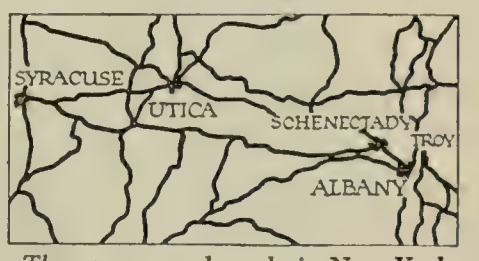
Take one of these delightful tours *planned with* LIBERTY Atlas

EVERY tourist should have a LIBERTY Atlas—Eastern or Western. Contains easily followed road maps in colors. 30 states—sectional maps—detailed maps—through route maps—large cities—National Parks, etc. Gives mileage between various cities. Conditions of roads. Complete touring guide.

Order your Atlas today. *Sold at 35¢*—special service to LIBERTY readers. Send coupon—mark Eastern or Western.



The Great Lakes district—an increasingly popular place to drive. Chicago, Detroit and Toledo are joined by excellent roads.



The scenery and roads in New York State are seldom equalled. This shows part of the Yellowstone trail.

A scenic treat in the Great Northwest—the road from Portland, Oregon, up the Columbia River Highway, around beautiful Mt. Hood loop.

Along the sea, or inland, the roads of California are smooth and welcoming.

Auto Dept.—LIBERTY
247 Park Ave., New York, N.Y.

Enclosed find $.....
Please send me
.....copies of Eastern Atlas at 35¢ each
Please send me
.....copies of Western Atlas at 35¢ each

Name.....
Street and No.....
City..... State.....
8-20-27

[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

that the soft-focus effect reached its perfection.

"Between the war films we made True Heart Susie and A Romance of Happy Valley. Clarine Seymour and Bobby Harron appeared with me in True Heart Susie.

"Then, working with a swiftness and deftness that revealed how deeply his genius was stirred by the drama of the story he was putting on the screen, Mr. Griffith made Broken Blossoms, in some respects the picture where he and I touched our greatest heights so far.

"This was based on a story called The Chink and the Child, written by Thomas Burke and included in his volume of Limehouse Nights. I rather demurred at taking the part of *Lucy*, for it called for a child of twelve; but Mr. Griffith said I could handle the rôle.

"For the first time, Bobby Harron was not in one of my pictures, Richard Barthelmess taking the part of the *Chinaman*, and Donald Crisp, a well known director who began his film career as an actor under Griffith, acting *Battling Burrows*, my father. Norman Selby, better known as Kid McCoy, was in it, too.

"We made Broken Blossoms, the name Mr. Griffith gave the picture, in eighteen days, which proves his swiftness; and we had to cut only 200 feet out of the 6,000 we made, which attests to his inspired accuracy of judgment.

"IT was in this picture that I was fortunate enough to do what Mr. Griffith has called the only original bit of business he has ever seen before the camera. I pushed the corners of my mouth into a ghastly, fixed smile when *Battling Burrows* flogged me and commanded me to smile while he was doing it.

"Well, when the picture was finished, nobody knew what to do with it. Everybody was afraid of its stark realism, its gruesome suspenses, its idolatry of a Caucasian girl by a Chinaman, its brutality, and its horrible ending.

"There were many worried conferences. Harry Carr, now a director of the Los Angeles *Times*, Arthur Ryan, a press-agent of national renown, and Mr. Griffith were persuaded that in Broken Blossoms he had achieved one of the great pictures of all time.

"But they were frankly afraid the critics and the public would not tolerate its horrors. Urged by Carr and Ryan, we all went to New York City to show it on Broadway. The George M. Cohan Theater was selected and the première announced for the night of May 13, 1919.

"Then came the question of admission. Morris Gest probably is more responsible than anybody else for the two dollars which was finally agreed on. He saw it at a private showing, and went crazy over what he called its unprecedented artistic magnitude and its incomparable beauty.

"'The greatest picture the world has ever seen!' he shouted, dancing around and kissing Mr. Griffith. 'Charge two dollars—five dollars—fifty! They'll pack the house at anything you ask.'

A dramatic scene from Hearts of the World with Miss Gish and Bobby Harron.

"We decided on a novel scheme for decorating the theater for the opening night. There is a method used in southern California whereby orange blossoms are dipped in melted paraffin, which preserves the lovely blooms indefinitely. We telegraphed for several huge boxes of these prepared blossoms, but when they arrived we found the wax had not been applied properly and the flowers were brown and withered.

"A CRITICAL audience watched the picture that first night—and Gest summarized its judgment when he darted back-stage and broke up a lot of furniture as he ran around, waving his arms, tearing his hair, and weeping jubilantly.

"In Broken Blossoms, by the way, another of the Griffith achievements was revealed to the world—the soft, golden-blue light that showed in some of the scenes, an invention which he patented as soon as he recalled that he had failed to protect his interests in the fade-out, that melting of one scene into the next without which no picture is made today.

"Mr. Griffith has estimated that he would have an annual royalty of $1,000,000 had he patented *that* invention.

"I have heard criticism to the effect that Broken Blossoms is an artistic success, but a failure otherwise. Maybe so: it cost $90,000 to make, and I hear it has taken in more than $1,100,000. I should like to be financially identified with a few more such failures!

"LATER in 1919 we went East and did The Greatest Question in the Mamaroneck studios. While I was working in this, I told Mr. Griffith that I should like to direct a picture.

"I had often thought that my years of experience as an actress, and my close observation of the great director's methods, had prepared me for this difficult task and I was eager to try. He saw no reason why I shouldn't. I was assigned to direct Dorothy in a play we called Remodeling Her Husband.

"This was a five-reel comedy-drama which was released later through Paramount. In it a husband complains about his wife's dresses being old and shabby, and tells her to watch the young women on the Avenue. She tells him she can make every man on the street look at her. He snorts his disbelief, and follows her.

"He is dumfounded to see that every man they pass turns and stares after her. Not until later does he learn that she has achieved this miracle by sticking her tongue out at each one.

"Well, we got together, Dorothy and I, and, with the help of Mr. Griffith and Harry Carr, wrote the story for the screen.

"A few years before, we had seen James Rennie in a play with Ruth Chatterton, and we decided to make him Dorothy's leading man—partly because he had never been in a picture and wouldn't cost us much.

"We didn't have an awful lot of money, but we did have an awful lot of trouble. Rennie could work only on Sundays, because he was playing on Broadway at the time. We couldn't afford more than forty people in our 'big' scenes. And my mother was very ill in a hospital in New Rochelle.

"The studio where we tried to work on Long Island was inadequately lighted. The journeys out

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

On your Vacation

At the beach, in the mountains, on the golf course or tennis courts —everywhere— *count the Locktites.*

$1.00 and up at your smoke shop. The convenient tobacco carrier made with the Hookless Fastener.

The LOCKTITE CO., Inc. Gloversville, N. Y.

LOOK FOR THE NAME "Locktite" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Tobacco Pouch

YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Part Time $2.00 an hour
Full Time $10.00 to $25.00 Daily

Is being made by our salesmen and saleswomen everywhere handling nationally known line of individually monogrammed and signed Personal and Business Xmas Greeting Cards almost universally used by all business, professional and society people.

LARGEST COMMISSIONS
Paid daily, also very liberal
MONTHLY BONUS

Exclusive territory and District Managers' positions worth from $3,000.00 to $7,000.00 a year open immediately to those who make good. For Free Samples and complete selling outfit address

Dept H
THE PROCESS ENGRAVING CO., INC.
Troy at 21st Street Chicago

Dollars from Matches

EARN BIG MONEY selling Diamond Monogram Book Matches. Latest craze. Everybody wants them. Easy to sell. Beautiful three letter monogram or any three initials. Four rich color combinations. Keep cash deposit as your commission. Samples free. Does not cost you a cent to start this profitable business. All or spare time. No bulky samples to carry. No demonstrations. Simply show them. They sell themselves. Men and women... write at once for details and begin to earn the easiest money you ever made. Do it TODAY!

THE DIAMOND MATCH CO., Dept. 11 Springfield, Mass.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn

$5,000 to $10,000 Annually

We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 831-L, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

The Purity of Cuticura
Makes It Unexcelled
For All Toilet Purposes

Chew DENTYNE and smile!

DON'T be afraid to smile. Smiles make friends the world over. Teeth play a big part. They should be snowy white when red lips part in a smile. Dentyne is a delicious gum that is more than a confection. It keeps breath sweet, teeth clean and white as pearls.

· KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE ·

FAMOUS FEET

..how they're kept free from corns

MAE MURRAY'S *Famous Dancing Feet*

"I regard a corn as excess baggage . . . as silly as the troubles carried by the Old Man of the Sea."

So writes the lovely Mae Murray of the screen.

"It takes gumption to get rid of some liabilities. But with Blue=jay at the corner drug store, there is no alibi for a corn."

. . .

For 27 years Blue=jay has been favored by famous feet as the safe and gentle way to end a corn. And now for 1927, Blue=jay offers several new refinements . . . at no increase in price . . . A dainty creamy-white pad instead of a blue one. A more flexible disc for the hard-to-get-at corn. And a sprightly new package. At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions use Blue=jay Bunion and Callus Plasters.*

THE *New* Blue=jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

© B. & B., 1927

[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

there took lots of time for which we had to pay, and our expenses were mounting rapidly.

"So I hired the Fisher studio at New Rochelle, where I would be only fifteen minutes from mother's side. But there the furnace broke down and the water pipes froze and flooded the sets. The dynamo balked and drove us frantic. And the scenes were dreadfully delayed because we had to wait until the actors could fill their lungs so they would not breathe while the camera turned. If they'd breathed, the frost would have shown in the picture!

"OUR most important exterior was to be a scene at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street. I couldn't afford to wait for a license to operate a camera there, and decided to take a chance of not being noticed.

"We mounted the camera on top of a Fifth Avenue bus, and Dorothy and Rennie were to travel east on Fifty-ninth in a taxicab and meet the bus at the intersection.

"Just as we got to the critical point, the traffic got snarled and a big Irish policeman saw the camera, the cameraman, George Hill (now director of such successes as Tell It to the Marines and Zander the Great), and me.

"He lifted his hand and stopped everything—a spectacular spot and an enormous crowd for an audience at my first arrest! I thought we were lost as the husky officer sauntered from his post toward the bus.

"The policeman motioned up for me to show him my permit. I gazed helplessly at him. He peered intently at my face a moment—and then suddenly lifted his big hand, spread his fingers, and pushed the corners of his mouth into a grotesque smile—the smile I had created in Broken Blossoms!

"Then he pointed at me as if to ask if I were the girl he had seen on the screen. I nodded. He called up to me: ''Twas a gr-r-reat picture, Miss Gish. And ye can take all the scenes ye want on this cor-r-r-ner!' And he actually directed traffic at that busy corner for forty minutes exactly as I asked him to!

"AS far as I know, this was the only picture in which women did everything—helping to write the play and alone directing it and cutting it. Dorothy Parker wrote the titles. Remodeling Her Husband was a good picture.

A year or so later Rennie and Dorothy were married.

"Incidentally, speaking of titles, I don't think any title ought to exceed ten words. A picture fails of its possibilities if the audience is stopped every little while and made to read a long subtitle to explain what has gone and what is coming.

"There are only eight notes in the octave, and only twenty-six letters in the alphabet, and I take it that every possible variation of musical and mental beauty can be encompassed within those limitations.

"And concerning a woman directing, it has been my good fortune to be consulted by many directors about scenes in my pictures.

"I have watched as closely as I could the myriad things that have come into my life before the camera; I have read and studied the world's best literature whenever possible, striving thus to compensate for my lack of schooling; and, happily, I have been able to suggest several things in the direction of my pictures.

"Manifestly, nobody can infringe on the director's province: there must be in every enterprise a guiding and controlling head whose authority is beyond dispute or even question; else chaos will result. But in our business I have never yet found anybody so self-satisfied that he would refuse to listen to any suggestion that might improve the picture.

"For example, Mr. Griffith, Jack Lloyd, Harry Carr, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Smith, our film-cutters, and I used to adjourn for luncheon to a little drug-store counter restaurant near the studio, and there discuss every bit of business that went into the picture, whether directing, acting, publicity, or titling.

"We were looking for a strong line to advertise Hearts of the World, and they were good enough to accept my suggestion for the newspaper and bill-board advertisements: *Do You Want to Go to France?*

Where Miss Gish froze her hand making 'Way Down East.

"MR. GRIFFITH returned from Florida in January of 1920; and presently he announced that he had purchased the screen rights to 'Way Down East.

"He paid William Brady, who had the stage version, and Lottie Blair Parker, who wrote it, $175,000.

"I thought this too much until we went to Vermont to take the exteriors. Some of the interiors were made in the Mamaroneck studios, and then we all went to White River Junction, Vermont, not far from Dartmouth University.

"There I realized that the sum paid for the picture was not too high; for, while the villagers had never seen a movie, they had seen the stage play twenty-five years before, and everybody knew the tale.

"Then it dawned on me how

universal was its appeal—the story of the erring girl who is cast out by her father.

"The making of this picture was rather a dreadful experience. It was terribly cold. Icicles formed on my eyelashes and had to be broken off before we could take a picture of my face.

"There was no feeling in my features until I went into a warm room, when they would ache excruciatingly.

"The climax of the play comes in the third act, and I was to be cast out into the terrors of a snow-storm. We wanted to make

RICHARD BARTHELMESS with the tragedienne in the gruesome picture, Broken Blossoms.

this a horrible fate—yet when we regarded the falling snow nothing on earth could have been more peaceful! Why, you almost wanted to be cast out, to wander through those gently falling flakes!

"So we had to wait for a real storm, and in the blizzards we almost froze to death. Mr. Griffith's face was frozen, and for months thereafter he was in agony. The Dartmouth boys would come down, all bundled up, to watch us, and run away from the cold after half an hour!

"And we had to be prepared, day and night, for the breaking up of the ice in the river. We slept in our clothes, and kept lamps fixed along the stretch of river-bank we had decided on, so that when the ice began to break we would be ready instantly to take the picture of me whirling toward the falls on a drifting floe.

"Nothing could wait on that, once the thaw set in. Finally it started, and we hurried it along with dynamite. I would be rowed out to my cake of ice, and lie on it, and the camera would follow me along the bank.

"I CONCEIVED the idea of making my predicament more convincing by letting my hand drag in the water. It froze, and still gives me trouble, seven years later.

"When I would become semi-conscious from the cold, they would stop the cake of ice by means of ropes tied to it and hidden in the water, lift me off, row me ashore, and revive me with hot tea. Then they would put me back out there, and I would drift toward the falls, my paralyzed hand trailing in the black, icy water.

"You may be sure we lost no time, and that everybody in the company suffered dreadfully while those exteriors were being made.

"'Way Down East brought to its owners more than $4,000,000 in theaters all over the world. It was one of the most successful of the films I have appeared in. It won favorable comment even in India, where the British Colonial Government had banned my Broken Blossoms—for what reason has never been quite clear to me.

"Mr. Griffith was paying me $800 a week at this time. Quite an advance from the five dollars a day he paid me seven years before; and yet, far less than dozens of other stars were making.

"This latter fact probably was due to Mr. Griffith's refusal to star anybody. It was enough for his name to be on a film to insure its greatness. Why should he, who works more slowly and painstakingly than any director I know of, burden the picture with the cost of tremendous salaries for stars?

"THEN a new company was formed, called the Frohman Amusement Corporation, and Mr. Griffith was made its director. They started a picture called World Shadows, and I was signed up for it. My contract called for $880,000 for three years' work, with not more than five pictures a year.

"I worked for several months on this picture—and I got only one week's salary! After $54,000 had been spent on the film, the company was put in the hands of Federal receivers.

"Mr. Griffith then started to make The Two Orphans under his arrangements with the United Artists. He decided the story was not big enough, so he renamed it Orphans of the Storm—A Story of the French Revolution. Dorothy was with me in it.

"While we were attending its first showing in Washington, D. C., President Harding was gracious enough to invite Mr. Griffith, Dorothy, and me to luncheon.

"Dorothy and I were exceedingly nervous as we were ushered into the room where the President awaited us.

"The President and I stood a moment looking at each other, and then he held out both arms and cried, 'Lillian!'

"I ran into his embrace—and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STOP LEAKS

It will cost you 10 to 100 times more to neglect leaks than to stop them this guaranteed way

Do It Yourself for 75c

Loss of water through leaks is sending millions of cars to repair shops and junk piles. When there is not enough water to absorb the heat, the heat destroys the motor. It is inevitable. A can of Warner Liquid Solder (just what the name implies) can save you the cost of expensive motor repairs, cost of new radiator and even cost of a new motor. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Will not clog circulation. Endorsed by millions of car owners. Recommended by good dealers. There is nothing else "just as good." Refuse substitutes.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.

Canadian Offices
Toronto, 29 *Temperance St.*
Montreal, 35 *St. Nicholas St.*
Winnipeg, 208 *Kennedy Bldg.*

General Offices
Chicago, Ill.: 920 S. *Michigan Ave.*
New York: 17 *W. 60th St.*
Los Angeles: 250 *W. 15th St.*

Export Department
549 W. Washington Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.
Cable Address: "Willpotter Chicago"
Bentley Western Union Codes

ALSO MAKERS OF *Warner Liquid Magic* THAT PENETRATES, KILLS RUST AND LUBRICATES

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

CANDY

....when endurance counts

Liggett's
CHOCOLATE BAR

A DELICIOUS confection—a nourishing food—Liggett's Sweet Milk Chocolate Bar belongs wherever you need quick energy—wherever fatigue craves refreshment. Wholesome, fresh—take a supply along! Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE *with* SAFETY *at your*
Rexall Drug Store
The Rexall Store
You will recognize it by this sign
Liggett's are also Rexall stores

WELDONA
TABLETS FOR
RHEUMATISM

Especially effective for Sciatica, Neuritis, Joint, Muscular and other forms of rheumatism ordinary treatments fail to reach. Druggists sell millions of these Weldona tablets annually. Literature describing rheumatism from the early Egyptian days to the present mailed on request. Weldona Corp'n, 232 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

"My joints are back to normal so I want my former size gloves"

[LILLIAN GISH—THE INCOMPARABLE]
Continued from Page Seventy-nine

we were no longer nervous. After we had eaten, he showed us around the Executive Mansion. Then Mrs. Harding showed me Lincoln's bed.

"When we left, Mrs. Harding gave me a great cluster of roses to take to my mother, who was ill in her room at the hotel. The handsome President held my hand as we left, expatiated at length on the greatness of Ohio, and explained it by saying that he and I had come from there!

"AND then I parted company with David Wark Griffith. This was in the middle of 1922. He said to me:

"'Lillian, it is not fair to you to stay longer with me. You have reached stardom, and I can not pay you what you are worth. Barthelmess has already left me to take the position on the screen he is entitled to. You know about all I can teach you, and you are qualified to demand and receive far greater sums than you can ever get from me. I hate to lose you, but it would be unfair to hold you longer.'

"Well, if Mr. Griffith hated to lose me, he did not hate half so much as I did the fact that nine years of association were ending. But he was right—and I obeyed him. And so I began to hunt for another job in the movies."

Miss Gish's strange experiences in her new surroundings are told in Reel Eight of her life story in next week's LIBERTY.

POEMS *YOU OUGHT TO KNOW*

A SEA SONG

By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

[Allan Cunningham (1784-1842), a Scotch poet and miscellaneous writer, began life as a stone-mason. Like Scott, he studied the ancient legends and songs of Scotland—an interest reflected in much of his early verse.]

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

Oh, for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Some Folks Think

that a little man hasn't got as much chance of being "big" in this world as a big man. But—

How many "big" men are really big?

LIBERTY recently questionnaired every man listed in Who's Who in America on this point.

What is your height, your weight, and your opinion? were asked. And Charles J. McGuirk has compiled the replies into a series of articles, the first of which—

The Tallness of the Great

Begins in

NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

County Agents Wanted

To sell to filling stations and garages. The man we want must have $250.00 to carry his own stock. See our full-page advertisement on page 60, this issue.

UNIVERSAL MANUFACTURING CO.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

BOW LEGS AND KNOCK-KNEES

Corrected by use of the Morris Invisible Limb Straightener for Men, Women and Children—Worn with Comfort either day or night or both and is entirely invisible. Send Ten Cents Coin or Stamps for Actual Photographs, sent in plain wrapper.

ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTE,
Section A
1032 Loew State Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.

EDUCATIONAL

Chicago TECH College
DAY and EVENING CLASSES
Earn While Learning

Engineering Architecture Electricity Drafting

Enter any time. Opportunities for self-support while studying. 2-yr. diploma; 3-yr. B. S. degree; and short courses. 24th year.

Write for copy of our 84-page "Blue Book," mailed free.
Dept. 96
118 E. 26th St., Chicago
Chicago Technical College

Start in Cosmopolitan Chicago
BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
110,000 Graduates
72 Years Old
A Position for Every Graduate

University Grade Business Training for every commercial requirement. Faculty of Foremost Business Educators. Unexcelled equipment, high type co-educational student body. Courses in Business Administration, Accounting, Executive-Secretarial, Stenographic, and short-time business courses.
Write for free copy of "B & S Success Book"
BRYANT & STRATTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
Box L, 116 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

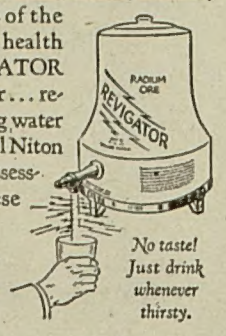
Detroit Conservatory of Music

Finest Conservatory in the West. 54th yr. opens Sept. 12, 1927. Depts.—Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ, Theory, Classic and Ballet Dancing. Diplomas and Degrees conferred. Dormitory accommodations. For catalogue address Dept. 91, 5035 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION
ACCREDITED CO-EDUCATIONAL
1 yr. Playground; 2 yr. Normal, 3 yr. B. P. E. Degree Courses. 1 yr. Physical Therapy Course (Department of Athletic Coaching). Dormitory. Fall Semester opens Sept. 20, 1927.
Chicago, Illinois—1019 Diversey Parkway, Dept. L. M.

Drink your way to Health

It is now no longer necessary to visit Hot Springs, Arkansas, Vichy, France or Baden-Baden, Germany to receive the benefits of the waters of these famous health resorts. For, the REVIGATOR ...a radio-active water jar... restores to ordinary drinking water the same benefical Natural Niton (radium emanation) as possessed by the waters of these noted places.



Not a medicine...not a filter ...it is a health spring in your own home.

No taste! Just drink whenever thirsty.

Attested Proofs of Highly Beneficial Results in Following Ailments:

Constipation	Bronchitis	Neuralgia and
Indigestion	Weakness After	Neuritis
Stomach Disorders	Influenza	Hay Fever
Skin Diseases	Diabetes	Sciatica
Anemia	Gout	High Blood Pressure
Arthritis	Rheumatism	Kidney Complaints

REVIGATOR

Sold in most cities and towns throughout America. Look in telephone book for "Revigator Agency". If you do not find this name, write us for location of nearest office. An interesting, vital book "Restoring Water's Lost Element" sent free upon request.

Certain desirable districts still available for reliable distributors. Write for details to nearest office

Radium Ore Revigator Co.

Revigator Building, San Francisco

Park Row Bldg., New York — Mallers Bldg., Chicago

For Bad Complexion

Never again need you be ashamed of your complexion. The admiration lavished upon the vivacious, beautiful woman can be yours to enjoy. The cause of your trouble is probably constipation. It ravages the system, destroys beauty. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, better than calomel, is a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil, known by their olive color. Will eliminate constipation, cleanse your system, give you health that makes beauty. A famous, sure but harmless corrective used for 20 years. Non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

AUTOMATIC OIL HEAT

Good Bye Coal

HI-LO OIL BURNER

Does away with coal, ashes, soot and dirt. Performs with amazing efficiency in your heating plant or furnace at home. (Hot water, Steam or Hot Air.) ***Noiseless and frees*** you of all ***worry. Automatically*** adjusts temperature under all weather conditions. The *low cost, clean, efficient HI-LO* way is far the *easiest* and *best.*

Responsible Distributors Wanted

GLORIA LIGHT COMPANY 128 N. May Street CHICAGO

LOW COST WAY

WHY BALD AT 40?

LUCKY TIGER stops falling hair by killing the germs. Money-Back Guarantee. Whyte-Fox knocks pimples. Barbers or druggists

LUCKY TIGER

Do Your Teeth Ache?

DENT'S

TOOTHACHE GUM

Stops the Ache — Protects Cavity—Retards Decay

All Druggists

The OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE

August Adventures on the Ingalls' Farm

A Chapter of Fun in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

For the Love o' Lil

By LESLIE THRASHER

A RUMBLE of thunder. A spatter of rain.

"The hay-loft!" the gang cried. And, in spite of the humidity, there was a wild stampede as each boy tried to beat his neighbor to the barn.

"I'll trade-ja a Lindy stamp fer a three-cornered Liberian!" Mrs. Ingalls heard her nephew yell. Intuition telling her it would be a good bargain for him, she wondered if her own son would fall victim to it.

She was husking corn for supper. Another clap of thunder. Then the telephone rang. With an apron full of corn on the cob she minced out to the hall.

"Telegram for Mrs. Charles Ingalls," operator said.

"Wait until I put on my glasses," Mrs. Ingalls gasped, dropping all the corn on the cob to the rug. Air-mail letters and telegrams always upset her nerves. Then she uttered a weak: "Read it to me?"

"HAVING LOVELY TIME STOP CHICAGO EXCITING STOP SENT FIVE POUNDS SALT WATER TAFFY STOP"

"Don't stop!" Mrs. Ingalls said. "It's from my sister. Go on!"

But operator had rung off. So she hurried to the kitchen and did not see the cat gamboling about on her supper vegetables.

"Boys!" she called, turning this word into "Bo-WEES!"

Three innocent faces appeared at the barn door. Instinctively the owner of each licked his chops, hoping wildly that Mrs. Ingalls was about to distribute lavishly cakes and cookies.

"Your mother's sent five pounds of taffy," she announced.

A hilarious whoop. The innocent faces withdrew. And Mrs. Ingalls returned to pick up the corn from the hall rug.

Her ignorance of the happenings in her barn was really her bliss. The boys had Amy B., the Ingalls' prize hen, and were forcing her into nose dives off the highest beam. Mrs. Ingalls thought the hen's excited series of cluck-cluck-clucks meant nothing less than a baker's dozen of eggs. And she began to figure up how much water-glass she would have her husband mix up.

The storm passed, leaving no wind and a hot sun. After cooping up Amy B., the gang disappeared across the meadow.

Three neat little piles of clothes on the bank of the old mill-pond—wet moss oozing up around thirty toes—the kerplunk of a turtle sliding off its favorite log—a splashing of water—and wholesale panic in the water-bug family.

Twenty minutes of cooling impromptu water stunts—fetching for Amy B.'s new pie-tin; graceful Charlie Chaplin dives; and the ever plebeian Spank the Baby!

The postman's whistle! The merry signal bespeaking free samples of breakfast food, tempting mail-order offers, and perhaps—

"Ma Morse's salt-water taffy!"

Using his best crawl, Junior was the first boy out of the water. The taffy seemed within arm's length, when he spied his shirt yanked into a maze of knots. And he lost no time in using his teeth as handy pliers.

"Chaw beef!" resounded over the old mill-pond.

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Her Taste Was Cultivated Now

Christine, age seven, was having supper, and mother asked her if she would like a piece of raisin pie. Christine answered, "No, thanks."

Mother, surprised, asked her why, as she used to like it.

Christine answered, quite seriously:

"Yes, I know, but I suppose that was long ago, when I was too young to realize what I was eating."—I. M. Wilson, 409 24th Ave. N. E., Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

The Effect Must Have Worn Off

Nancy went to visit her cousins one day. When she arrived, Aunt Margaret said:

"Now, let Nancy have whatever she wants, because she is your guest."

After a few minutes of playing Nancy ran out to the kitchen and said:

"Aunt Margaret, will you please tell them who I am?"—Helen Robinson, 6924 Cresheim Road, Philadelphia, Pa.

Skin Without Hair

"I've tried other methods but I give all praise to Del-a-tone. It's far better than shaving or pulling hair out by the roots, and it tends to discourage regrowth."

Del-a-tone Cream is the only pure, white, fragrant, depilatory cream that completely removes hair in 3 minutes. Comes in handy tubes ready for instant use on arms, under arms, legs, or back of neck. Leaves skin soft, white and smooth.

Removes Hair

DEL-A-TONE

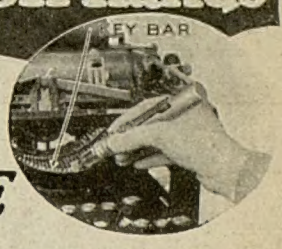
CREAM or POWDER

Sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid anywhere in U. S. in plain wrapper for $1.00. Money back if not satisfied. Or send for trial package; state your preference of cream or powder, and enclose f0c. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, Dept. 38, 721 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

And for those troublesome perspiration odors, use NUL—the delightfully scented deodorant cream. Ask your dealer or write us.

Don't Soil Hands

CLEANING TYPEWRITERS USE **SOLVENE**



The Fountain Cleaning Brush

Start your work with sharp, clean type, and note greatly improved letters. Just a sweep or two with the Solvene Brush does it. No ink-stained fingers—no bother. Dries immediately—leaves no trace on type or paper. Won't stain hands or clothing. Not inflammable.

Solvene Fountain Brush, Price $1.00; Bottle Brush, 50c.

Renew Your Rollers with "PLATEN LIFE"

—applied with cloth, makes and keeps roller permanently smooth like new. Removes dents—prevents slipping of paper. Two sizes, $1.00 and $3.00.

Both are SANFORD Products

Made by the Makers of Sanford's Inks and Paste

Order from Your Stationer

Stenographer Earned $1000.00 During Lunch Hours

Selling Xmas Cards

Esther McCall, Ark. earned $59 first day—Mary Kline, Pa. earned $164 in four days—W. C. Allen, Ohio earned $1000 spare time showing our

Personal Christmas Greeting Cards

that sell on sight. No selling experience necessary. Double your income—earn $5.00 to $10.00 every hour you can spare.

Weekly pay checks. Bonus checks every month. No money required. We furnish everything.

$10 Outfit Free Write quick! Start at once making big money. Rush season right at hand.

THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.

318 W. Washington St., Dept. 711, Chicago, Ill.

Mosquito Bites

Antiseptic ZEMO Liquid removes the sting and inflammation of bites of mosquitoes and gnats. Good for rashes, hives, poison ivy. All druggists—60c and $1.00.

zemo

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

BOMBS—

Something New in Frozen Desserts

By ETHEL SOMERS

FROZEN desserts, whether they be made from fruit juices, milk, or cream, are delightful and healthful.

Cream is an unsurpassed food as a source of sunshine elements and growth vitamins. None of these valuable properties is lost when it is frozen into ice-creams. The largely increasing consumption of ice-cream cones by children has been authoritatively credited as a factor aiding in the national fight against malnutrition among children.

Novel combinations of fruit ice and ice-cream, known as bombs, form ideal party refreshments. These may be worked out in great variety. The more simple glacé bombs are prepared by serving both kinds of frozen mixtures in a méringue shell.

Bomb

2 harmonious frozen desserts A mold for freezing

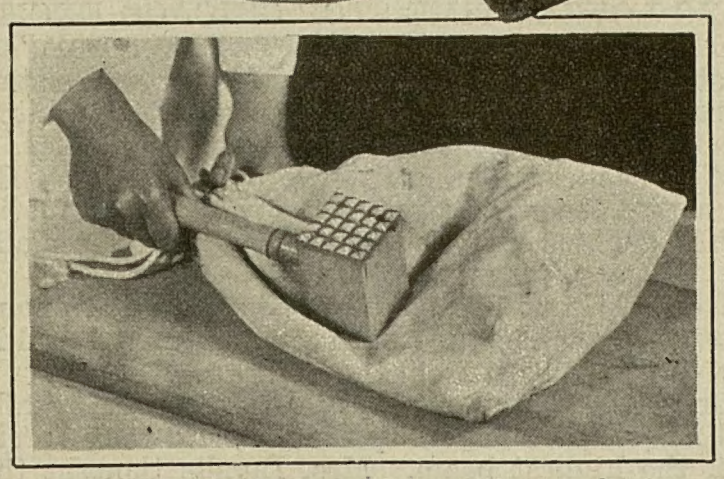
TO MOLD: Use a chilled melon or round mold. Individual molds are attractive but are more work. Rinse with cold water and line with one frozen mixture (it is wise to use the ice-cream in this layer, for it is more durable as the outer layer of the finished mold). If the mold is not too fancy in shape it may be lined with wax paper before filling. This makes unmolding easier, but it is not necessary. Pack the ice-cream with a wooden spoon or spatula, being especially careful to fill all corners and crevices and to make this packing a definite depth all over the mold. Then fill with any other frozen dessert of harmonious flavor.

If only one freezer is available, it is wise to select one of the mixtures of a texture that will freeze without churning, packing it in any metal sealed container, and freezing.

Cover the filled mold with wax paper, extending at least one inch beyond the edge. Fit the cover on tightly, and pack in a six-to-one ice-and-salt mixture for at least one hour. Several hours is better. Wrapping the covered, filled mold in wax paper and sealing the open ends by pressing with a warm but not hot iron before putting it in to the ice-and-salt mixture prevents any possible chance of salt getting into the frozen dessert.

To unmold: Remove from the ice and salt after the hour or more of ripening, and wipe carefully with a clean damp cloth. Remove the cover and run a pliable knife or spatula around the inner edge. Invert on a chilled serving-plate. If the mixture does not slip out easily, dip a cloth in warm water, wring very dry, and quickly rub it over the mold. Drops of hot water must not touch the mold.

MANY pleasant combinations may be worked out for the bomb service. Here we have ice being molded within vanilla ice-cream.



A WOODEN mallet will crush ice more efficiently than a hammer; a canvas sack greatly aids.

SUGGESTED COMBINATIONS FOR BOMBS

OUTSIDE	INSIDE
Vanilla Ice-Cream	Orange, Strawberry, Raspberry, or Watermelon Ice
Chocolate Ice-Cream	Orange Ice
Frozen Fig Ice-Cream	Lemon Ice
Pistachio Ice-Cream	Strawberry or Pineapple Ice
Macaroon Ice-Cream	Raspberry Ice
Coffee Ice-Cream	Orange Ice
Vanilla Ice-Cream	Chocolate, Maple, Raspberry, Strawberry, Peach, or Pineapple Ice-Cream
Currant Ice	Frozen Prunes
Maple Ice-Cream	Nesselrode Pudding
New York Ice-Cream	Almond Ice-Cream

Maple or Caramel Ice-Cream

2 cups cream
¾ cup hot maple or caramel syrup or
½ cup shaved maple sugar

SCALD half the cream. Add the maple or caramel syrup while hot. Cool and add remaining cream. Freeze in eight parts of ice to one of salt.

Coffee Ice-Cream

2 cups cream ¼ to ½ cup strong coffee ½ cup sugar

SCALD half the cream. Dissolve the sugar in the hot cream, cool, and add the remaining cream and cool coffee (the coffee should never be cooled on the grounds). Freeze surrounded by eight parts of ice to one of salt.

Fresh Fruit Ice

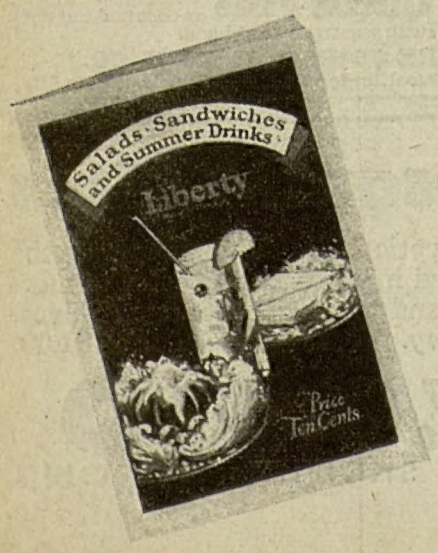
1 cup fruit juice or
1½ cups crushed fresh fruit
2 cups water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup sugar

SPRINKLE the prepared fruit with sugar. Cover and let stand two hours. Mash, squeeze through a double layer of wet cheese-cloth. Add the water and lemon juice and freeze surrounded by a six-to-one ice-and-salt mixture. Fruit ices are also made by cooking the sugar and boiling water together for 10 minutes and then adding the fruit while this syrup is hot; but the natural color is better retained by the method given herein as the fruit is not cooked. More lemon juice may be added, if desired, according to taste and the blandness of the fruit being used. Fruit ices may be frozen without stirring if packed in four-to-one ice and salt and let stand one to two hours.

Prune Ice-Cream

1 cup cooked prunes
1 cup prune juice
¼ cup cream, scalded
⅛ teaspoon salt

SUGAR is not needed if a good quality of prunes is used and if they are cooked for a long time (30 minutes) to develop their natural sweetness. Scald and cool the cream. Add the prunes, crushed or sieved, as preferred. Add the remaining ingredients and freeze packed in an eight-to-one ice-and-salt mixture.



WHEN APPETITES FEEL THE HEAT

TEMPTING sandwiches, dainty salads, cooling summer drinks—how to prepare them so the family will eat heartily is told in *Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks*—LIBERTY'S new recipe book. Costs just 10c.

3 for a Quarter!

Order also LIBERTY'S other two books of tested recipes—*A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes* and *100 Standard Recipes*. Each 10c. All 3 for 25c. Send stamps or coin, and use coupon, please.

LIBERTY COOK BOOK,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of ☐ Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, 10¢. ☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢. ☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢. [Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for only 25¢.] I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

NAME.....

STREET NO. .....

CITY..... STATE.....

8-20-27

Let the inspiration of this NEWEST WURLITZER PIANO··*be yours*

Matchless in its beauty, superb in performance, instantly responsive to touch and mood, this new Wurlitzer Studio Piano, period model, with its exquisite Marquetry design, will completely charm you. Own it, and your tasks will seem lighter, your home more enchanting. In the compactness of its graceful proportions, it is ideal for the small home or apartment—has a richness of finish and design that lends true distinction.

For the ultimate in a fine piano, at moderate cost—see and be won by this newest Wurlitzer.

Visit your nearest Wurlitzer store or dealer. Or write for photographs, prices, and convenient terms of payment

WURLITZER PIANOS
Priced to fit your income

Reproducing	$5,500 to $995
Period Grands	$5,000 to $735
Grands	$2,500 to $625
Players	$ 665 to $435
Uprights	$ 475 to $295

THE CLAVICHORDE
(Closed)

THE SPINETTE

WURLITZER, N. Tonawanda, N. Y.
Please send your portfolio on Upright Pianos, including the new small Upright and Player Period Models, without obligation.

*Name*_____
*Address*_____
*City*_____ *State*_____

WURLITZER
REG. U.S. PAT OFF

DEALERS AND BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

Grand Piano Division, DeKalb, Illinois
Upright Piano Division, N. Tonawanda, N. Y.

WURLITZER, DeKalb, Ill.
Please send full information on new Clavichorde and Spinette Grand Pianos, without obligation.

Name _____
Address _____
*City*_____ *State*_____

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Spanish Gold

LONG AGO, the whole world thrilled to the romance of Spanish galleons sailing away into the mystery of uncharted seas and returning laden with golden treasure.

Is there less romance in searching the sky for the treasure-trove of beautiful voices, delightful music, instruction, late news—the world's greatest artists and entertainers?

So accurate is Atwater Kent Radio—so simple the control of its ONE Dial—that you can operate it in the dark. Then you forget all about radio—the artist or speaker seems in the room. It is so well made, tested and protected that it should satisfy for a lifetime.

EVERY SUNDAY EVENING:—The Atwater Kent Radio Artists bring you their summer program at 9:15 Eastern Daylight Time, 8:15 Central Daylight Time, through:

WEAF	*New York*	WGN	*Chicago*	KSD	*St. Louis*
WEEI	*Boston*	WCAE	*Pittsburgh*	WWJ	*Detroit*
WRC	*Washington*	WGR	*Buffalo*	WCCO	*Mpls.-St. Paul*
WSAI	*Cincinnati*	WOC	*Davenport*	WGY	*Schenectady*

Write for illustrated booklet of Atwater Kent Radio

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

4749 Wissahickon Ave. *A. Atwater Kent, President* Philadelphia, Pa.

Model 35, six tube, ONE Dial Receiver; beautiful, simple, sturdy, efficient, $65. Model E Radio Speaker—the new speaker which covers the entire range of musical tones, from the lowest to the highest, $30. *Prices slightly higher from the Rockies west, and in Canada.*